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THE PERIL OF THE ICEBERGS

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JUST so surely as midwinter comes, it brings in its train mishap, if not disaster, upon the Atlantic. The season never passes without a big liner being overdue and causing anxiety, almost panic, while freighters vanish from the sea and leave never a trace of how destruction overtook them. Then the mariner nerves himself for conflict against blizzard and berg, and in all the Western ocean ports navigators con the weather record to track the movements of the mighty ice-masses that encumber the waters beyond the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

Difficulty and danger beset the voyager on every side, and they who go down to the sea in ships become, all too often, the sport of misfortune and the actors in dramas which thrill the world with their weird and sometimes ghastly scenes. But a special risk attends the navigation of the North Atlantic—that of encounters with icebergs. No other great trade route suffers from this peril, the most deadly the mariner has to reckon with.

As the passengers on some crack flyer throng her rail on a glorious day, to view and snap-shot the dazzling spectacle of one of these stately wanderers drifting slowly south in lonely grandeur, a grim smile will probably flicker on the captain's countenance as he hears the exclamations of delight, and recalls the fact that, only the previous night, in a dense fog, as the passengers lay sleeping, the ship and all on board barely escaped colliding with one of those floating crystal islands. Human science and ingenuity have never devised any contrivance to detect these silent foes; the mightiest fabrics constructed by human hands are frail as eggshells against them, and they have wrought more ruin than any other obstruction that threatens the traffic of the ocean.

These bergs are the terror of every shipmaster crossing the North Atlantic. They are fragments from the stupendous Greenland glaciers, forced out of the Arctic seas by thousands every summer, and carried south by the currents, passing Newfoundland during the winter and being dissolved by the warmer embraces of the Gulf Stream as they enter it the next spring. The largest of them ground on the Newfoundland coast and on the Grand Banks, as a berg carries seven-eighths of its bulk below water, and they often stick fast for weeks. Hence, in this area they linger the whole year round, and are a never-absent source of danger. Nature offers few more impressive sights than these beautiful ivory sea-castles, endowed with every graceful and fantastic outline, and often five hundred feet high and a half a mile long. They excite the admiration of all beholders when viewed from a position of safety, but no object is more dreaded by the sailor when, in the inky

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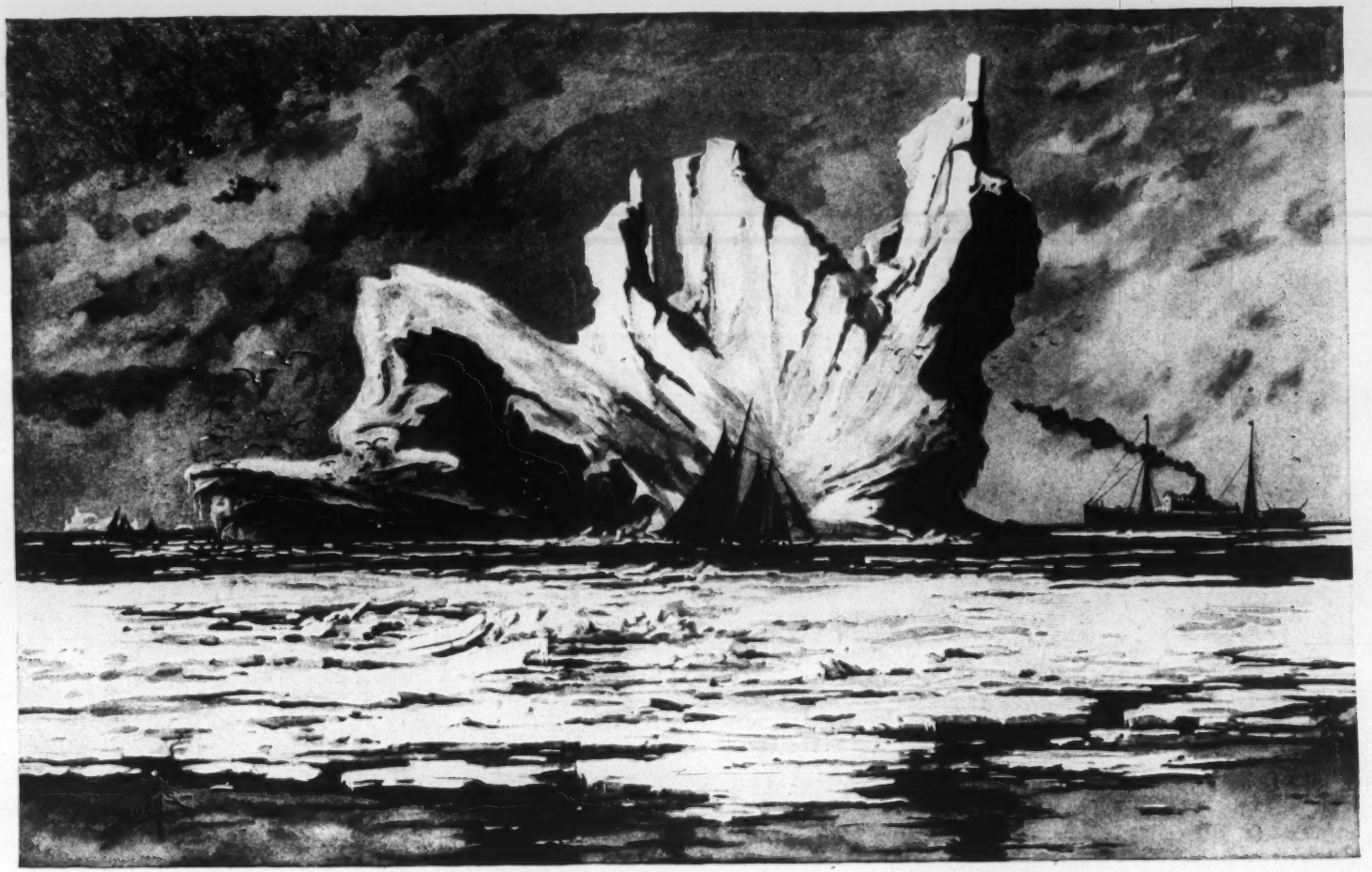


Viewed from a position of safety, the iceberg awakes the admiration of all beholders

blackness of a midnight storm, the blinding fury of a snow squall, or the ghastly shroud of a sodden fog, his ship is crossing the ice-belt on the Banks. For the bergs are thickest there in the path of the steamers, unwarning in their approach and deadly in their embrace, and woe to the ship, however staunch, that tests herself against the towering crystal cliffs.

So many and serious were the accidents from this cause that, in 1897, the chief New York lines abandoned the direct route across the Banks for a safer sea-road farther south. This lessened but did not end the risk. In September, 1899, the "City of Rome," from Glasgow for New York, with 1600 humans aboard, 500 being saloon passengers, struck a berg at midday, in the steamer-track, while running half speed through a fog. With a double watch set, and the passengers at lunch, the crash came. Men and meals were shot into a heap below the stairway, whence a frightened crowd rushed for the deck. Fortunately, discipline was good; the rush was stemmed, and the panic soon ceased. The berg, a small flat one known as a "growler," was cut in two by the ship, whose bow was stove below water. Her bulkheads kept tight, however, and she reached port safely.

The most remarkable case on record of an iceberg collision is that of the Guion liner "Arizona" in 1879. She was then the greyhound of the Atlantic and the largest ship afloat—5750 tons—except the "Great Eastern." Leaving New York in November for Liverpool, with 509 souls aboard, she was coursing across the Banks, with fair weather, but dark, when, near midnight, about 250 miles east of St. John's, she rammed a monster ice-island at full speed—18 knots. Terrific was the impact and indescribable the alarm. The passengers, flung from their berths, made for the deck as they stood, though some were so injured as to be helpless, and the calls of these forward, added to the shrieks of the frenzied mob of half-clad men and women who charged for the boats, made up a pandemonium. Wild cries arose that the ship was sinking, for she had settled by the head, and with piteous appeals and despairing exclamations the passengers urged the boats over, that they might escape the death they thought inevitable. But the crew were well in hand, the officers maintained order, and, a hurried examination being made, the forward bulkhead was seen to be safe. The welcome word was passed along that the ship, though sorely stricken, would still float until she could make a harbor. The vast white terror had lain across her course, stretching so far each way that, when descried, it was too late to alter the helm. Its giant shape filled the foreground, towering high above the masts, grim and gaunt and ghastly, immovable as the adamantine buttresses of a frowning seaboard, while the liner lurched and staggered like a wounded thing in agony as her engines slowly drew her back from the rampart against which she had flung herself.

She was headed for St. John's at slow speed, so as not to strain the bulkhead too much, and arrived there thirty-six hours later. That little port—the crippled ship's hospital—has seen many a strange sight come in from the sea, but never a more astounding spectacle than that which she presented the Sunday forenoon she entered there.

"Begob, Captain," said the pilot, as he swung himself over the rail, "I've heard of carrying coals to Newcastle, but this is the first time I've seen a steamer bringing a load of ice into St. John's."

They are a grim race, these sailors, and, the danger over, the captain's reply was: "We were lucky, my man, that we didn't all go to the bottom in an ice-box."

Her deck and forepart were cumbered with great fragments of ice, weighing over two hundred tons in all, shattered from the berg when she struck, being so wedged into the fractures and gaps as to make it unwise to start them until she was docked. The whole population of St. John's lined the water front to witness her arrival. Her escape was truly marvelous, and the annals of marine adventure may be searched in vain for its equal. From top-rail to keelson her bows were driven in, the gaping wound fully twenty feet wide, and the massive plates and ribs crumpled up like so many pieces of cardboard. All the ironwork was twisted into fantastic forms, the oak planking was smashed into splinters, the beams and stanchions which backed the bow were shattered and torn, and her stem-piece had been wrenched off when she had bitten into the berg. As her dead weight, including engines and cargo, must have been fully 10,000 tons, and this propelled through the water at an 18-knot clip, must have produced an enormous momentum, the wonder is that she was not

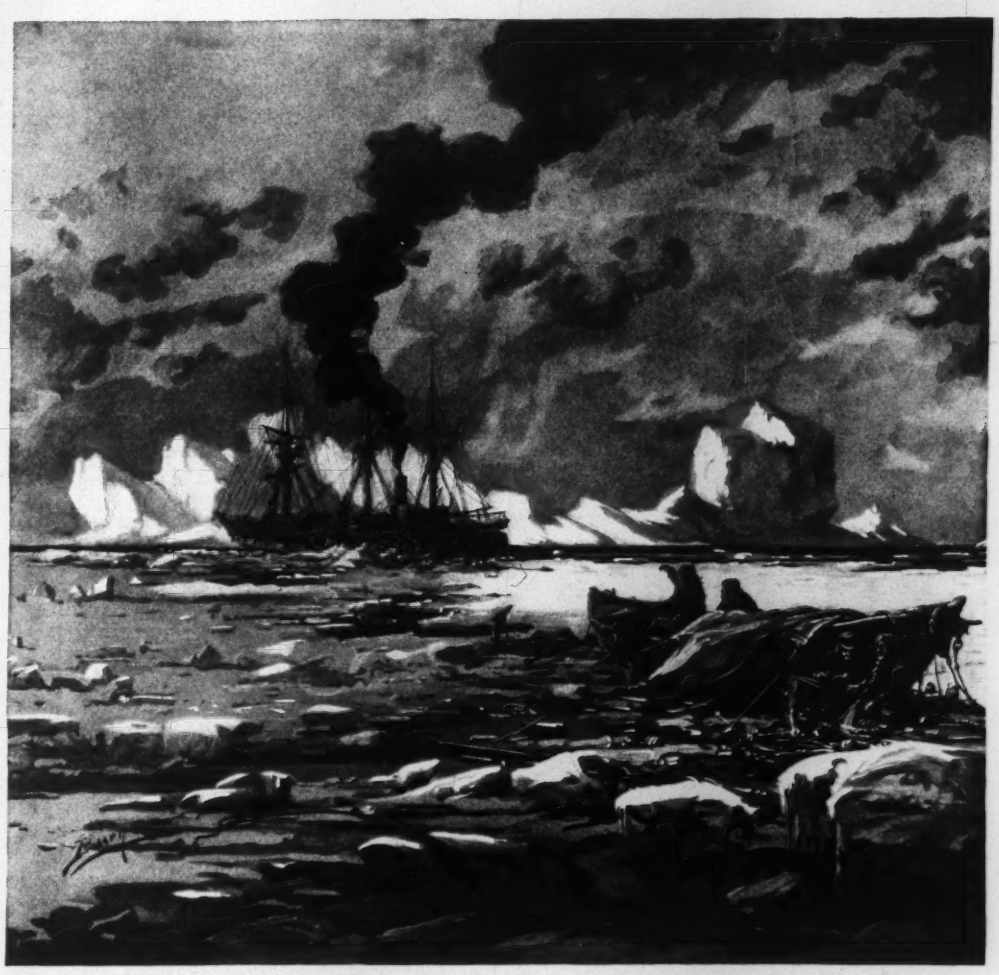
ripped apart and sent to bottom with all on board in the twinkling of an eye.

That she was well built her experience attested. Had her forward bulkhead started and the water poured in, they must have abandoned her and taken to the boats, a most hazardous as well as unpleasant alternative. Everything fragile aboard her had been broken, and every human being had participated in a unique adventure, one which none wished repeated. She remained at St. John's some months, had a temporary wooden bow built into her, and then returned to New York for permanent repairs.

Many curious incidents occurred in the panic, as always do on such occasions. A New York millionaire's wife rushed on deck barefooted and in her night-dress, drawing her stockings on her hands, and vainly endeavoring to find the fingers. A man appeared from the saloon with two gripsacks and a life-buoy. He tossed this overboard first, then threw the bags after it, and was following himself when seized by a sailor. An elderly gentleman with a weak heart fainted away in the saloon at the shock of the impact, and was found there when the passengers returned from the deck to clothe themselves. Recovering to see the anxious-faced, half-clad watchers about him, and believing for the moment that he was the cause of their concern, he deprecatingly observed: "I am very sorry. Do not be alarmed. It is nothing, I assure you."

But to the one wounded ship that survives collision with a berg a dozen perish. Presumably, when the shock comes it loosens their bulkheads and they fill and founder; or the crash may injure the boilers or engines, which explode and tear out the sides, and the ship goes down like a plummet. As long ago as 1841, the steamer "President," with 120 people aboard, crossing from New York to Liverpool in March, vanished from human ken. In 1854, in the same month, the "City of Glasgow" left Liverpool for Philadelphia with 480 souls and was never again heard of. In February, 1856, the "Pacific," from Liverpool for New York, carrying 185 persons, passed away down to a sunless sea. In May, 1870, the "City of Boston," from that port for Liverpool, mustering 191 souls, met a similar fate. It has always been thought that these ships were sunk by collision with icebergs or floes. As shipping traffic has expanded, the losses have been more frequent. In February, 1892, the "Naronic," from Liverpool for New York; in the same month in 1896, the "State of Georgia," from Aberdeen for Boston; in February, 1899, the "Alleghany," from New York for Dover; and once more in February, 1902, the

The "City of Rome" striking a berg in the fog



The survivors of the "Polaris" being rescued from an ice-floe on which they had been adrift for over six months

"Huronian," from Liverpool for St. John's—all disappeared without leaving a trace. Between February and May the Grand Banks are most infested with ice, and collision therewith is the most likely explanation of the loss of these steamers, all well manned and in splendid trim, and meeting only the storms which scores of other ships have braved without a scathe.

This theory finds support in the fact that many crews have cheated death whose ships have gone under from contact with ice during the winter. A story whose amazing features outrival even the tale of the Ancient Mariner is that of the nineteen persons from the Arctic ship "Polaris." She was crushed off Northern Greenland in October, 1871, and the survivors were rescued from an ice-floe on the Grand Banks the following April by the Newfoundland sealer "Tigress," after having been adrift 193 days, and traversing 1600 miles of ocean on this island of ice. In March, 1893, the sealer "Diana" rescued the crew of the steamer "Castlegate," from Dundee for New York, who were adrift on the floe, their ship having sunk by collision with a berg the previous night. In May, 1897, the crew of the steamer "Windsor Lake," which had also met disaster among the bergs, were taken off by the sealer "Labrador," and in 1900 the steamer "Iceland" stove in her bow against a berg and narrowly escaped foundering.

When the big cargo-boat "Concordia," in July, 1896, was plowing her way out Belleisle Strait, for Liverpool, she hit a berg bow on, and tore a gaping rent in her forepart

big enough to drive a street car through. Only the hardest of work kept her afloat to reach St. John's. Equally marvelous was the escape, the next June, of the four-masted

The "Concordia's" bow after ramming a berg

freighter "Knight Bachelor," which, on her way to New York, met a still more cruel wound, and had her bows stove to the bulkhead butts, so that she had to be hurried to land stern first to relieve the strain on her battered stem. In May, 1899, the "Hatasu," timber laden from Quebec, entered a berg-strewn area of the Banks with a dense fog prevailing and only the "loom" of the bergs to guide her. Going dead slow, in wheeling to avoid one she plumped into another and crumpled her bows up from forefoot to hawse-pipe, the stem-plates overlapping and giving a flat surface as if a giant wedge had been cut out of her forward. The "John Bright" rasped off part of her bottom on a "growler" in June, and the two were repairing in St. John's together. Most curious was the accident to the "Alcides" in 1890. She was struck in the side by a berg, while caught in a floe, and had her flank scored by a jagged gash that almost sent her to bottom. In the dock at St. John's they rolled sugar butts in and out through the gap.

The most marvelous story of all is that of the steamer "Portia," which embodies an incident as fanciful as ever Clark Russell conceived. She plied between New York and Newfoundland, her captain being Francis Ash, an experienced navigator of St. John's who had been ice-pilot of Schley's squadron when it rescued the survivors of the Greely Arctic expedition in 1884. In June, 1893, while off the Newfoundland coast with many tourists aboard, she sighted on a clear day a gleaming northern monarch, the magnificent proportions of which excited the admiration of the passengers, who had never seen the like before. Captain Ash estimated its length at 800 feet and its height at 200, and, with its fantastic pinnacles and crystal sides giving back a flood of rainbow tints, it is not surprising that the delighted onlookers begged the skipper to go near, so that they might snap-shot or sketch this ocean colossus at close range. Suddenly, as the ship slowly advanced, a gun-shot from the berg, a jar was felt, the ship grated heavily, a low rumbling sound was heard, the berg quivered and split asunder, and, to the horror of all on board, it was realized that the ship was "aground" on part of the icy isle. As this mighty fragment sought a new equilibrium in the ocean, its submerged base, being tossed upward, caught the "Portia" as in a cradle, or dock, and lifted her clear out of the water.

For a moment or two the situation of the ship and those aboard was critical beyond compare. She lay, nearly upright, in a shelving section of the berg, and if this completed its somersault she and her personnel must

meet instant destruction. The horror of it blanched every cheek and stilled every tongue. Fortunately the weight of hull and cargo checked the up-ending motion and sent the mass settling back again. A huge wave created by the cleavage swept over the fragment holding the "Portia" and launched her back into her native element, with bottom scarred and bruised, but otherwise uninjured.

Though the story seems incredible, yet it is undeniably true. As the "Portia" approached the berg she ran on a submerged ledge of it. This disturbed the equilibrium of the main body, and the ice below the surface being honeycombed, or "rotten," from the effect of the salt water and the summer sun, the shock caused it to turn over, and in doing so it split apart and she was caught on one portion. The escape seems still more miraculous when one realizes that, had she not kept a fairly even keel, she must surely have sunk as she swept back into the sea. As it was, she had all she could do to battle with the mighty billows that threatened to engulf her, and she was headed away from this scene of peril with all hearts rejoicing that they had been mercifully spared after an experience that no others had ever been brought face to face with.

The very next year, the "Miranda," a sister ship of the "Portia," was chartered to convey to Greenland a party of sixty scientists—professors and students from American universities. She sailed from St. John's in July in charge of Captain William Farrell, another skilled ice-pilot, and two days later, off Belleisle Strait, in a thick fog, punctured her bow against a berg. Fortunately, she was going "dead slow" and thus escaped serious injury, but she had to put back to effect repairs. These accomplished, she started again, but on the uncharted Greenland coast she struck a reef, tore out her bottom and sank in due course. The 92 persons comprising the party and crew got back on the Gloucester fishing vessel "Rigel," which was in Greenland waters seeking halibut. In the summer of 1900 an American yacht, cruising on the Labrador coast, struck a berg in a fog, while slowly making her way along, and one of the party dropped dead of heart disease at the shock of the collision. The craft floated, but the passengers had quite enough of icebergs for that season, if not forever.

The weird experience of the "Portia"

The bergs afford good target-practice for the Banks patrol-fleet

Even the French and British warships that patrol the Newfoundland coast during the fishery season do not escape this danger, crowded with men and carefully navigated though they are. In 1899 the British gunboat "Buzzard" stove in her bows against a "growler" off the French shore, and the next year the French corvette "Manche" had a similar experience. In the early eighties, when the Americans sent a warship to this coast every summer on fisheries service, the old "Powhatan" came near ending her days by testing her strength against a floe. The ice-masses serve a novel purpose for the fleets all the summer through, being used as targets for big-gun practice. When a specially formidable one drifts along past St. John's, a cruiser slips her moorings and runs to sea after it, pelting it with projectiles until she fires away her allowance. It is one of the sights of St. John's, the endless procession of icebergs of every size and shape that drifts by day after day, charming the eye and cooling the summer atmosphere. Sometimes they ground in the harbor-mouth and prevent ships entering or leaving.

As you go north they are in still greater number. Off Belleisle Strait they can be counted by hundreds, and since the New York liners choose the southern route, it is the Montreal boats, which traverse the northern channel, that are chiefly menaced by these ocean destroyers. The first ship the Allan Line ever lost—the "Canadian"—came to her ruin there in 1861, by running into a berg, and she carried down 35 humans with her, trapped like rats by the inrush of water when her forepart was burst open. The 266 survivors were brought to St. John's in a fishing vessel. Every few years since, there have been other ocean tragedies to record, the latest being that of the "Gibraltar," in 1896, which foundered so quickly that five men went to bottom with her, the remainder of her people getting away in their boats and being picked up by the Colonial cruiser "Fiona," conveying Governor Sir Terence O'Brien and Commodore Curzon-Howe of the British squadron around the French shore on an official trip.

But the steamers are not the only ships that fare badly against bergs. Sailers meet even worse disasters. In April, 1897, occurred the most heartrending tragedy in the records of the Grand Banks, one whose horrible story outrivals even fiction. The French brigantine "Vaillant," from France for St. Pierre, Miquelon, with 74 men aboard to engage in cod fishing there, dashed herself against a berg at midnight, 120 miles off St. John's. The craft went to pieces like a bundle of boards, and those half-clad wretches who escaped being killed by the broken timbers when she struck rushed on deck and threw over the boats. The wildest confusion prevailed, and the frightened crowd swarmed into the skiffs, overturning them and drowning themselves. About 25 perished this way and 35 got away—21 in the life-boat, 7 in a jolly-boat, and 7 in a "dory"—a flat-bottomed skiff used in fishing. They had no food, no water, no sails, and no oars. The men lacked adequate clothing, being coatless and wearing wooden "sabots" without stockings. The sea ran high and drenched them, and the frost chilled their marrow. The flotilla separated before morning and the jolly-boat was never seen again. In the life-boat was the captain's dog, and they killed and ate it the second day. That night four men died of the cold and were thrown overboard, after being stripped of their clothes to cover the living. The third day the boat got among the ice, and they allayed their thirst by sucking pieces broken off the bergs. That night seven more died and, being stripped, were consigned to the deep. After this the narrative is a blank. On the seventh day the schooner "Victor" sighted the boat, and, bearing down on her, found four frost-bitten wretches alive, while the mutilated corpses which shared the skiff testified to the fact that the starving, freezing survivors had kept the vital spark alive by the last desperate resort of cannibalism. They were landed at St. Pierre, and two days later the schooner "Eugene" brought in three survivors of the dory's crew, who had prolonged existence only by the same dreadful alternative. All seven had such badly frosted feet that these extremities had to be amputated, and five patients succumbed to the knife, only two surviving to tell the tale of this dreadful outcome of a marine disaster.

Every few years a horror results from the coming together of the wooden fabrics against the ice-masses. To give them in detail would be impossible. The shock of the impact starts every plank in the hulls; they leak like a sieve, and, having no compartments, fill rapidly and go down almost before the panic-stricken crews can launch their boats. One incident may be cited because of its extraordinary features. In 1883, as the

The wreck of the "Vailiant"

schooner "Albatross" was driving east across the Banks in a murky storm, she met her end from a low-lying berg. Of her crew of ten only two escaped, having cut clear the dinghy and launched it over the stern. Next day they were picked up by the fishing schooner "Energy," making for the Newfoundland coast. Driven south by bad weather, she sighted, two days later, the steamer "Liddesdale," with a load of cotton from the Southern States for England. The steamer agreed to take the castaways, and, in approaching to get to them, collided with the "Energy" and sank her, though saving the crew. Thirty-six hours later the "Liddesdale" herself went ashore near Cape Race and became a total loss. Thus the two men from the "Albatross" were wrecked three times within a week—by berg, steamboat, and rock—an experience probably unique.

The fishing vessels on the Banks cruising about in quest of cod often fall a prey to these destroyers also, and weird are the circumstances attending some of the catastrophes. The portions of bergs above water are absolutely pure and fresh; the submerged parts become saturated with salt. The former are commonly attacked by the bank-men for ice to preserve their bait and fish, or to melt for refilling their water casks. In 1899 the crew of the schooner "Mervyn," of St. John's,

were taking ice from a small berg when it turned over. One man was "ashore" on it, hewing out the blocks with his axe, and the next instant found himself elevated twenty feet in the air, with the boat upset and his comrades struggling in the water. They righted her again and stood by to aid him. His only chance of escape was to slide down the sloping side of the berg. He could not spring clear of it into the water, owing to its formation. He let himself go and struck a projecting fragment in his descent. It tore the scalp off the back of his head and flung it out over his eyes. Senseless and seemingly dying, he was taken to land and put in hospital. Then the ship returned to the Banks and was never afterward heard of. Another fishing vessel sighted some wreckage on the base of a berg and sent a boat to examine it; she returned bringing a name-board with the word "Mervyn" on it, so it is surmised that the vessel struck this berg and went down.

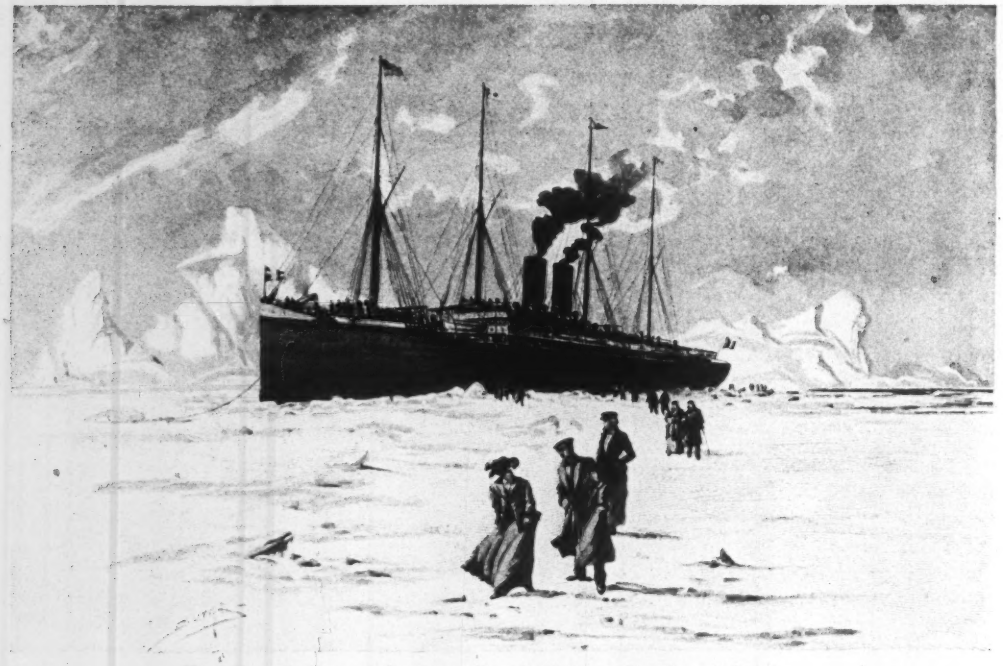
How many other fishing smacks meet this fate and leave not even this melancholy evidence, is beyond conjecture. When a small craft strikes one of these monsters she is doomed. Once wounded, a few minutes will see her founder. Those on board have barely time to order their faculties ere they are battling for life in the vortex of their sinking ship or penned below decks through the damage to the hatchways. Occasionally some fortunate sailor escapes the general fate. Four years ago, as the Newfoundland coastal steamer was passing a lonely rock off the land, she descried a signal of distress flying. A boat was lowered and sent to the islet, returning with an unconscious man. He was one of the crew of the banker "Emmeline," which had sunk from collision with a berg. His fifteen comrades perished, but he, grasping an oar, contrived to swim to this rock, the only foothold for miles around. He attached his shirt to the oar and set it up for a signal, and here he remained for four days and nights, without food or drink, suffering tortures also from the cold.

Nowadays, with the cellular system by which modern liners are subdivided, the likelihood of a catastrophe to an Atlantic greyhound is very slight. She may telescope her stem, or drive in her forefoot, but her bulkheads will keep her afloat. It is the old-time steamer or the one with insufficient compartments which goes down when she rams a berg in these Northern waters and carries her whole crew to their death. Of the mysteries of lost ships which leave not a name-board or scanty spread of wreckage to tell some part of their tale of tragedy, how many are due to berg or floe, no man may say, but the grimmest happenings about the Grand Banks are certainly chargeable to this cause.

Earthly monarchs, however mighty, dare not disregard the peril of this route, in their impotence against nature's giant lords. In the royal tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall (now Prince and Princess of Wales) in 1901, the only place where the "Ophir's" escort of two cruisers—the "Diadem" and "Niobe"—had to be supplemented was off Newfoundland, and because of the icebergs there. The "Crescent" and "Indefatigable" accompanied them from Halifax to St. John's, scouting cautiously for these silent ocean foes; and again in crossing the Banks, on the final run to Portsmouth, this precaution had to be renewed. The "Diadem" discovered one large berg at night and threw her searchlight on it while the squadron sped past in safety.

It is only when a liner gets disabled and is swept among the floes that there is reason for anxiety. Such was the plight of 1200 humans in the French liner "Gascogne," in March, 1897, when crippled on the Grand Banks and at anchor there, with the whole ocean covered with floes and bergs. She had broken her shaft and adverse gales drove her there. She anchored and apprised a passing schooner, which brought the news to land. Meanwhile the ice was drifting down and worked around about her. She was in danger of being "nipped" by the floes and the captain held on as long as he dared, hoping for help from St. John's or elsewhere, but eventually had to slip his cables and let her drift south into the Gulf Stream with the floes which enmeshed her; there the heat and sun soon relaxed their cohesive powers and she was freed to reach New York in due course. There was grave apprehension for her welfare for a time, two steamers sent out from St. John's failing to locate her, and it was feared the ice had sent her to the bottom. But she escaped this danger and got to port without mishap.

People unfamiliar with icebergs or their lore may doubt that the sea-monsters are as large or destructive as this narrative indicates; but no one who has traversed the Northern seas, or seen a crippled steamer making into port with gaping bows telling of her



The French liner "Gascogne," crippled on the Grand Banks

combat, will question for a moment the most improbable story of battle with these rovers. The really amazing feature of the bergs is that they show so little of their bulk—one-eighth above water. Hence, even when a colossal one is seen, the mind fails to grasp the significance of what it represents—the vast bulk concealed below the ocean level. It is only when a berg overturns that an idea of its immensity is obtained. This occurrence usually results through one berg fouling with another, the nicely-adjusted balance being disturbed and the colossus floundering forward and throwing off fragments with noises like the discharge of a park of artillery, the movement communicating itself in turn to the bergs in the vicinity, until they are turning turtle like a school of whales at play. Such a scene is not uncommon along the Labrador coast in summer, where hundreds of bergs are to be sighted every day; and the mail-boat gives them a wide berth as she makes her risky runs up and down the rugged seaboard. An American college professor two years ago counted 176 one day from a hilltop at Cape Charles.

These figures cease to excite surprise when it is remembered that the bergs are the product of the Greenland glaciers and are formed by the thousand in the far Northern fiords. As the glaciers sweep into the sea they "calve" or throw off mighty blocks, and these are what we know as icebergs. Some are of stupendous dimensions. Dr. Kane's Arctic expedition saw one 2½ miles long, and 2½ miles wide, aground in half a mile of water in Melville Bay. This, of course, broke up into small pieces in time, which sun and sea and tide molded into the beautiful and fantastic forms familiar to the Arctic voyager. As they drift south, and the sun plays on their façade, it melts them into shimmering cascades which leap into the sea, while below the tide frets them into delicate traceries. Then the berg gets top-heavy, turns over, and exhibits an absolutely new contour, and so the process continues until they disappear in the Gulf Stream. The Labrador current which carries them on its bosom extends from the Polar Sea to the south of Newfoundland, an oceanic river 2,000 miles long and 100 wide, and generously bejeweled with these gorgeous creations; and, as an irreverent tourist remarked last summer, they represent enough cold storage to put the Ice Trust out of business and give every American citizen a refrigerator stock of his own.

The fishermen of Newfoundland possess the curious faculty of being able, as they

say, to "smell" bergs, and thereby escape many encounters with them. Really, however, the fact is that the approach of a berg is heralded by a sudden and decided cooling of the atmosphere, which these experienced mariners soon perceive, and are warned by. But oftentimes a vessel will run into a nest of them, and may have to be towed to safety by her boats. A frequent cause of disaster is that, the submerged section of a berg being caught in the grip of a current, the mass moves steadily against wind and sea and crashes into the craft before she can escape. The same circumstances cause the remarkable sight sometimes witnessed, of floes driven one way by the wind, while bergs cut a wide swath through them in another direction, impelled by the currents. The lee of a berg is often a favorite shelter from storm, and Arctic steamers, Northern whalers, and Newfoundland sealers frequently adopt the novel expedient of anchoring to bergs which experience shows them to be surely balanced, and by this means they avoid disaster in gales which, if they lacked such security, would cripple, if not destroy them.

No discovery or invention relating to maritime matters would be of as great benefit to the shipping world as a contrivance which would give timely warning of the proximity of icebergs. Bells, whistles, lights, rockets, and other devices have been provided for, protecting ships against colliding with one another, and now we are assured that wireless telegraphy will soon be enlisted for the same object. This, if it succeeds, should make running through fog as devoid of danger as speeding across a cloudless sea—except for the bergs. But, until this peril has been eliminated, the passage of the North Atlantic will be attended by an element of danger which must compel the greatest precaution on the part of seafarers and occasionally bring about a disaster like some of the foregoing, in spite of the utmost vigilance of shipmasters and men.

"'are you sure—sure that you would need me just as much—everywhere?'"

THE FOLLY OF LAMAR

BY

HENRY C. ROWLAND

AUTHOR OF "SEA SCAMPS"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. WALCOTT

MISS MURIEL HAMPTON gracefully descended the precipitous steps of the Pullman and surveyed her immediate surroundings with interest, if not with admiration. A very extended examination was denied her, for the sparse piney woods straggled almost to the station platform, and the narrow trail, which seemed to be the only direction of escape, was swallowed up at some indefinite point in the near perspective.

The gallant Pullman conductor with the musical brow and silky, black mustache regarded her with a sympathy too deep for words, obliged as she was to quit his comfortable car for such desolate surroundings. In the brief minute before the start of the train he essayed a simple word of condolence.

"Yes, miss," said he, seeking to voice her unspoken thoughts as he followed her eyes to the meager woods; "right yere it looks like a tumblerful of toothpicks, but 'taint all as bad as this. Over 'raoun' Dunbar it's a right pretty country. When you-all see Kunnel Downes, kindly give him my best regyards and compliment him fo' me on bein' able to welcome his chahmin' niece after five yeahs' sepah'ation."

He bowed gracefully and, gripping the rail with a sinewy hand, went from the sand to the platform in one agile spring.

The girl stepped back clear of the train, which was about to leave; then her attention was suddenly taken by a broad-shouldered young man whom she had noticed on the train and who was just then in irate remonstrance with a stalwart baggage-master, who, standing in the door of his car, seemed bent on breaking the world's record for "putting" the sixty-pound valise. As if in repartee the engine hooted at him derisively, the bell clanged in accord, and an unwieldy object struck the sand at his feet with a crash of bottles which told him that his kit-bag had not been overlooked. Miss Hampton repressed with difficulty a wild impulse to dash back into the sheltering car; then came a swift panorama of weary faces in the windows glancing at her in apathetic contempt, and she was left alone with her contemplation of the piney woods.

The square outline of the last car was compressed into the distance and a plethoric but nervous razor-back sow led her offspring cautiously from under the platform and, wandering pensively to the girl's dressing-bag, eyed it sadly, as one who recognizes the habiliments of a departed friend. The piglets looked upon it hopefully, speculative of its succulence. Miss Hampton, fearing cannibal propensities, fluttered her skirts and cried "Shoo," whereupon they all faced her, grunting animosity. She picked up a stick and threw it at them, at which they wheeled with military precision and scampered for the woods, hurling insult back over their shoulders.

A plank creaked behind her and one approached whom she correctly surmised to be the station-master. He was old and scraggly and blasted, and in all ways resembled one of the pine trees, save possibly in aroma, which was more of the tobacco-sheds. There was a humor in his eye and a quaver in his voice, which was high and peevish. His accent and manner of talk was that of a negro.

"Has there been a trap here?" inquired the girl, withdrawing into an unconscious quarantine from this malodorous victim of blight.

He turned upon her his rheumy eye.

"T' which?"

"Has there been a carriage here?" she asked impatiently, as one demanding of right a negative reply.

"Um-no," he made querulous answer; "they ain't been no rig here only Kunnel Daownes'" (as though that particular vehicle could have no interest for her). "He seen th' fust section traipse through 'n' reckined thar wa'n't no mo' a-comin', 'n' git. *He* come fer thish-yer other gem'man," indicating her fellow passenger at the other end of the platform. "Travelin' saleslady?" he inquired, fixing the girl with a glance of senile cunning.

Miss Hampton's long gray eyes narrowed with displeasure and a spot of olive red appeared in either cheek.

"Is there a tr—a horse and carriage to be had here?" she inquired, a quiver of anger in her deep voice.

"On'y mine, 'n' *be* done engaged that a'ready. Mebbe he mought tote yu as fur as Dunbar——"

The girl swung her back to the old man, too proud to have him see the tears of anger and disappointment that had filled her eyes. After a slight pause of mental vacuity, which sometimes passes for thought, he turned and shambled away, disappearing behind the station. Miss Hampton entered the waiting-room to consult the time-table. While so engaged she was treated to a dialogue occurring just without.

"She's a lady drummer," came the voice of the station-master with the insistence of age.

"A *what?*" said a deep musical voice. Evidently in the vocabulary of the speaker the only "drummers" were the orthodox martial kind and a cock-bird of the grouse species that squats on a log which he hammers with his wings.

"A lady drummer!" snapped the old man peevishly; "one o' them female wimmen critters that goes a-gallivantin' 'raound the kentry sellin' laces an' didies an' bunnets an' sich like. Her box of samples come last night on the local—" Their voices died in the distance as they walked away.

Muriel might have found a certain humor in this snap-shot diagnosis of her identity if she had not just discovered that there was no other train out of the place that day. As it was, her heart was filled with a sudden fury against all things made, chiefest of these being the distant uncle who had entrusted the care of her reception to a creature moved only by reflexes. Toward the antique station-master she felt only the impersonal sort of disgust that one might have for any pestilential beast of a low grade of intelligence.

She walked out of the station formulating a classic word which carries the tongue to the roof of the mouth. A physiognomist would not have classed an evenness of disposition among her more conspicuous charms. The downward twist at the corners of her wide mouth, and the gleam of white teeth between habitually parted lips bespoke dangerous qualities beneath, and the olive-red flush under the long, gray eyes should have been a danger-signal that any one might read. Being hungry for some intelligent being upon whom to throw the burden of her wrongs, her heart gave a malicious purr of joy as she saw, approaching, her fellow-passenger.

He was broad and Anglo-Saxon, with short, crisp yellow hair, and the negligé of his sparkling raiment bespoke a carefulness of detail which in that section would be regarded as an insult to democracy. There was albeit something glad and joyous in his manner which might have swept away the maiden's pique had it not been for his first ill-chosen words.

"The station-master tells me that you wish to go to Dunbar—" He paused in some doubt as the retroussé tendencies of the Grecian nose became more pronounced and the curved black eyelashes half hid the long gray eyes.

"The station-master appears to be gifted with the far-sightedness of advanced age," replied Miss Hampton, addressing the young man's woolen cap.

For a moment his mind was off in pursuit of her meaning; failing to overtake it he tried another trail.

"I have engaged his rig to drive to Colonel Downes's plantation, and if you will let me take you as far as Dunbar—" Again he hesitated in some bewilderment, for an odd smile of malicious pleasure had appeared upon the attractive lips of the strange lady. His Boston accent had not been lost upon her and she foresaw the sport of much baiting; however, his decency demanded that he be given another last opportunity.

"And why are you so determined to get rid of me at Dunbar?"

In the honeyed voice and subtle smile his Boston conventionality saw only an ill-timed coquetry, to which, although alluring,

he hardened his heart as became his inborn conventionality.

"Why—er—isn't that the only place where—" There was a fatal hesitation.

"Where I might be able to sell my wares?" she replied swiftly and with a certain wicked glee. He had lost his chance—the bridges were burned and now for a sweet revenge. "I am not so sure of that. I understand that there is a rich old planter not far from Dunbar—said to have more money than common sense, and also a daughter."

"I think that you are mistaken," replied he of the fair hair, inwardly reflecting on the Colonel's celibate state. "That is, I have never heard of her. He has a niece, I believe, but she has been abroad for the last few years——"

"Possibly in her behalf I might interest the Colonel in something in the millinery line," she suggested eagerly; "especially if you would be good enough to introduce me."

An involuntary shudder shook the stalwart frame of the proper young man. "We carry a very select stock of French *lingerie* and silk openwork hosiery; perhaps you would like to see some. I have a few samples—" She feinted in the direction of her dressing-bag.

The dismayed gentleman made a hurried gesture of dissent.

"Oh, thanks awfully—but, really, you know—I am—er—a bachelor"—he grew somewhat incoherent—"and don't know much about those things——"

"*Really?*" exclaimed the girl with an inflection of exaggerated surprise.

Although not caring for their purport, the Bostonian was forced to admire the soft Southern intonation of her voice. He grew rather red in the effort to recover his self-possession, but was successful notwithstanding.

"A gentleman's education is rather limited in the North," he replied, with the faintest possible inflection on the word "gentleman." The color was quickly transferred to the dusky cheek of the girl, whose pique had carried her rather farther than she had intended. Anger at his calm acceptance of the foolish old station-master's diagnosis of her walk in life, added to her ability at any time to fall back on her true position as the niece of his prospective host, had combined to produce a rather daring diablerie to her behavior. His well-bred reproof failed to act as oil to the troubled waters.

"You are very kind," she replied, starting off on another tack; "most kind." There was a treacherous sweetness to her new tone. "As there is no other conveyance it is a choice between spending the night in the depot or accepting your offer." She paused as if in some doubt as to the lesser of the two evils.

"Don't be silly," he remarked, in a tone that caused her to glance at him with a new interest. "The old fellow's gone after his rig. You can't stay here all night, you know—it's quite out of the question!"

He walked away and a few minutes later she saw him transporting his somewhat voluminous luggage into the station.

Before long the venerable station-master appeared from the woods, driving a horse apparently as antique as himself, hitched to a buggy each wheel of which appeared to rotate in a different plane. The young man, after bestowing one critical glance upon the outfit, quickly abandoned the idea of transporting anything except the lady, her valise and himself, plus one rifle and a Mauser repeating pistol with which to slay such game as they might encounter upon their march. The rest of his plunder he helped the station-master to stow in the depot. This done, he assisted the silent lady into the shuddering vehicle.

The station-master coyly wished them a pleasant journey; then, as they were unable to progress faster than a walk, he accompanied them as far as his cabin, pointing out the finer qualities of his animal on the way, and bidding them a final farewell at the turn of the road. For a while they drove in silence, the horse treating the gentle admonitions to hurry with the contempt which they deserved from his Southern viewpoint.

"Can you suggest any way of hurrying him without undue cruelty?" asked the man desperately, after the horse had defied all efforts to arouse his somnambulism for the past mile.

"Suppose you stop talking to him," replied the girl tentatively; "possibly he finds your conversation fatiguing."

He ignored the sally. "He is certainly slow," he replied.

"Yes," she assented; "it is. One might almost fancy that one was at a Boston tea."

"You come from Boston?" he asked, thrusting in the dark.

"Yes," she answered swiftly; "whenever I am unfortunate enough to find myself there."

There was another thought-laden pause. Presently the man remarked: "We're not getting on very fast. I'm afraid that we'll hardly reach Dunbar before——"

"The shops close?" she interrupted swiftly. "Well, in that case I may get you to drive me on to Colonel Downes's; I can't afford to waste the whole day, you know."

"Suppose I fire off the pistol?" he suggested; "it might frighten him a little."

"You might hit him. Suppose you get out and walk," she returned; "that would lighten the load and might encourage him to try a trot; then, once started, you might slip in behind without his noticing it."

"I'll try the walking part, at least," said he and leaped forthwith to the ground.

"There's a fly on his neck," he called presently from a little way behind the buggy. "Knock it off with the whip, please. We can't afford to make him carry any extra weight."

He paused, reaching down to fasten his shoe. There came the light flick of the whip and an ominous rattle of wheels. Looking up in surprise he saw that the maligned horse was striking away at a long swinging trot.

"Hold on!" he called.

"I can't!" came the prevaricating reply. "He thinks he's running away!"

The gentleman started swiftly in pursuit, and after a sharp run overtook the shambling horse who, having once essayed a hitherto untried realm of speed, seemed to enjoy the exhilaration, as possibly recalling the long, dead days of his youth.

"It worked rather well, didn't it?" said the girl over her shoulder. "If you stay where you are I don't believe he'll know the difference."

"What worked?" puffed the man, a bit peevishly.

"Why, your getting out of course. Didn't you do it to see if we couldn't make better time?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't have tried it if I'd thought that he was going to run away."

Soon, the horse resuming his natural gait once more, the young man took his rifle from the wagon and skirted the edge of the open woods about fifty yards from the road. The deer signs were in great abundance, and several times he had seen the tracks where they had crossed the road. As far as the lady was concerned he was beginning to wish that she would take it into her vindictive little head to push on alone and leave him to tramp the remaining ten miles to Dunbar, where he might procure another conveyance to take him on to the plantation. She, apparently appreciating this desire, kept him persistently abreast. Before long, striking a thick spot in the woods, he reëmerged to the road.

"Do you think that you could hit anything with that toy gun?" asked the lady presently. The light, diminutive modern rifle carried by her companion appeared ridiculously inadequate compared to the clumsy, obsolete weapons of the section.

"I could try," he returned placidly, "if it was fair game; but I think that after missing a few times I might give it up as a bad job." He glanced at her a bit ironically.

"Yes," she replied thoughtfully. "Even if a creature is of no apparent value in the world I suppose it is wrong to simply hurt or frighten it without putting it out of its misery."

Thereafter fell a great calm which lasted for several miles. Muriel produced a book which she calmly proceeded to peruse, while the miserable man wished that she would offer to drive that he might walk again, and smoke to the confusion of all womankind. They were within three or four miles of Dunbar, when suddenly a familiar strain of music smote the sportsmanly ear of the man.

"What is it?" she asked impatiently, looking up from her book.

"Listen!" he exclaimed. "I hear hounds—they're heading this way," excitedly. He turned to her in appeal, the sense of his wrongs swept away in the rush of blood produced by the mellow music of the pack.

"Would you mind driving while I go on ahead? I might get a shot, you know. I expect they're running a deer——"

"Look!" she cried. "What is that?"

A crashing in the scrub-palmetto to their right caused the man to reach quickly for his rifle. Suddenly it ceased, to be renewed an instant later, this time accompanied with a labored, moaning sound. Right here the ground was a bit low and marshy and the pines gave way to bays, gums, magnolia, and heavy foliaged shrubbery

that made it impossible to see far into the woods.

The man glanced at the girl beside him, his face blank with astonishment. His blue eyes were wide and excited, and an undefined dread showed itself in his face.

"What in the world is that? I never heard a deer moan that way — listen — there it is again!"

The crashing had recommenced, this time accompanied by a deep, sobbing cry—such a cry as might be expected to come from a heart bursting with an agony of toil and terror. Again the young man stared at the girl beside him. Every particle of the rich color had faded and the pupils of her long eyes were dilated with horror.

"Oh, Mr. Lamar!" she gasped, calling him for the first time by the name which she had seen on his luggage. "Oh, Mr. Lamar — can't you guess—can't you guess!"

A deep, bell-like clamor arose fresh and clear from still far in the distance; following it was wafted through the long forest aisles such a cry as had in years gone by tightened the heartstrings of many a blue-clad soldier as he watched his fierce-eyed enemies in gray pouring down in a ravening swarm. It was the clear, high "rebel-yell," historic as the pibroch of the Highlander and far more deadly, presaging only blood.

A louder crashing followed the echoes of the eerie cry, and a dark figure leaped into the road ahead. The first glance showed them that it was a negro running swiftly toward them, looking back over his shoulder as he ran. Suddenly he looked up, stopped in his tracks, and seemed about to spring back into the woods again. For an instant he hesitated, then ran heavily towards them, and as he drew near they saw to their horror that his face was ashen, his eyes staring and glassy, and the white foam lying in flecks upon his blue lips and brawny chest. His legs were torn and bleeding from the knees down, where he had dashed frenziedly through the saw-edged palmetto.

"Oh, Marsa!" he sobbed as he came near. "Oh, Missus! Dey's a-runnin' me wiv dawgs! Oh, Marsa!" He held up his clasped, bleeding hands in supplication and sank on his knees at the roadside. "Don' let um do it! Don' let um do it! Ah swear ter Gawd A'mighty ah don' know nuffin' 'bout who done kill Marsa Newton. Ah done workin' down ter de Kunnel's wen he done killed. Oh, Marsa — fo' de lub o' Gawd, *don'* let um lynch me!"

The nearer baying of the hounds arose in a chiming, swelling crescendo, deep, clear-voiced, funereal bells tolling the passing of a human soul. They died sorrowfully away.

Lamar turned and looked aghast at Muriel. Her beautiful face was in some way strangely altered. All the pettiness had gone.

"Will they really kill him?" he asked breathlessly. "I have heard of such things but never actually thought——"

"Indeed, they will!" she cried. "And—look at him!—he's as innocent as you or I—but that will be discovered after he is dead."

For a second Lamar glanced down at the groveling, moaning negro; then his face hardened and new, square lines appeared at the corners of his firm jaws.

Before the astonished old horse knew what had happened, the whip had been laid stingingly across his attenuated frame, and he found himself swung in the opposite direction with a motion so quick as to astonish him.

"What are you going to do?" cried Muriel sharply.

"Stand by this negro. Jump in behind, Sam. Quick!"

The negro fell heavily into the back of the buggy, and a moment later the elderly nag was beating his life's record for the half-mile. Meanwhile the chimes had changed to alarm bells and the yells of the men grew louder. With every fresh outburst the girl gripped the arm of the man beside her.

"We can never escape this way!" she cried. "They are mounted."

"I know it," he answered tersely.

An abandoned cabin, surrounded by a rail fence, appeared at the side of the road. Lamar pulled up sharply at the gate.

"Run into the cabin, Sam!" he ordered. The negro obeyed swiftly and Lamar quietly extracted his rifle and pistol from under the seat, the girl eyeing him strangely the while.

"You are a better general than a detective!" she remarked in an odd voice.

"Thanks for the first nice thing you've said to-day," he answered dryly, examining his weapons.

"What you are planning to do is certain death," she told him in a voice that was almost indifferent.

"Possibly," he replied, "but it is just as certainly a duty. How do you think that I would look to myself all the rest of my life," he went on savagely, "if I was to stand by and watch the murder of a man whom I believed to be innocent of any crime? No, by George; I'm not built that way! It won't be such an easy job—there are thirty-two shots that I can use pretty quickly if I have to—and I know how to point this 'toy gun.' Now, get in that buggy, please, and drive to Dunbar as quickly as you can—they will hardly interfere with *you*—and arouse whatever of law and order there is in the place."

"It will all be over by that time!" she replied. "I know these people—I was *raised* among—in fact, am one of them. They will kill you before you have a chance to raise that gun. They——"

"*Will* they?" he answered fiercely. "They couldn't kill my father when he was down here in sixty-three; let's see if they can have any better luck with his son. Now go, please—at once!"

There was a short, silent strife, then the woman lost, and won. She lowered her eyes from his, but at the same time stepped across the threshold of the cabin and picked up the rifle that was standing beside the door.

"You keep your pistol," she said. "I don't understand it; but I *do* know how to use this if the necessity should arise. Look, here they come!"

A small cavalcade was whirling rapidly toward them. In the lead rode a tall, wiry man with a black mustache and keen aquiline features, and at a leash that he held in his hand there tugged a pair of large Spanish bloodhounds. The next man had likewise a pair—beauties, Lamar thought, and of the pure blood which impels only to track their prey, not to worry it when overtaken. They carried their grand heads high and took the fresh scent right as it hung in the air. Following there came eight horsemen, each armed with a Winchester and some carrying coils of rope at the saddle-bow.

The girl had stepped back behind the jamb of the door. At sight of Lamar the men halted, looking at him with a neutral curiosity.

There was a moment's pause; then the leader spoke out with the peculiar vocal flourish that is half deadly, half camaraderie.

"Mawnin, seh! We-all are in pursuit of a negra muhderer. Hev yu happened to catch sight of a loose negra anywheah along the road?"

Lamar replied slowly, choosing his words.

"Yes, the negro you are hunting is in this cabin. I have given my word to do everything in my power to prevent him from being lynched, because he is not guilty. He can prove that he is innocent by people who saw him at work on my friend Colonel Downes's plantation at the time that the murder was committed. Just now he is my prisoner, but, of course, I will hand him over to any one in authority that has the proper warrant for his arrest, and to no one else."

There was a moment's pause; then a man in the troop suddenly laughed high and long, ending with a shrill "Hoo-ee!" A chorus of angry voices was raised at once, but the tall leader held up his hand for silence.

"I admire your nehve, seh," said he in a soft and rather musical voice, "but in this pahtic'lah instance it is uncalled fo'. Ouah administration of law and odeh is diff'unt from youahs in the No'th; nevertheless, to satisfy youah conscience, I might say that we are all in autho'ity and cah'y ouah wahhants heah!" He smiled and tapped the butt of his rifle.

"I'm sorry," replied Lamar; "but I can't see it that way. I'm acting according to my idea of— *Hold on, there!*" he called warningly, for two of the party had slipped from their horses and with rifles unslung were approaching the fence.

A change came over the handsome face of the leader. His smile gave way to an ugly scowl; the straight, black eyebrows came down over his keen eyes and his white teeth flashed under the long mustache. He dropped one hand on his thigh and leaned threateningly towards Lamar.

"I wahn you, seh, that if you try to interfere you will be shot! This matter is no concehn of youahs and we will not submit to any interfe'ence. If you attempt to raise youah weapon you know what to expect!" He turned to his men.

"You, Dee, an' you, Chester, go in aftah that negra!" His own rifle was slung to the "port" as he gave the order.

Lamar stepped quickly back behind the jamb. Instantly the doorway was covered with every rifle in the party, but before he could throw up his own piece, which would

have been the signal for a volley, Muriel stepped out full across the threshold.

The handsome leader gave a gasp as if he had been knifed from behind, and instantly every muzzle was thrown sharply up. One piece was discharged in the motion and the bullet went singing over the cabin's roof.

"Gentlemen!" she called appealingly, "I am Murie Hampton—Colonel Downes's niece. I have been away from home for the last five years, but some of you must remember me. You, Mr. Dunbar—and you, Mr. Saunders, and Mr. Chester, and Mr. Beresford." Each recognition was followed by a smile and bow from the flattered recipient. "Why, I believe I know you all!" She paused.

His flashing smile returned to the face of the leader.

"I am right glad to see you, Miss Hampton," he cried, his big felt hat on his knee. "Haow 'd yo' leave yo' maw?"

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Saunders; and now, I am going to ask you a favor. Won't you, as a favor to me, let me be responsible for this negro? I promise to see that he gets into the hands of the sheriff at Dunbar. He does not look like a bad negro!"

A slight hesitation appeared upon the face of the leader; the other men wavered, then one of them spoke up.

"Boys, I'm right unwillin' to spoil Miss Hampton's home-comin' jes' caount of a onery negra. I move we postpone thish-yer pahty!"

The words were followed by a murmur of assent. These men who were so ready to execute an innocent black on a slight suspicion and with no direct evidence, could not bring themselves to a discourtesy to a charming woman. There followed a few felicitations, a joke or two, a laugh, an order, and a moment later they were galloping back in quest of another clue.

A man and a girl were sitting upon the grass beneath the mighty live-oaks that stretch for acres in front of the "big house" of Colonel Downes's plantation. The man was talking in a low voice that lacked not of intensity, while the girl, her eyes upon the ground, was stabbing skilfully with the man's penknife at a tiny splinter of wood. Her occupation was absorbing for she was too much engaged to raise her eyes throughout the somewhat staccato discourse of the man. Just as he finished she suddenly transfixed the splinter, whereupon, woman-like, she lost interest in the game.

She raised her head slowly and regarded him for an instant with an inscrutable expression; then a flash of mockery gleamed in her long gray eyes.

"I quite agree with you; you certainly could not live long without me down in this country; your rules of conduct and social ethics are too suicidal in character; but," she hesitated and her eyes grew very wistful, "are you sure—*sure* that you would need me just as much—everywhere?"

"Everywhere!" he replied emphatically.

A sudden gleam flashed from the girl's eyes.

"Even in Boston?"

"Without you," he protested, "Boston would be an arid wilderness."

"And with me?"

"With you a Sahara would have such delights as Boston has never known!"

Her eyes laughed back at him, then suddenly grew tender.

"Listen," he said and leaned toward her. Her head was inclined to his.

But the rest was lost in the whisper of the breeze in the live-oaks overhead.

THE INOCULATION OF MR. SKADS

BY

JOHN McAULEY PALMER

AUTHOR OF "COLONEL LUMPKIN'S CAMPAIGN"

MR. SKADS was seeking a philanthropic enterprise worthy of his distinguished patronage. Ten years ago, when his fortune was limited to the possession of the gas franchises of the City of Westport, he had been content to amuse himself with his race-horses. After he had reorganized the Westport, Landgrant and Stockwater Railway he indulged for a time in steam yachts and baronial estates. Later, when his railroad interests compelled him to purchase a seat in the United States Senate, he found some occasional relaxation in problems of statesmanship. But after his brilliant exploitation of the American Necessaries of Life Trust had brought him into the inner circle of the *haute finance*, he cast about for some more exclusive diversion for his lighter hours.

Mr. Skads was not a man to cast about without finding something. His acute understanding apprised him at once that he had now reached the philanthropic stage of the Captain of Industry. Mr. Skads's view of philanthropy was purely objective. He spoke of various charitable enterprises as this philanthropy or that philanthropy, and you may be sure that if Mr. Skads concluded to invest in philanthropy at all he would do it advisedly and with all the astuteness that had hitherto marked his business career.

He thought at first of a "Maecenas V. Skads University," but he reflected that universities were getting common, especially in the State of Winnebago, where his former colleague, Senator Leonidas Shark, had already laid the broad foundations of Shark University. The Maecenas V. Skads philanthropy must be something unique, something to tower above all other philanthropies even as its founder had towered above the smaller captains of industry of his day. He noted that libraries were fashionable charities. But he did not approve of libraries. He justly regarded them as nurseries of discontent, and therefore as injudicious things for the lords of the earth to foster. In short, while Mr. Skads was bent on philanthropy, he was not disposed to embark in the business until he had found something worthy to be the imperishable monument of the Honorable Maecenas V. Skads.

It was at about this time that Doctor Faddison of the Westport Bacteriological Institute published his celebrated monograph on "The Hypothetical Bacterium of Crime." In this paper Doctor Faddison called attention to a remarkable irregularity of structure that he had discovered in the brain cells of certain classes of felons and he demonstrated that this condition was always associated with certain definite chemical changes in the blood, similar in many respects to the reactions due to several well-known bacterial toxins. He hinted indeed that there might be a microbe of crime analogous to the microbes of diphtheria or of tuberculosis. He was forced to admit, however, that he had as yet failed to isolate the organism and that the pathogenic relations of the *crimino-coccus*, as he called it, must still be regarded as obscure. Doctor Faddison's views were the subject of much controversy among scientists. It was pointed out by several objectors that the Doctor had admitted his failure to find the *crimino-toxin* in many cases of undoubted criminal history, and that, on the other hand, he had actually secured well-defined reactions in several cases where everything pointed to a life history of eminent respectability. It was generally held by conservative critics that the hypothesis of the *crimino-coccus* rested on insufficient evidence.

Mr. Skads's attention was drawn to the Faddison controversy by the following editorial paragraph from the *Daily Moon:* "Doctor Faddison's discovery suggests some startling possibilities that must appeal even

to the layman. If there be a bacterial toxin that causes the disease of crime, why may not some future Jenner or Pasteur discover an anti-toxin by means of which all evil may be eradicated from the earth? The economic value of such a discovery can hardly be overestimated. A few doctors, armed with hypodermic syringes, would easily accomplish all that our police force is now struggling in vain to do, and a small and inexpensive bacterial laboratory would replace all of our costly jails, reformatories, and penitentiaries."

The practical advantages of a specific cure for crime did not fail to impress Mr. Skads. His most benevolent instincts were aroused. He would place his resources at Doctor Faddison's disposal, and when the anti-toxin should be discovered he, Maecenas V. Skads, would procure the necessary legislation to have all of the lower classes inoculated. Here was something that mankind needed more than libraries or hospitals or universities. He would make the people *good* and therefore obedient and submissive. There should be no more violence or discontent to disturb the material prosperity of the country. Mr. Skads did not believe that poverty could be cured; indeed he regarded it as an economic necessity. But he did believe that poverty could be shorn of its most dangerous features if it could be inoculated with the noble virtues of contentment and resignation. Mr. Skads also calculated that he might be able to cover the anti-toxin by patent and thereby serve society in eliminating crime for a consideration; for to his clear and vigorous intellect, a meritorious "philanthropy" would be none the worse for being on a self-supporting basis.

Mr. Skads lost no time in sending for Doctor Faddison. He assured him of his interest in his researches and offered to bear the expense of further investigations.

"It is not entirely a matter of expense," said Doctor Faddison, "though lack of money has greatly increased my difficulties. My evidence points to an interesting hypothesis; but my evidence is incomplete. I should like first to obtain blood samples of many hundreds of criminals of different classes. I should like to study them inductively and with reference to their criminal history. I do not see how I can arrange this even if I had your money at my disposal."

"Nothing could be easier," replied Mr. Skads; "it is in just such matters that you men of science should profit by the aid of men of affairs. Suppose I should get you a chance to examine all the convicts and jailbirds in the State of Winnebago. Wouldn't that help you?"

"Indeed it would," said the Doctor.

"It is done," said Mr. Skads; "I will write to Governor Stockdabble and arrange it at once. Go right on with your plans and draw on me when necessary. Come to me when you are up against it, and remember that I make a specialty of difficulties."

Doctor Faddison now proceeded with a systematic examination. He obtained blood samples from the ear lobes of 3,337 convicts, and in 2,967 of these he discovered the toxic reaction. These results at first seemed far from conclusive. But when he had classified his data with reference to special criminal tendencies, a new light was thrown on the subject. In all of the cases where the toxic reaction was noted, the history of the subject revealed such offenses as stealing, cheating, swindling, robbery, boodling, or peculation. There seemed to be no connection between the toxic reaction and what may be called crimes of violence or passion. It is true that Doctor Faddison had reported the reaction in 98 out of 137 cases of homicide, but an examination of the history of these cases revealed that in the 98 cases where the toxin occurred there was always a motive of greed or covetousness, while in the other 39 cases the motive was one of revenge or other passion in no way connected with inordinate thrift. In short, the toxin appeared to be related not to crime in general, but rather to that special class of crimes in which the criminal is deficient in a just sense of the property rights of others. There seemed, as a rule, to be a definite relation between the depravity of the subject and the intensity of the reaction, but even in the mildest cases of kleptomania the test was unmistakable. In view of these facts, Doctor Faddison regarded the existence of the new toxic principle as completely demonstrated, and he therefore gave it the name of *peculotoxin*.

Mr. Skads was disappointed when he learned that his philanthropy had thus been restricted in its scope. He had hoped to secure an absolute monopoly of crime elimination, and it chagrined him not a little to consider that he had not cornered the whole supply. But he calculated that he

would still control 70 or 80 per cent. of the total output, and that by being in on the ground floor, he would be in a favorable position to secure the remaining crimino-anti-toxins when they should be discovered.

Encouraged by his success in demonstrating the poison, Doctor Faddison now resumed his search for the parent microbe. It is a singular fact that investigators are frequently baffled in such researches, not because the organism is too small to be detected with the microscope, but because its delicate tissues are too transparent to be visible. Under such circumstances the solution of the problem depends on finding some stain or dye that will bring out a color contrast between the organism and the surrounding medium. In this case all of the stains known to bacteriologists were tried without success, and Doctor Faddison had almost abandoned the problem when one of his correspondents, Herr Fleischwurst, of Vienna, announced the discovery of a new staining reagent called hyperbol-anilin. Herr Fleischwurst immediately cabled the formula to Westport, and within twenty-four hours of its receipt Doctor Faddison was able to describe the new microbe as *Bacillus Peculatus*.

Tinted a delicate blue by hyperbol-anilin, the bacillus was seen to be a short rod-like cell with ends slightly rounded. Several of these cells were generally coupled end to end forming irregularly curved lines. This peculiarity gave it the appearance of a curved microbe or spirillum when examined in a microscope of lower power.

But the study of the bacillus was only begun. It remained to be determined whether an anti-toxin or positive cure for *peculosis* could be secured.

Bacteria are generally propagated by planting them in gelatinous preparations which contain the food elements necessary for their growth. Some species thrive readily in these artificial media while others seem incapable of existence except in the living tissues where they are normally found. To this latter class the bacillus peculatus appeared to belong. Cultures could not be obtained by any of the usual means, and inoculations of living guinea pigs, rabbits, pigeons, etc., gave negative results. For a long time it was believed that the bacillus could be developed only in the human organism until it was accidentally discovered by one of Doctor Faddison's assistants that pure cultures could be produced in slightly alkaline preparations of swine serum. This was a discovery of paramount importance, for, as might have been expected, it led to the successful inoculation of living swine.

For this purpose Doctor Faddison procured four thrifty Berkshire hogs, and placing them in a pen where they could be constantly observed, he inoculated one of them with the bacillus peculatus. The animal selected was a good specimen of his race, slightly more vigorous than his fellows. On the second day after the inoculation a slight rise in temperature was noted in the animal, but no other peculiarity was observed beyond an increase in appetite which was conspicuous enough to be noticeable even in a pig. On the third day, however, there was a marked change in the behavior of the animal. All of those aggressive and acquisitive traits which are characteristic of his race seemed to be intensified. His appetite remained voracious but he now seemed agitated and concerned lest his fellows should gain the slightest access to the feed trough. Not content with the normal piggish expedient of standing with both fore feet in the trough, he succeeded in placing himself lengthwise of the vessel with both pairs of legs astride, where, on account of his ample dimensions, he was able to corner the whole supply. His disposition was well described in the language of the stable groom, who said, "That pig is the biggest hog I ever saw." His fellow pigs seemed unable to deal with the situation, for while they had been fitted by nature for a most strenuous competition, they seemed unable to cope with this new phenomenon of monopoly.

At this stage of the experiment Doctor Faddison had the other animals removed to a separate pen, so that he might observe the progress of the disease without disturbance. The patient was hoisted from his uncomfortable position on the trough and was provided with full supplies of feed. Except for a continued high temperature he seemed to be nothing but an exceptionally industrious pig. He gained enormously in weight and promised to be a very profitable animal from the feeder's standpoint. On the twelfth day after the inoculation he had doubled in weight. On the thirteenth day he fell dead at the trough. A post-mortem examination revealed complete infection by the bacillus peculatus. It was also noticed

that the apparent gain in flesh was due to a general dropsical condition or, in the language of the stable groom, that "his fat was all water." Doctor Faddison was now able to define the disease as *acute peculosis*.

In another pig Doctor Faddison was able to produce the same symptoms by inoculation with peculo-toxin which had been previously sterilized and freed from the bacillus. In another case, by using a smaller dose of the toxin, he developed the disease in a very mild form. Finally, by accustoming a pig to gradually increased doses, he was able to produce complete immunity, and eventually to procure a supply of *anti-peculin* with which he was invariably able to cure the disease. He was now ready for the crowning experiment of determining whether anti-peculin would cure peculosis in the human subject.

The first person inoculated with the specific was one David Jakers, a professional thief and pickpocket who was serving the last days of a short sentence in the Westport jail. Mr. Jakers submitted to the operation on the condition that the balance of his sentence be remitted. About three hours after he was inoculated, Jakers was taken with a violent chill. He became ashy pale and trembled so violently that he was unable to stand. This fit lasted about fifteen minutes and was followed by drowsiness and a slight rise of temperature. About an hour after the beginning of the attack, he fell asleep and slept soundly for about thirteen hours. No more symptoms developed and, after three days' detention and observation, he was dismissed from the jail.

After his release Jakers was carefully shadowed by special detectives and his movements were carefully reported to Doctor Faddison. He wandered up and down the streets. He passed in and out of his familiar haunts in the slums of the city, resting nowhere. He was seen begging for food on several occasions but he had little success. Several times he seemed keen on the scent of prey. On one occasion he brushed close to a baker's shop and deftly lifted a loaf of bread from the counter. He thrust it under his ragged coat and then he stopped and replaced it with a curse. On another occasion, at a crowded street corner, he snatched a purse from an old lady's hand and plunged into the crowd. It was quickly done and no one but his shadow saw him. While the old lady was still screaming a man broke into the circle of excited people, roughly forced something into her hand, and then jostled his way through again. The purse was restored. Jakers was seen hurrying away, pale and excited.

For six days he did not eat or sleep, he seemed never at rest. His old instincts and training brought him again and again in reach of prey, but the power of seizing it had departed. He became pale and haggard and thin. One day he met Doctor Faddison on the street. He stopped the Doctor in a menacing manner and said: "Curse you, I'm starving. You've took my trade away from me. It ain't right. I want them microbes back again. What are you going to do about it?"

Mr. Skads was delighted with the result of this great experiment. He instructed Doctor Faddison to maintain Mr. Jakers at his expense and to carefully observe any tendency toward relapse. Jakers became a faithful attendant in the Doctor's laboratory. He was fairly industrious and useful, but he was generally morose and had the manner of a man who felt that he had been imposed upon. He did not specially regret the loss of his profession, but it irritated him to reflect that he could not resume it if he wanted to. Mr. Skads had hoped that he might induce Jakers to bring some of his former associates for inoculation. But this, Jakers positively refused to do. "I've gone out of that business," he said. "I've quit lifting other people's chattels and I ain't going to be no party to robbing poor devils of their microbes. Them boodle bugs may be bad things, but when it is a gentleman's only line of business you've got to give him some show."

But notwithstanding Mr. Jakers unwillingness to coöperate, the experiments went on successfully and many cures were made. At the instance of Mr. Skads a bill was introduced into the Winnebago legislature requiring all inmates of penitentiaries and jails to be inoculated. It was even proposed to provide for the treatment of tramps and of other persons who seemed to be without visible means of support.

One morning, when Mr. Skads was hurrying to a meeting of the directors of the Westport Gas Light and Power Company, he read in his newspaper that smallpox had broken out at No. 201 Hydrocarbon Avenue.

Now, as No. 201 was next door to No. 203, and as No. 203 was the general office of the Gas Light and Power Company, Mr. Skads felt some uneasiness about attending the meeting. He therefore decided to stop at the Bacterial Laboratory to consult Doctor Faddison. Doctor Faddison assured Mr. Skads that he ran little risk in attending the meeting, but suggested that it might be a little safer if he would allow himself to be vaccinated. Mr. Skads consented and Jakers was sent to the laboratory for a tube of vaccine virus. When Jakers returned, Mr. Skads was ready for the operation. In a few minutes the scratches were dry and Mr. Skads hurried away to keep his appointment.

As the great capitalist drove away, Jakers stood at the street door of the laboratory and laughed. "Well, maybe some other folks can experiment with microbe poison," he said. "I ain't no doctor, but I reckon I can do a little stunt for science on my own hook. Maybe he ain't got no microbes, and maybe he has, at any rate he's got a healthy dose of that blamed anti-peculin."

When Mr. Skads arrived at the directors' room his associates were waiting for him. As president of the company he opened the meeting as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have called you together to consider some business of special importance. As you know, the gas trade has been very dull the last few years. And as you know, we need more capital." Hereupon Mr. Skads winked at the directors and the directors winked back at Mr. Skads. "Our counsel, Mr. Quibble, and several other corporation lawyers have been studying the situation with great care and they have devised a plan of reorganization. To be frank, gentlemen, and between ourselves, we are making too much money for our securities to carry. We could pay a tolerably good dividend on our stock with 75-cent gas, and as our patrons are paying a dollar and a half, it is hard to make it appear that we are barely struggling along. If we are to keep on charging all that the traffic will bear, we must readjust things. Franchise corporations can't afford to look too prosperous. It isn't good business.

"Last year our actual earnings were about $3,000,000, or about 40 per cent. on our capital stock. Of course we didn't declare that big a dividend. Some of it went into the surplus and we hid a lot of it in 'repairs' and other expenses. But the fact remains that our income account is too big for our capital account. Such a condition isn't good business. It encourages cranks to talk about public ownership and other nonsense. Mr. Quibble will tell you the details of the plan."

Mr. Quibble then explained that he had drawn up the plans of a new corporation to be known as the Winnebago Gas Light Securities Company. He proposed that the capitalization of the new company should be ten times that of the old company and that its capital should be fully paid up by exchanging its securities for those of the old company. Ten shares of the new Securities Company would be issued for each of the shares of the old operating company. Mr. Quibble explained that straight out and out stock watering was no longer safe, but that the ingenious device of the Securities Company enjoyed the charm of novelty, and could probably be converted into a "vested interest" before the people could see through it. Mr. Quibble also stated several very cogent reasons for incorporating the Securities Company in some other state than Winnebago. He said, in effect, that when a corporation desires to enjoy the fullest powers for predatory operations against the commerce of a state, it is always best to secure letters of marque from some disinterested sister commonwealth.

Mr. Skads then took the sense of the meeting. There was very little discussion. The directors of the Westport Gas Light and Power Company apparently knew a good thing when they saw it. The plan was unanimously adopted. It was also decided not to publish any of the details of the scheme until the directors had acquired all the available stock on the market. "For," as Mr. Skads observed, "there's no use in leaving such a good thing in the hands of small investors. We'll let them have the stock again after we trim it for them."

Just as the directors were proceeding to their routine business, Mr. Skads fell back in his chair and was seized with a violent fit of trembling. He became very pale and for a time he was unconscious. A physician was summoned and although by the time he arrived, Mr. Skads seemed much relieved, it was decided to adjourn the meeting until the following day. Mr. Skads was taken home and all that day he was attended by Doctor Faddison.

Doctor Faddison found nothing alarming in his patient's condition, but he discovered some symptoms that seemed to puzzle him, for, late in the afternoon, he hurried down to his laboratory and carefully examined the tube from which he had taken the vaccine virus in the morning. It took but an instant for his practised eye to discover that the fluid was anti-peculin and not vaccine virus. "Well, well," said Doctor Faddison; "I can't remember using that tube for anti-peculin. But accidents will happen in the best regulated laboratories." It did not occur to Doctor Faddison that accident in this instance had enjoyed the efficient aid of Mr. David Jakers.

Early the next morning Mr. Skads arose. He felt perfectly well and seemed in splendid spirits. Doctor Faddison advised him to stay in doors, but Mr. Skads insisted that he must keep his appointments.

"The fact is, Faddison, that fit of mine came right in the midst of a very important piece of business and, if I remember correctly, we left the whole affair in a muddle."

At ten o'clock Mr. Skads was again in the president's chair and the directors of the Westport Gas Light and Power Company were ready to resume business.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Skads, "I have been thinking of that reorganization scheme we adopted yesterday. I have been considering that matter over night, and I'm inclined to think that our solution of the problem was rather crude and cumbersome."

At this the directors gave their closest attention. The reorganization scheme had seemed to them a masterpiece of the financial art. It did not seem possible that even so famous a captain of industry as Mr. Skads could devise a more audacious public swindle.

"It appears," resumed Mr. Skads, "that we were confronting a question of excessive earnings, and that we proposed to remedy the evil by—well, to speak plainly—by watering our stock, or to put it even more plainly—by overstating the amount of our investment. Now, gentlemen, in thinking this matter over during the night, it occurred to me that the simplest and most business like solution of the problem, in fact the only honest solution of the problem, would be to *lower the price of gas.*

Apparently Mr. Quibble and the directors thought that Mr. Skads was joking, for they laughed and nudged each other and winked and then laughed again. Mr. Quibble laughed so hard that he found it necessary to rock back and forth in his chair, slapping his legs every time he swayed backward. Mr. Skads also laughed, for he was satisfied that his associates, like himself, recognized the absurdity of their original plan, and that they were laughing at their own obtuseness in not seeing his obvious and simpler solution of the problem.

"Yes, gentlemen," said Mr. Skads, "we may well smile at our work of yesterday. Here I've been working for a year, and Quibble has been working for more than a year, trying to find some way of beating the devil about the bush, when all we had to do was simply to comply with the terms of our franchise and give the consumers a share in the benefits of cheap gas."

This time the directors were able to keep straight faces. They were thrifty men and therefore not inclined to pay more than one laugh for one joke. Indeed Mr. Skads's tone was unpleasantly serious and his allusion to cheap gas and the rights of consumers was not a very good joke anyway. The directors of the Westport Gas Light and Power Company were not entirely devoid of reverence, and even they regarded some things as too sacred for jesting.

"I am satisfied," continued Mr. Skads, "that we are already amply reimbursed for our services to the city and that the time has come to lower prices. I propose to make a reduction of 40 per cent., to take effect as soon as practicable."

By this time it was apparent that Mr. Skads was not joking. The directors crowded around him and argued and protested. They threatened to oust him from his office and from the board of directors. But their threats were only half-hearted, for they remembered that Mr. Skads held a majority of the stock of the Westport Gas Light and Power Company.

"Gentlemen," asked Mr. Skads, "am I to understand that you decline to coöperate with me in this matter?"

They declined most emphatically.

"Then," said Mr. Skads, "I will drop the matter until the new board is elected."

On the first day of March the new directors were elected and it was announced that on the first day of April, the price of gas in Westport would be reduced from $1.50 per thousand to 90 cents per thousand.

But the minority interest, consisting of the ex-directors, did not submit without a

fight. Through their attorney, the Hon. Quintilian Quibble, LL.D., they sought to have the directors of the Westport Gas Light and Power Company enjoined from lowering the price of gas. They averred, among other things: that they represented a powerful minority interest, that they held a "vested right" in the profits accruing from a gas rate of $1.50 per thousand feet; further, that Maecenas V. Skads et al. were reducing the price of gas for speculative purposes and in order to affect the stock market, that gas could not profitably be manufactured for 90 cents per thousand feet, and that Maecenas V. Skads et al. were conspiring to wreck the Westport Gas Light and Power Company for their private benefit and advantage.

In denying the injunction, Mr. Justice Blunt spoke as follows:

"It appears the defendants have lowered the price of gas because the old price was unreasonably high. In consideration of the monopoly accorded to the corporation in its franchise, the directors seem to have presumed that they are bound to deliver their commodity at a reasonable rate. Such a policy, though unusual, is not necessarily illegal. It does not appear that the new rate will interfere with the reasonable profit of the shareholders. It is not always easy to compel corporations to respect public interests; but where, as in this case, it is complained that directors have voluntarily elected to be honest in their relations to the public, the court is unable to find any effective remedy in equity. The injunction is denied."

It was some time after these events before Doctor Faddison could muster the courage to tell Mr. Skads that he had been accidentally treated for peculosis. But Mr. Skads reassured him most graciously and said: "My dear Faddison, there is nothing to regret. It was a most fortunate accident. It explains many singular changes in my point of view. Indeed, Faddison, but for that mistake, I might never have known my real privilege and opportunity as a citizen. Why, Faddison, I might have degenerated into a mere millionaire!"

In his final report on the life history of the bacillus peculatus, Doctor Faddison writes as follows: "My observations lead me to believe that there are two distinct forms of peculosis. One of these, the commonest form of the disease, or *peculosis vulgaris*, seems to attack subjects of limited intellect and caution. It produces such easily detected symptoms as house-breaking, pocket-picking, cheating, plain stealing, etc. These symptoms are easily studied, for they are developed in thousands of the so-called criminal classes.

"The other form of the disease is not so easily studied from its symptoms. From the fact that it is generally accompanied by remarkable sagacity and caution, I have proposed for it the name of *peculosis astuta*. The victim of peculosis astuta would scorn to pick a pocket, but he might pick a million pockets through the abuse of a public office. He would scorn to purloin so pitiful a sum as a quarter of a dollar, but he would not hesitate to appropriate a million dollars by wrecking a railroad. He would not bunco a lone stranger from the country, but he might bunco a whole nation through the medium of a corrupt lobby.

"The victim of peculosis vulgaris is not intelligent enough to see the folly and risk of pilfering private property on a small scale. The victim of peculosis astuta, while frequently of the highest private integrity, profits by the comparative safety of appropriating public property on a large scale."

For a time the change in the policy of the Westport Gas Light and Power Company produced a disturbing effect in the stock market. Many capitalists felt that the entire industrial order was disturbed. This sentiment was well expressed by that well-known conservative organ the *Daily Moon:*

"We have always advocated a reasonable standard of commercial honesty. But we seriously question the wisdom of the law recently introduced in the Winnebago legislature, requiring the holders of public franchises to submit to inoculation with anti-peculin. We are far from denying the advantages of anti-peculin in proper cases. We are prepared to admit that it finds a most useful application in dealing with the lower classes. But we apprehend serious risks from its too general use by captains of industry. It appears that the elimination of peculosis from the human system may also involve the elimination of initiative and enterprise. We are prepared to admit the advantages of honesty in the abstract, but even honesty must not be permitted to disturb values. The material prosperity of the country must not be sacrificed to over-refinement in ethics."

FOR THE UNDER DOG

BY

RILEY H. ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. RICHARDSON

IT was in December, '97, that a half-dead Tahkheena River Indian, his frozen feet showing through worn caribou-skin moccasins, came into the Police Post at Lake Linderman with a letter for the captain. It said:

Chambers has turned up here and there'll be the deuce to pay. For Heaven's sake, send McWilliams. POWELL, Tahkheena Road House.

The captain swore and called McWilliams. To the latter he said: "I want you to go to Powell's Roadhouse. Chambers is there. When can you start?"

"An hour," said McWilliams, and an hour later he was *mushing* his dog-team toward the Tahkheena River, two hundred miles away across the frozen snow-fields.

McWilliams was a sergeant in the Canadian Mounted Police, a dour old Scotchman, with a pair of steady gray eyes and a big chin under his close-cropped, grizzly beard; six foot one of bone and sinew on his moosehide snow-shoes—and the silence of Alaskan snow-fields clothed him like a mantle. He had been in the service of the Queen for twenty years, and they said of him in the North that he had never failed to get his man, dead or alive. It was McWilliams that faced three hundred raging miners at Miles Canyon and saved the horse thief, Dixon, from hanging to the nearest mountain pine. It was McWilliams who brought "Nigger" Sloan back to Haines Mission on a dog sled, after a running fight of twenty miles. It was McWilliams who was known from Skagway to Dawson as the grimmest machine of a man that ever carried justice into a lawless country.

McWilliams traveled light, for he had to go far and fast. An average Eskimo "husky" can cover fifty miles a day on good going, and McWilliams's dogs were malamoots—great, savage brutes, thin and hungry, but trained like race-horses. On the sled were twelve days' provisions, a coffee-pot, and a sleeping-bag. There was also a bundle of wood, chopped fine, and dry as three months' seasoning under shelter could make it, for in winter the Yukon mercury crawls down to forty or fifty below and ten feet of ice grips the rivers. Then the sled driver is glad of a tiny, chip-fed fire to thaw his freezing fingers, and sleeps on hard snow six inches from the glowing embers.

The low-running dogs headed up the ice-packed trail toward the Tahkheena River, and McWilliams smiled grimly under his gray-shot beard when he thought of Chambers.

Chambers! Outlaw and thief, gambler and murderer; under sentence of death three times and each time escaping; "Bad-man" Chambers—sworn to kill McWilliams on sight and to die rather than be taken; and yet in his desperate heart a fierce pride of manhood that made him scorn to strike the under dog. McWilliams smiled grimly that night as he *cached* two days' provisions at Lake Argell, sixty miles out from Linderman, for use on his return trip with

Chambers; and after he had fed the dogs on dried salmon, he threw the empty paper sack into the air and drew a revolver. There were three quick reports and the sack fell to the ground with three holes neatly drilled within the round of a dollar. The revolver was not a dainty pearl-handled one such as ladies use. The barrels were of blued-steel and the caliber was forty-four. And as McWilliams crawled into his sleeping-bag he smiled, and smiled grimly as he slept, with the dogs howling about him.

McWilliams bent forward a little and looked into the window of Powell's Roadhouse, blinking as the light fell upon his eyes. Back on the trail stood the dog-team, a patch of gray against the star-lit snow.

The room was full of men, gambling and drinking—great, rough, heavy-bearded fellows, and boisterous with whisky. Behind the bar stood Powell; his ruddy face was troubled and his eyes glanced continually toward a table near the door.

There were three men at the table, playing poker. One of the men was a dark-browed miner, his companion a tenderfoot—a mere boy—and both were excited. The third man lolled back in his chair with easy grace, dealing the cards with swift, sure flips of his wrist and white fingers. His eyes were slow and languid, but there was alertness in the poise of his blond head and audacity in his clean-cut features. When he moved, the muscles flowed under his skin like those of a panther. Altogether, a handsome, mocking devil, and a slow smile touched his face as he added the miner's chips to the stack before him.

McWilliams knew enough about poker to see that the miner and the boy were losing heavily. The third man played carelessly and smiled at the flushed faces and trembling hands of his companions. He reached for a stack of chips and, as he did so, from the sleeve of his woolen jacket a card dropped and lay face upward on the table.

There was a loud oath from the miner and the tenderfoot sprang to his feet, his hands clenched. The slow smile deepened on the gambler's face and, with an easy, almost a careless motion, he drew his revolver. McWilliams turned from the window and flung himself into the room.

Yet in that time many things had happened. On the floor, beside the overturned table, lay the tenderfoot—shot through the head, and blood spurted over a scattered stack of poker chips just in front of his face. The miner lay in a shapeless heap, all knees and elbows; his limbs jerked spasmodically, and then stiffened. Back to the wall, the third man covered the room with his revolver. Powder smoke, biting and pungent, eddied out the open door.

McWilliams stepped forward and his voice stung the silence like the lash of a whip. "Chambers, drop that gun!"

Chambers whirled. "McWilliams!" he said; both revolvers spoke, and the crowd of miners surged forward with a yell. The light went out with a crash of broken glass, and the room was filled with human tigers.

Out of the thick of it staggered McWilliams, his right arm limp and twisted, but with him came Chambers, handcuffed, and the sergeant's steel fingers were sunk deep in his shoulder.

McWilliams knew the Alaska miner when his blood is up as a child knows its book. He turned to the trail, flung Chambers upon the ten-foot sled, and called to the dogs. There was a tightening of leather traces, a leap against collar, and the malamoots settled into their stride—the stride that eats up the miles like fire. The roadhouse sank behind them and they headed for Lake Argell.

"I sure reckon," said Chambers, "there'd been some fun if you hadn't got me. Guess I'd been there yet."

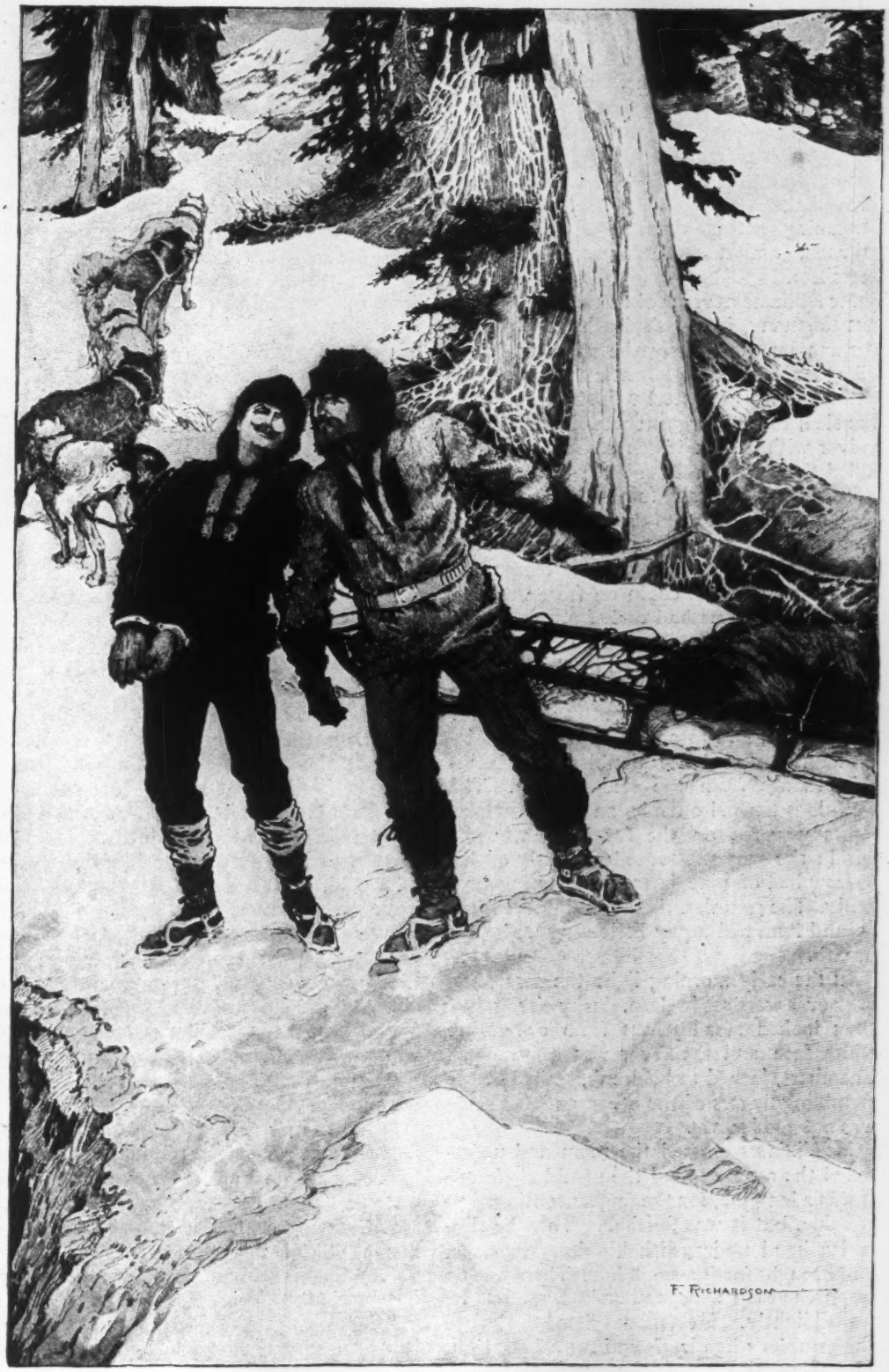
"Aye," grunted McWilliams, and he lashed Chambers more securely—a slow proceeding with a broken arm; but it was done at last, and Chambers lay helpless on the sled and cursed McWilliams reprovingly.

That night, twenty miles out, the gambler slept in the wadded canvas bag, while McWilliams, among the dogs for warmth, kept back the groans when his crushed arm bit and tortured. His face was hard the next morning after breakfast, as he motioned Chambers to the sled. The gambler threw back his head and laughed.

"Curse you, McWilliams," he said pleasantly; "can't you talk once in a while?"

There was a sudden flush in the sergeant's gray eyes, and with one sound arm he threw Chambers across the sled. And still Chambers laughed.

So into the south McWilliams drove the malamoots. By day the air glistened with



"'Curse you, McWilliams; can't you talk once in a while?'"

millions of diamond atoms, and great orange sun-dogs flashed and played around them. The cold drove straight to the heart like a pang, and the reflection of sunlight across miles of snow was blinding. Sometimes a puff of wind spat the powdered ice of the trail against their faces, lightly, yet with the cut of steel. At night the strange northern fires flickered redly on the far horizon, streaming across the sky in ribbons of crimson, and the stars were cold and merciless.

McWilliams never spoke save to the dogs, but the man going to his death down at Linderman hummed airily the songs of Klondike dance-halls, or sometimes broke into oaths and beat his steel wrist-bands against the sled, till the sergeant would raise his revolver with a look in his steady eyes that killed the words on Chambers's lips.

Two days of watchfulness and pain for McWilliams, and latterly a weariness of body and mind that was worse than pain. And on the third night the gaunt dog-team stopped in front of the cabin on frozen Argell, where McWilliams had *cached* provisions on the way out.

The sergeant staggered as he unbound the rope from Chambers's feet and built a fire on the cabin floor. There were two rude bunks and a table, and to one of these bunks McWilliams fastened the gambler with buckskin thongs from the sled harness. The wolf-dogs howled outside, and the northern lights wavered on the far horizon, while within the sergeant turned restlessly on his narrow bed of pine boards, muttering brokenly. The gambler, tied to his bunk, looked on and hummed a gay little song under his breath.

In the early morning light the sergeant's gray eyes were set in deep, dusky circles, but they looked steadily out from a resolute white face and the fever was quite gone. Chambers, lashed to his bunk, smiled at the trembling fingers of the other and his smile was not good to see.

McWilliams crossed the room and unfastened the ropes around the gambler's feet—it was a long job, for the fingers continued to tremble, but it was finished. Then he slipped a hand underneath his deerskin *parka* and brought forth a small key. There was no comprehension in Chambers's eyes, but he smiled lightly. McWilliams fitted the key to the gambler's handcuffs and turned the lock. Chambers shook off the manacles. The sergeant sank back upon the bunk, panting and white.

Chambers rose to his feet and stretched himself, just as a wintry sun shot redly through a chink in the wall. He threw open the door, and the sunlight, straight over a thousand miles of virgin snow, leaped into the room and filled it with a merry gleam. Outside, the lean wolf-dogs were stretching themselves, and they crowded around him for the breakfast of dried salmon.

Far to the southeast the trail ran, till it dwindled to a darker streak on the snow and disappeared. Straight down to Linderman, or, if you choose, swing to the left at Tornado Creek and on to Skagway, then——

Chambers turned back into the cabin and seated himself on the table; he looked at McWilliams, lying white and weak in the bunk, at the sergeant's shattered arm and at the handcuffs on the floor with the key still in the lock, at the buckskin thongs beside them.

There were four days' provisions in the cabin; outside stood a sled, and even now a ring of impatient, wistful canine faces filled the doorway. Turn off at Tornado Creek, and on to Skagway and the States. This man—who would know? A lonely trail—perhaps in the spring—surely not for weeks. By that time—the fight at Powell's Roadhouse? Well, he could have got out without McWilliams's help—at least, he could have made it hot for those devils. After all, what would it matter, back in the States, with gold, plenty of gold, and no one need know—could know. Ten days to Seattle—he was safe there—ten days. And at Linderman? What chance of escape there? Linderman, sixty miles away, and McWilliams, dying from exposure, had saved his life. McWilliams had got him out of the roadhouse—McWilliams—with one arm broken; right arm, too. Tornado Creek at noon, four days to Skagway—Seattle——

McWilliams watched the murderer's pale face without a word, but in his eyes was the look of a trapped wildcat as he dies unconquered. Then Chambers's head went up, inch by inch; on his lower lip burned a red line, but his eyes were glad.

McWilliams turned his face away to hide its emotion.

"Curse you, McWilliams," said Chambers; "I sure reckon I've got to take you down to Linderman."

THE NEW MISSIONER

BY

N. M. W. WOODROW

ILLUSTRATED BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

AT nine o'clock in the morning the sun was just beginning to peep over the chill, snow-crowned peaks of the "Rockies" surrounding the mining village of Zenith—a village nestling in the very heart of eternal beauty, and persistently, sordidly indifferent to the grandeur of its environment.

The miners had followed the trails upward through the pines two hours before; the children were all in school, as the last tap of the cracked bell in the rickety school-house belfry proclaimed; and this was the hour when the women invited their souls with a brief interlude of stimulating gossip across the front gate or the side fences. But that morning a Sabbath hush seemed to brood over the huddled village; gates which usually swung wide upon their hinges were carefully latched, doors were sedately closed, and windows ostentatiously curtained.

Presently three women emerged from one of the cabins, and, after skirting the rear of several dwellings, knocked cautiously on the door of one which stood somewhat apart from the others. There are certain houses which wear a distinct expression, which have attained a physiognomy, as it were. This cabin was one of them; and its aspect, heedless, rakish, and devil-may-care, was accentuated by its leaning chimneys and by the litter of tin cans and broken wash-tubs in the disorderly yard.

At the first low knock on the door, there was a faint flutter of a window curtain, as if an eye had been applied and hastily withdrawn. Then the door was thrown wide, while a hearty, husky voice, as devil-may-care as the cabin itself, bade them enter.

The three women who obeyed the summons, although varying in size and features, yet bore a certain resemblance—a resemblance which, in spite of their strongly

marked individual characteristics, betrayed itself in a certain similarity of attire, and that indefinable local stamp which is the hall-mark of provincial communities.

All three wore blue or lavender calico gowns dotted with white; black cloth capes or shawls, and knitted hoods. Their manner on this occasion expressed the effacing and subdued meekness of most feline animals when bent on mischief; a deprecation, it would seem, of the claws bestowed upon them by nature, and yet a self-satisfied recognition of their value.

But their hostess was of a type to whom hardihood is a birthright. A short, stout figure, in a brief cotton skirt which freely disclosed a man's boots, she stood Napoleonic and alien among her kind. A man's coat was buttoned across her burly chest, and her scant, curly brown hair was pushed under a man's soft hat thrust far back on her head. Small, alert blue eyes twinkled in a weather-beaten, red face, and her smile displayed two faultless rows of tiny teeth as white as a squirrel's. She did not ape masculinity in the least; but merely wrapped herself in it as in a garment, and remained the freebooting Amazon, unconsciously exulting in the possession of two sets of weapons—those she had appropriated from man and those of her own sex.

"Come in, come in, women dear," she cried with lusty hospitality, ushering them into the kitchen, a cheerful room with a burnished kettle singing loudly on a highly polished stove, several rocking-chairs arranged as if for a comfortable gossip, and some scarlet geraniums blooming on the window-sill. "Gosh A'mighty, but I'm glad to see you. It's a wonder that the Missioner didn't spot you while you was a-gettin' here, though."

"I kep' a sharp look-out fer her," said Mrs. Thomas, a tall, stout woman with the appearance of a Norse giantess, and the appealing, kittenish manner and baby lisp which seem to be the especial temptation of the Venus colossal. "Her a-gettin' up in meetin' las' night, an' sayin' that she intended to call on every lady in the camp this morning 'to solicit their earnest coöperation in some plans she wished to lay before 'em'! Humph! ain't it fun how we all got ahead of her!" divesting herself in a leisurely manner of her cape and hood and taking a rocking-chair. "She come knockin' at the door this morning, and, before I knew it, little Eldora was half-way across the room, ready to let her in. 'Eldora,' I says, quiet-like; 'Eldora, if you open that door, the kyotes'll come down to-night an' eat you up!'"

"Well, I fooled her all right when she called on me," snapped Mrs. Evans, a tiny, black-eyed creature, to whom the languors of her larger sisters were foreign. She alone had selected a straight chair, and now

"she stood Napoleonic and alien among her kind"

sat rigidly erect, her arms folded defiantly across her chest, and her feet barely touching the floor. "I just let her knock until she got good and tired and went away. It was awful, too—all shet up in the house with never a door nor window open, and the baby screamin' from daylight."

Mrs. Landvetter, a flat-faced German, whose vast proportions overflowed the chair in which she slowly swayed back and forth,

chuckled with soft, tolerant satisfaction. "Vell," confidentially, but as if anxious not to withhold her quota of evidence; "I vill alvays say dat she stole dat piece of lace dat my mutter knit in de pineapple pattern. It vas vun foot so vide, an' it laid on my dresser de day dat she come to ask me vat religion I vas. I ain't nefer seen it since."

"H'm," said Mrs. Thomas, in mild complaint; "I can't see why the folks of Zenith couldn't 'a' kep' Mr. McKenzie. If ever a man had comfortin' words ready to drip off his tongue's end, it was him. I ain't nothin' against the Bishop, but if we ladies wanted to raise enough money in our Aid Society to get McKenzie his divorce, I can't see as it was the Bishop's business."

"Well, girls"—Mrs. Evans lifted a chin which bespoke strategic genius of a high order—"what we got to do is to work to get McKenzie back."

Their hostess had been too fully occupied since the arrival of her friends to pay much heed to the conversation. The first law of mountain etiquette is to serve the guest as soon as possible with freshly made tea or coffee; and Mrs. Nitschkan was not one to be found with her lamp untrimmed when the rites of hospitality were in question. She had been bustling about the stove, brewing tea and boiling coffee, and now, while the mingled and delicious aroma filled the air, she faced her guests, flushed and smiling, the coffee-pot in one hand and a tea-pot in the other.

"Now, ladies," breezily, "we're ready to enjoy ourselves. Mis' Evans, will you please'n get down the cups an' saucers an' sugar? I'll get the cream jug. It's down the well in the shed yonder. Which'll you have, girls—or both?"

Mrs. Landvetter viewed the coffee-pot with glistening eyes. "Coffee," she answered with her customary fat chuckle. "I haf only had seven cups alretty dis morgen. You see," explanatorily, "I done a big vash."

Mrs. Evans, meanwhile, had been lifting the stone-china cups and saucers down from the cupboard in the wall to the table, and she now took occasion to state her preference, standing with arms akimbo. "I'll thank you fer tea, Mis' Nitschkan. Once I get time enough to set down, I got to have my cup of tea."

"Same way about my coffee," purred Mrs. Thomas. "Thomas, he says this mornin'. 'What makes you so cross an' cranky is the coffee you swill.' 'My Lord,' I says; 'how would we poor women bear our lives if it wasn't for a little tea an' coffee?' "

"That's so," approved Mrs. Evans; "an' Birdie Green was tellin' me that the new missioner don't drink neither. 'A little milk, if you please,' she says"—mimicking a small, affected voice. "My patience!"

"Aw, the devil fly away with all of 'em," said Mrs. Nitschkan comfortably. "I was a-talking to the Bishop the las' time he come over the range; he sat there in that same chair you're a-settin' in, Mis' Thomas, smilin' just as pleasant, an' he says, 'I'll go so far as to agree with you, Mis' Nitschkan, that most missioners is necessary evils. Some seem to lack tact, an' some common sense, and, in lookin' over the whole crop, I can't believe that they're all of 'em the "plants my Father planted."' Yes, he did; quoted the Scriptures just like that. —Pity sakes, Mis' Landvetter, is that chair of yours goin' down? Jack come home drunk las' night an' tried to break up the furnitur'. First I thought what an example it was to the children! Should they see their household furnitur' broke up, an' their mother, that they ought to love an' honor more than any earthly bein', knocked black an' blue by a drunken brute of a man that's got no respec' fer his wife nor furnitur'? Never! I says: 'Children, girls, I'm a-goin' to give you a lesson on how to treat a man that'll act like your poppy; boys, I'm a-goin' to teach you what to expec' if you ever get drunk!'

"I'm sore an' clean tired out," stretching her brawny arm; "Jack's strong, but he'll be used up now fer a couple of days. There's only one way to treat the men, girls!"

"That's so," agreed Mrs. Thomas; "an' it's mighty interestin' hearin' you tell about it; but, ladies, this ain't decidin' what we're goin' to do about gettin' rid of this missioner woman. I don't see why we can't have a man. I don't want no woman doctors, nor no woman preachers around me. For the cure of body and soul give me a man."

"The las' time she came here Celia let her in," said Mrs. Nitschkan resentfully. "I've slapped Celia across the room fer it many a time since."

"Well, I like her cheek anyway," put in Mrs. Evans belligerently. "Here am I, been converted sixteen years, and immersed by Dr. Preston, one of the saintliest old men

"'Fer mercy's sakes, ef here she ain't comin' down the road'"

that ever went home to God. I'll not have her comin' here an' showin' me the path to salvation——"

Her reminiscences were interrupted by a shrill cry from Mrs. Nitschkan, who had drawn aside the window curtains for a surreptitious peep. "Fer mercy's sakes, ef here she ain't comin' down the road with your Vi'let, Mis' Evans; an' your Hildegarde, Mis' Landvetter; an' your Leoline an' Eldora, Mis' Thomas; an' my Celia! School's out, an' she jus' went there an' kidnapped 'em. What is it the Scriptures says?—'An' a little child shall lead 'em!'"

In a moment her three companions were jostling her at the window. "Heaven's sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Evans, in great excitement. "Open the window and call all them kids in, an' leave her a-standin' there."

"Yes, an' you know how the Bishop'll take on then," jeered Mrs. Thomas. "The best way to do is to invite her in, real polite, an' then make it so warm for her that she'll want to leave in a hurry."

Mrs. Nitschkan, who was not one to hesitate at a crisis, hastened to the door and threw it open. "Come in, won't you, Mis' Benson?" bowing with ironical and punctilious courtesy. "We ladies is jus' a-sittin' here, chattin'. Here, you kids," flapping her apron at the children clustering around the woman outside; "you clear out an' play—double-quick too. Choose your chair, Mis' Benson."

For a moment the missionary hesitated; then her lips tightened and she quickly crossed the threshold, bowing with a somewhat disconcerting indifference to Mrs. Nitschkan's guests as she composedly seated herself.

She was a small, wiry, black-gowned woman, with a square, determined face, heavy dark hair, the eyes of a mystic, and the coarse, practical mouth of a woman of the people. It was a face which in repose was strong and plain; but when lit by a smile the mouth took curves of appealing sweetness, and even coquetry, which captured the beholder with the surprise and sudden charm of the unexpected.

Frances Benson had been born of the poorer classes of a great city, and had begun her life as a waif in the stream of the world. With aspiring energy she had caught at straws and spars and struggled ashore. At sixteen, shrewd, alert, and knowing, she was in "business," and enormously proud of

the fact and of her clean, respectable self. But the woman of her, which sometimes manifested itself in those sweet, curving smiles, had demanded a reckoning, and Frances added to her scanty education the knowledge that, for her, life spelled love and, ultimately, disappointment.

The third predominant trait of her nature, mysticism, then asserted itself, and the organizer and the woman were merged in the religionist, evolving by stages from the enthusiast of the Salvation Army to the self-contained, practical city missionary. In comforting, managing, nursing, sometimes preaching, she found not only solace, but scope for her powers. The work which drew upon her executive ability also appealed to her imagination, to her longing to spend herself, and to be spent, and to the brooding, maternal passion within her.

So well did she till her fields that the Bishop, benign and worldly (as well as spiritually) wise, perplexedly, whimsically, and a little sorrowfully, sent her to Zenith.

"I hope you won't reproach me later," he said apologetically; "but it seems to me that you are the only material I have that may prevail." And she had gone, and liked Zenith. She was one of those whose strength cometh from the hills; and among the pines, the splendid shining peaks, where the air was blown crystal clear, there seemed to descend upon her spirit, worn by the routine of monotonous days, the great calm of silence.

She felt new tides of an almost electrical energy flow to her, and her stimulated brain devised fresh plans for ennobling and vivifying the stagnant village life.

But, hesitatingly, incredulously, yet finally with clear sight, she realized that her most sincere efforts were nullified.

As time went on she became more and more conscious of some strong baffling force which invariably turned the current of sentiment against her most cherished views and plans. Slowly she grew to understand that the force which balked her so effectually was feminine—a power which never openly declared itself, but acted through those empty symbols of village empire—the men.

Assured of the correctness of her surmises, Frances Benson was too astute to jeopard her position by any false move; so, after due inward cogitation, she decided upon a masterly inactivity, a withdrawal to the wilderness, as it were. Consequently, she announced the conventional "rest and

vacation" and departed. In a few weeks she returned, quiet, self-contained, but with an assurance of manner which momentarily dismayed the opposition and irritated them to a fresh exhibition of bravado.

And now that the moment she had known must come had at last arrived, she did not seek to force the issue, nor yet evade it; but sat in the bright kitchen, calm, thoughtful, complete mistress of herself, her eyes fixed abstractedly upon the scarlet geraniums blooming in the window.

After the first cold greeting accorded her, no word had been spoken. The four women among whom she sat rocked slowly back and forth, gazing fixedly at the stove, an expression of deprecatory meekness on their faces. One would almost have said they purred. Their lids were drooped, but in their eyes was that peculiar glisten seen in those of a panther on guard.

The silence covered the swift buckling on of armor, the marshaling of forces, the preparation for the subtlest, most merciless conflict on earth—the warfare of women: a warfare ungoverned by codes of honor or rules of the game. The combat of men is as the sport of children in comparison: it defines itself in hot words, the swift material vengeance of pistol or knife, a fight in the open.

"'they make it awful hot here fer folks they don't like'"

In her battles with man, woman uses the powerful arms of fascination, appeal, tears, and weakness; but in the struggle of woman against woman, such wooden swords and paper shields are cast aside, useless toys in that warfare of strategy and ambush which employs poisoned arrows and the stiletto, so handled that the wounds bleed inwardly and show no trace.

In those brief moments of waiting, the lines on the missionary's face deepened, and the vulgarity of her mouth became more apparent. She had mentally reverted to the frays of her childhood, and felt herself again the hair-pulling, kicking imp of the slums, shrilling coarse innuendo at her foes. The lady she had striven to make herself slipped from her as the husk from a kernel, and, like her sisters among whom she sat, she was a primitive cave-woman, stripped of all civilization's hard-won graces, save only self-control.

As it became evident that Miss Benson had no intention of making the first move, the members of the opposition began to fidget somewhat uneasily in their chairs and glance furtively at one another. Presently Mrs. Landvetter's deep voice broke the protracted silence.

"I vas a-tellin' you about dat lace of mine in de pineapple pattern, vasn't I, Mis' Thomas?" she inquired innocently. "Oh, it vas fine; von foot so vide. I lef' it on my dresser vun morgen und py afternoon it vas gone."

Before Mrs. Thomas could properly condole with her friend upon this much-discussed loss, Miss Benson's voice broke in clearly. "I have heard of that lace so often," she remarked coldly, "that I talked the matter over with the Bishop last week, and we resolved that, if it was not soon recovered, a court of law should investigate its disappearance."

This rapid return-fire was so unexpected that the enemy was temporarily thrown into confusion. An awed pause ensued, and Mrs. Landvetter, to cover her embarrassment, arose and, lifting the coffee-pot with fine nonchalance, poured her cup so full that it brimmed over and ran down to the saucer in streaky rivulets.

But a Thomas to the rescue! "I s'pose you ain't been long enough in Zenith, Mis' Benson," addressing the missionary with suave and considerate interest, "to catch on to the way the boys feel about havin' a woman preacher. It'll be pretty hard fer you, right along. One of the boys was a-sayin' to me to-day, he says——"

The steel of Frances Benson flashed in the air and stabbed squarely. "I suspect it was the same one that told me he was glad of the change," she said trenchantly. "He thought his grocery bills might go down now that his wife couldn't invite the preacher in for every meal."

Mrs. Thomas fell back from the impact of the blow, but rallied hastily and feinted to gain time. She became suddenly absorbed in the contemplation of her empty cup, gazing at it with astonished incredulity, even turning it sideways toward the light and squinting at it as a connoisseur of art might view some rare treasure. "Why, Mis' Nitschkan," she murmured, perplexedly, "I do declare! ef my cup ain't plum empty! I'll thank you fer another cup of tea."

The hardy denizen of mining camps sprang to her feet and squared her shoulders determinedly while she served her friend with a brew as strong as lye. She had made obeisance to etiquette, and had allowed her guests the opportunity of drawing first blood. Now, she meant to take command of the field herself.

"I tell you what, Missioner," she said bluntly, "they make it awful hot here fer folks they don't like; an' us girls ain't so bad at that game, either. Girls, you remember that book-agent, an' also that schoolmarm that we got rid of?"

Standing in the center of the group she spoke directly and menacingly to Frances Benson. "That book-agent, she come here day after day, always with that 'Famous Women' series under her arm; but I fixed her at last. 'Mis' Tompkins,' I says, real polite, 'put your books down on that chair, an' come into the front room while I give you a cup of coffee.' 'All right,' she says, an' lays down the books. Well, I got her in the easy chair in the front room, with the photograph album to look at, an' then I run back fer a cup. Celia was a-settin' there on the kitchen floor; she was just about three then. Well, I reached her a jug of molasses an' I says, 'Celia, paint the pretty book.' An' Celia did. Oh, how that Tompkins took on when she seen it!" She bent herself double in paroxysms of laughter, which were ably echoed by her guests with the exception of the missionary.

"I jus' raised myself like this, an' looked her in the eye, an' says as cold, 'You lef' them books at your own resk; now try an' make me pay fer 'em, ef you dare!' An', girls, she jus' slunk out.

"An'," continued Mrs. Nitschkan, stimulated by her success, and still gasping with laughter, "you remember that schoolteacher—nasty, stuck-up thing; I couldn't stand her from the first! No more could you, Mis' Evans; nor you, Mis' Thomas. So I told Celia to cut up as many monkey tricks as she pleased at school. Well, one day she come home cryin'. 'Mommy,' she says, 'I can't go back to school no more. Teacher, she's expended me 'cause I'm so bad.'

"'She did, did she?' I says. 'I'd like to see her deprive any child of mine of learnin',' an' I marched straight off to the schoolhouse. 'What do you mean,' I says, 'by drivin' my child away from school? I s'pose you want her to be as ignorant as you think her mommy is; but I'll show you a thing or two!' With that she begun to cry. 'Oh,' she says, 'I'm a-goin' to leave this cruel, wicked place!' 'That's right,' I says, an' I'll advise you to leave quick.'"

She concluded with a great burst of mirth in which the rocking women joined, now easing and again breaking out into fresh chuckles. Then, tightening her lips, she nodded directly and threateningly at the missionary, as if to say, "You've heard me; take the lesson home." The rocking women caught their breath in delight and admiration.

There was one quick heave of Frances Benson's bosom, and then she slowly lifted her head, her eyes fixed unwaveringly upon those of the burly mountain lioness—no longer the unseeing orbs of the mystic, full of strange visions, but the cold, quick eyes of the shrewd organizer, alight with exultant power. Her voice rang high, almost shrill.

"What was the name of this teacher, Mrs. *O'Donnell*—I mean Nitschkan?" Steadily, mercilessly, she held her tormentor's eyes, while the mountain woman gazed at her as if fascinated. Thus challenged, Mrs. Nitschkan's face went white, her lids drooped, and her defiant figure grew limp and nerveless; but the missionary was implacable. "Strange that I should have used that name!" she ruminated. "It belonged to a man I used to know in Arizona, and met in Denver a week ago. He was searching for some trace of the wife who had deserted him several years back, taking with her his watch and five hundred dollars in money. He has never divorced her!"

The breath that broke from Mrs. Nitschkan's lips was almost a sob. Forgetful of the friends who scanned her with quick, curious glances, she stood perfectly still, twisting the corner of her apron and gazing with drooping mouth and hunted eyes about the cheerful room—her Home—*hers!* Her gaze roved about the walls and out through the window where the towheads of the children shone in the sunlight. For a moment she heaved and trembled, and then the fire came back to her eyes. She straightened, stiffened, and sprang at the missionary, seizing her by the shoulders and shaking her back and forth.

"You'd come here with your lyin' tales, would you?" she screamed hoarsely. "You'd come here an' try an' take my husband an' children away from me? That's what you're up to! But I'm a-goin' to kill you! That's what I'm a-goin' to do—*kill* you! Wring the neck of you like you was a chicken, which you are! You skinny monkey, you want to get me out of the way so you can have my man an' my children. You been after him a'ready!"

The missionary wrenched one hand free and struck the woman across the face. "You're a liar!" cried the daughter of the slums. There ensued a moment of fierce tussle, while the onlookers collapsed in hysterics, with the exception of tiny Mrs. Evans. That intrepid soul hurled herself into the fray, and, seizing Mrs. Nitschkan by the arm, dragged her around.

"Are you crazy?" she cried. "Fer God's sake, stop poundin' her! Darn you, Nitschkan, don't you know we ladies is got some social position to keep up? Now, stop it, I say. Missioner ain't goin' to say nothin' outside if we fall in with her; are you, Mis' Benson?"

The missionary fell back against the wall, pale, bruised, trembling, but with "no capitulation" written on every line of her face and figure. "No," she gasped; "I'll never tell as long as you're willing to help me in the Lord's work."

"Now, you hear that, Mis' Nitschkan, an' all you ladies," crisped the decisive Evans. "We're a-goin' to consider everything unsaid, an' all unpleasantness over. Here, Nitschkan, set in this chair an' pull yourself

together, while I rustle around fer fresh tea. Mis' Thomas, get Mis' Benson a clean cup."

For a moment or two Mrs. Nitschkan cowered in her chair, pulling with trembling fingers at her torn coat sleeve. Then, throwing her apron over her head, she broke into wild sobbing, which alternated with a rasping and mirthless laughter. "The 'strikes,'" said Mrs. Evans composedly, pouring boiling water in the tea-pot. "It'll be a relief fer her; jus' let her be."

"How'd ever we poor women bear our lives if it wasn't fer 'em?" murmured Mrs. Thomas. "Lay off your hat, Mis' Benson," she continued in a voice which was as oil. "How's your health, now? If it's the lungs, this is jus' the place fer 'em. If it's your liver, well, I'd say a cup of sage tea night an' mornin'. Oh, you got your hand tore, didn't you?" Why, it's a real bad scratch. Let me rub in a little 'Rocky Mountain' salve—do."

"You're all very kind," said the missionary, burying the hatchet in one of her charming smiles. "I am sure I shall be happy here."

"Well, woman dear, what are we on earth for? To do fer others, I say," broke in Mrs. Nitschkan, who, despite her disheveled appearance, had quite recovered herself and was even more desirous than her sisters to ignore the past.

But Frances Benson was not one to be misled by April sunshine. She therefore hastened to make hay while the weather was propitious. "Will all you ladies be at the meeting to-night, prepared to assist me in every possible way?" looking from one to the other.

"Well, I guess yes," said Mrs. Nitschkan heartily, speaking for all. "You can depend on us, Mis' Benson, now and hereafter. As the Bishop said to me the other day settin' in that very chair you're in, an' a-smilin' that sweet smile of his'n: 'Some missioners,' he says, 'has tact, an' some has common sense; but I do believe there ain't one of 'em but what's a plant my Father planted.'"

THE HOUSE OF FULFILMENT

BY

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

AUTHOR OF "EMMY LOU: HER BOOK AND HEART"

SYNOPSIS OF FORMER CHAPTERS: *Alexander Blair, eldest son in the Blair family, of stern Vermont stock, but settled in Louisville, marries Molly Randolph, a young pleasure-loving girl of New Orleans. The Civil War widens the breach that has begun to exist between the repressed, gloomy husband and the somewhat frivolous wife. Alexander dies suddenly. Molly remarries soon after and gives up her little daughter, Alexina, into the keeping of the Blair family, now consisting of Austen and Harriet, brother and sister of Alexander. Aunt Harriet, though loving at heart, has the Blair repression of feeling, and Alexina is somewhat unhappy, the one bright spot in her existence being her acquaintance with "King" William, the little son of the Leroys. The Leroys, however, lose their fortune, and leave Louisville. Alexina is sent away to school.*

PART II

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone."—EMERSON.

CHAPTER I

ALEXINA BLAIR, at twenty, returned from school to her uncle's home with but small emotion, as, at fourteen, she had left with little regret. Yet the shady streets, the open front doors, the welcomes called from up-stairs windows as she passed, evidences that she was back among her people in the South, all at once made her glad to be here.

How could she have felt emotion over a mere return to Uncle Austen's house? She might have felt enthusiasm over Nelly, but Nelly was married to the gardener at her old asylum and a Katy had taken her place. The house was the same. If only its stone

façade might be allowed to mellow, to gray a little! But, newly cleaned, it stood coldly immaculate in its yard of shaven lawn set about with clipped shrubberies. As for her uncle, Alexina found herself applying the same adjectives to him—shaven, immaculate, cold.

She wondered what he thought of her, but Uncle Austen never made personal remarks.

Aunt Harriet, on joining her niece in the East early in the summer, had looked at her consideringly. She seemed pleased.

"Why," she said, "Alexina, you are a Tennyson young person, tall and most divinely—you are a little more intense in your coloring than is usual with a Blair—I'm glad."

The somewhat doubtful smile on the girl's face deepened as if a sudden radiance leaped into it. She seized her aunt's hand. "Oh," she said, "you're very nice, Aunt Harriet."

Harriet laughed, rather pleased than not, but she still was studying the girl. "She is impulsive and she doesn't look set," the aunt was telling herself—was it gratefully? "perhaps she is less Blair than I thought."

Austen Blair now too, in fact, viewed his niece with complacency—she fulfilled the Blair requirements—but he talked of other things.

"It is the intention of your aunt and myself," he told her promptly, "to introduce you at once to what will be your social world. It is well for every one to have local attachment."

As the matter progressed it appeared that social introduction, as Uncle Austen understood it, was largely a matter of expenditure. In all investment it is the expected thing to place where there is likeliest return. Therefore he scanned the invitation list earnestly.

"She can afford to do the thing as it should be done," he remarked to Harriet.

"She? But Austen—" Harriet hesitated. "I supposed it was ours, this affair; it seems the least——"

Austen looked at her. At first he did not comprehend, then he replied with some asperity. "I have so far kept sentiment and business apart in managing Alexina's affairs."

Harriet was silenced. It was becoming less and less wise to oppose Austen. He had his own ideas about the matter. "The thing is to be done handsomely," he set forth, "but," as qualification, "judiciously."

Therefore he stopped an acquaintance on the street a day or two before the affair. "Are we to have the pleasure of seeing you on Tuesday?" he asked, even a little ostentatiously, for the young man had neglected to accept-or decline.

Austen reported the result to Harriet. "For there is no use ordering a supper for five hundred if but four hundred and ninety-nine are coming," he told her.

"No?" said Harriet.

"Exactly," said her brother.

Alexina, present at the conversation, looked from the one to the other. Uncle Austen was Uncle Austen; there was a slight lift of the girlish shoulders as she admitted this. But Aunt Harriet—

For Harriet had changed. She had been changing these past two summers. She was absent, forgetful, absorbed, even irritable. Aunt Harriet! And recalled, she would blush and look about in startled fashion.

Alexina and Harriet had been always on terms friendly and pleasant, but scarcely to be called intimate; terms that, after a cordial good-night, closed the door between their rooms. And while the girl had been conscious of a fondness for her serene and capable aunt, there were times too when, met by that same serenity, she had felt she must rebel, and in secret had thrown her young arms out in impotent, passionate protest.

But now Aunt Harriet forgot and neglected and grew cross like any one, and the sententious utterances of Uncle Austen irritated her. Alexina, going into her room one day, found her with her head bowed on the desk. Was she crying? The girl slipped out.

Was Aunt Harriet unhappy? The heart of Alexina warmed to her.

The evening of Alexina's return home Harriet had come to her door. To twenty years, thirty-eight seems pitiably far along in life, yet Harriet called up no such feeling in Alexina. No passion of living writ itself on Galatea's cheek while she was in marble, and Alexina, opening the door to the tap, thought her aunt beautiful.

"If there are callers to-night," Harriet said, "I want you to come down. My friends are not too elderly," she smiled in the old good-humored way, "to be nice to you this winter."

So later Alexina went down to the library, a room long unfurnished, now the only really cheerful room in the house. Was it because Harriet had furnished it?

The girl always had realized in an indefinite way that Harriet was a personage; later, in their summers away together, she discovered that men liked her handsome aunt.

In the library she found a group who, from the conversation, seemed to be accustomed to dropping in thus in casual fashion. There were men of capacity and presence; one felt that, even in the case of that long avowed person of fashion, Mr. Marriot Bland, who was getting dangerously near to that time of life when he would be designated an old beau. He was a personage, too, of his type. Alexina shook hands with him gaily; she had been used to his coming since she first came to live with Aunt Harriet and Uncle Austen. Harriet introduced the others. The girl's spirits rose; she felt it was nice that she should be knowing them.

And they? What does middle-age feel, looking upon youth, eager-eyed, buoyant, flushed with the first glow from that unknown about to dawn?

Oh, it was a charming evening. The girl showed she thought it so and smiled, and the men smiled too, as they joined in making her the young center. Perhaps there was a tender something in the smiles. Was it for their own gone youth?

One, a Major Rathbone, stayed after the others left. He sat building little breastworks on the center table out of matches taken from the bronze stand by the lamp, and as he talked he looked over every now and then at Harriet on the other side.

In the soberer reaction following the breaking up of the group, Alexina, too, found time to look at Harriet. It was an Aunt Harriet that she had never seen before. The color was richly dyeing this Harriet's cheeks, and the jewel pendant at her throat rose and trembled and fell, and her white lids fell too, though she had laughed when her eyes met laughter and something else in the brown eyes of the Major fixed on her.

It was of Mr. Marriot Bland the Major was speaking, his smooth, brown hand caressing his clean-shaven chin.

"So cruelly confident are you cold Dianas," he was saying. "Now, even a Penelope must hold out the lure of her web to an old suitor, but you Dianas——"

Alexina laughed. She had jumped promptly into a liking for this lean, brown man with the keen humorous eyes and the deliberate yet quick movements, and now absorbed in her thoughts, was unconscious of her steadfast gaze fixed on him, until he suddenly brought his eyes to bear on hers with humorous inquiry.

"Well?" he inquired.

Now Alexina, being fair, showed blushes most embarrassingly. But she could laugh too.

"What's the conclusion?" he demanded; "or would it be wiser not to press inquiry?"

Alexina laughed again. She knew she liked this Major.

"I was wondering," she confessed. "You are so different from what I expected. I heard Aunt Harriet and Uncle Austen discussing one of your editorials, so I read it. I thought you would be different—fiercer maybe, and—er—more aggressive."

Alexina began to blush again. The Major was so edified at something that his enjoyment was suspicious.

"But no man is expected to live down to his editorials, Miss Alexina; I write 'em for a living."

He stroked his chin as he regarded her, but there was laughter too out of the tail of his eye across at Aunt Harriet, who was laughing also, though she looked teased.

Later Alexina learned more about this Major Rathbone. It was Emily Carringford who told her. Emily came over promptly the day after Alexina's return and, admitted by Katy, ran up as of old.

Alexina, hearing her name called, turned from a melée of unpacking as the other reached the open doorway.

"Oh, Emily," she said, and stood and gazed.

Emily stood too, archly, and, meeting Alexina's look, laughed. Her blush was an acknowledgment; she did not even pretend to misunderstand Alexina's meaning.

"Aunt Harriet told me how—how lovely you were, and Uncle Austen told me last night that my friend, Miss Emily, he considered an 'unusually good-looking woman—a handsome woman, in fact.'" The niece had her uncle's every conciseness of tone as she quoted. "But somehow with it all, I wasn't prepared——"

She came forward with hands out.

Emily forgot to take the hands. "Did he say that, really, Alexina?"

"Yes; why shouldn't he? Oh, Emily, it must be joy, or does it frighten you to know you're so beautiful?"

She was letting her fingers touch, almost with awe, the curve of the other's cheek.

Emily laughed, but the crimson on the cheek deepened.

"And your voice?" demanded Alexina. "I want to hear you sing. Did you get the place in the choir you wrote me about?"

"Miss Harriet got it for me; it was she who suggested it—that is, she got Mr. Blair to get it for me. It's at your church, you know."

"Uncle Austen? No? Did he, really?"

But the surprise in Alexina's voice was unfair to her uncle. To help people to the helping of themselves was part of his creed. He looked upon it as a furthering of the general social economy, as indeed he had pointed out more than once to those he was thus assisting.

But Alexina had many things to ask. She pushed Emily into a chair.

"Is it pleasant—the choir?" she began.

"Pleasant? Well," Emily looked away and colored, "I like the money; I've never been able to have any clothes before. There was a scene at home about it—my singing, I mean, in any but my own church, and for money. It was grandfather, of course; it's always been grandfather. He says it's spiritual prostitution, whatever he means by that, taking money for praising the Lord in an alien faith." She laughed in an off-hand way. "No, I'll be honest. I'd have to be sooner or later with you, anyhow. I hate it—not the work and rehearsals so much; but the being patronized. When some of those women stop me, with the air of doing the gracious thing, to tell me they have enjoyed my singing, oh, I could—" Again she laughed, but her cheeks were blazing. Then she leaned over and fingered some of the girlish fineries strewing the bed. "I hate it at home, too, when it comes to being honest about things. Six of us, with grandfather and Aunt Carrie making eight, in that little house!"

Later, Alexina chanced to refer to Major Rathbone. She spoke enthusiastically. Alexina either liked people or she did not like them.

"Hadn't you heard about him?" asked Emily in surprise. "He met Miss Harriet two years ago, and he's been coming ever since. It's funny, too, that he should. He's *the* Major Rathbone, you know——"

But Alexina looked unenlightened.

"Why," said Emily, "the Major Rathbone who was the Confederate guerrilla—the one who captured and burned a train-load of stuff your grandfather and Mr. Austen had contracted to deliver for the government. I've heard people tell about it a dozen different ways since he's been coming to see Miss Harriet. Anyway, however it was, the government at the time put a price on his head and your grandfather and Mr. Austen doubled it. And now they say he's in love with Miss Harriet!"

In love! With Aunt Harriet! Alexina grew hot. Aunt Harriet! She felt strange and queer. But Emily was saying more. "Mr. Blair and Major Rathbone aren't friends even yet; I was here to supper with Miss Harriet one evening last winter, and Mr. Blair was furious over an editorial by Major Rathbone in the paper that day about some political appointments from Washington. Mr. Blair had had something to do with them, had been consulted about them from Washington, it seems. Major Rathbone's a Catholic, too."

It rushed upon Alexina that she had spoken to the Major of a family discussion over his editorials.

Emily stayed until dusk. As Alexina went down to the door with her, they met Uncle Austen just coming in. He stopped, shook hands, and asked how matters were in the choir.

As Emily ran down the steps he addressed himself to his niece. "A praiseworthy young girl to have gone so practically to work." Then as Emily at the gate looked back, nodding archly, he repeated it. "A praiseworthy young girl, praiseworthy and sensible," his gaze following her, "as well as handsome."

He went in, but Alexina lingered on the broad stone steps. It was October and the twilight was purple and hazy. Chrysanthemums bloomed against the background of the shrubbery; the maples along the street were drifting leaves upon the sidewalk; the sycamores stood with their shed foliage like a cast garment about their feet, raising giant white limbs naked to heaven.

There were lights in the wide brick cottage. Strangers lived there now. A swinging sign above the gate set forth that a Doctor Ransome dwelt therein.

The eddying fall of leaves is depressing. Autumn anyhow is a melancholy time. Alexina, going in, closed the door.

CHAPTER II

The Blair reception to introduce their niece may have been to others the usual matter of lights and flowers and music, but to the niece it was different, for it was her affair.

She and her aunt went down together. The stairway was broad, and to-night its banister trailed roses.

Alexina was radiant. She even marched up and kissed her uncle. Things felt actually festive.

All the little social world was there that evening. Alexina recalled many of the girls and the older women; of the older men she knew a few, but of the younger only one could she remember as knowing.

He was a rosy cheeked youth with vigorous curling yellow hair, and he came up to her with a hearty swinging of the body, smiling in a friendly and expectant way, showing nice, square teeth, boyishly far apart. She knew him at once; he had gone to dancing school when she did, and she was glad to see him.

"Why, Georgy," she said, and held out a hand. Then it was borne in upon her that Georgy wore a young down on his lip and was a man.

"Oh," she said, blushing, "I hope you don't mind?"

He was blushing too, but the smile that showed his nice spaced teeth was honest.

"No," he said; "I don't mind."

Which Alexina felt was good of him and so she smiled back and chatted and tried to make it up. And Georgy lingered and continued to linger and to blush beneath his already ruddy skin until Harriet, turning, sent him away, for Harriet was a woman of the world and Georgy was the rich and only child of the richest mamma present, and the other mammas were watching.

Alexina's eyes followed him as he went, then wandered across the long room to Emily. She had expected to feel a sense of responsibility about Emily, but Uncle Austen, after a long and precise survey of her from across the room, put his eye-glasses into their case and went to her. His prim air of unbending for the festive occasion was almost comical as he brought up youths to make them known. This done he fell back to his general duties as host.

But Alexina, watching Emily, felt dissatisfaction with her; her archness was overdone, her laughter was anxious.

Why should Emily stoop to strive so? With her milk-white skin and chestnut hair, with her red lips and starry eyes, there should have belonged to her a pride and a young dignity. Alexina, youthfully stern, turned away.

It brought her back to the amusing things of earth, however, that Uncle Austen should take Emily home when it was over. Would Emily be arch with Uncle Austen? Picture it!

Several of the older men lingered after the other guests were gone, and they, with Harriet and Alexina, had coffee in the library. The orderliness of the room, compared with the disheveled appearance elsewhere now the occasion was over, seemed cheerful, and these men friends of Aunt Harriet were interesting. The talk was personal, as among intimates. The local morning paper, opposed to Major Rathbone's own, it seemed, had taxed the Major with aspiring to be the next nominee of his party for Congress. And this was proving occasion for much banter at his expense by the other men, for the truth was the Major *was* being considered as a possibility, but a possibility tempered, for one thing, by the fact that his guerrilla past shed a somewhat lurid light upon his exemplary present.

"But why want to keep it secret as if it were something dark and plotting?" insisted Harriet Blair. "Why not come right out and admit your willingness if your party wants you?"

The men laughed in varying degrees of delight at this feminine perspicacity. The Major regarded her with somewhat comical humor, looking a little shamefaced, though he was laughing too. "For the fear my party can't afford to have me," he answered. "It takes money. They are casting about for a richer available man first, and, that failing, why——"

Here Austen Blair came in, bringing a breath of the November chill. Or was it his own personality that brought the chill, Alexina wondered. For, to do him justice, there was a distinction, a fine coldness, a bearing about him which distinguished him in any company.

Promptly on his coming the group broke up. The others passed into the hall to hunt overcoats, but the Major paused to address

Harriet, who had risen and was looking at him as he spoke. There was color in her face, and light.

"Friday evening then," he was saying, "you will go with me to hear Benton lecture?"

Austen, who had taken a cup of coffee from Alexina, looked up sharply. He put the cup down.

Harriet smiled acquiescence. "Friday evening," she agreed.

Later, in the hall, as the outer door shut behind the group of departing men, Austen turned on his sister, his nostrils tense with dilation.

"Do you realize what you are doing?" he asked. "Have you utterly lost sight of how this man was regarded by your father, if you prefer to put consideration for me out of the matter?"

Harriet continued to unfasten her long glove. The color was gone from her face, and the light, but otherwise she stood outwardly serene.

"The fight was fair," she said calmly, "and also mutual."

Her brother regarded her fixedly, then he spoke. "Though what there is to be gained in thus setting yourself in opposition to my repeatedly expressed wishes I do not"—all at once two steely points seemed to leap into the blue intensity of his gaze—"unless—in Heaven's name, Harriet, is it possible that you mean to——"

"Mean to what?" she repeated. Harriet was meeting his eyes with a look as unflinching as his. She seemed unconsciously to have drawn herself to her full superb height, but she had grown white as her gown.

He suddenly resumed his usual manner. "Take the child on to bed," he said, glancing at Alexina standing startled, looking from one to the other. "This is no time to have the matter out."

"I agree with you quite," said his sister, and held out a hand to the girl. Alexina took it quickly, impulsively, and held to it as they went up the garlanded stairway which suddenly looked tawdry and garish. In the hall above, the girl lifted Harriet's hand and put her cheek against it, then almost ran in at her own door.

CHAPTER III

The Blairs met about the breakfast table next morning at the usual time; a matter of four hours for sleep instead of eight would have been insufficient excuse to Austen for further upsetting of routine; and there was none of the chit-chat that would seem natural on a morning following the giving of a large social affair.

Aunt Harriet was dumb and Uncle Austen tense, or so it seemed to the third and youngest Blair about the board. She had been conscious of sharp interchange checked as she entered. Uncle Austen even forgot to look up at her interrogatively as she came in, though she was a moment late.

Was the trouble still about the Major? Was Aunt Harriet determined to go with him Friday evening? Whatever the cause, Friday came with the strained relations between sister and brother unrelieved.

The town was in the midst of its social season, the Blair reception being one of several crowding each other. On this Friday, Harriet and Alexina were to attend an afternoon affair, and later Alexina was to go to an evening occasion with her uncle, who had consented icily, as though to emphasize the fact that it was Harriet's engagement which made it necessary for him to take the girl.

Alexina, coming down a little before five, found Harriet standing in the parlor, ready, gloves on and wrap on a chair. To be young is to be ardent. Not all youthful things are young. Alexina was young.

"You are beautiful, Aunt Harriet," she declared.

But it was as if Harriet did not hear. Was it premonition, that strained absorption?

"A moment, Alexina," she was saying. "Listen, was that the bell?"

"John, probably," said Alexina, "to let us know the carriage is waiting."

But it was Major Rathbone who came in upon them in his quick fashion a moment later. His overcoat was a cape affair which somehow seemed to suit his personality, and ever after Alexina could see him throwing the cavalier-like drapery back with impatient gesture.

"You are not gone then, Harriet," he said; "I am glad for that."

Quickly as the words were spoken, the "Harriet" on his lips was not lost upon Alexina. She turned to go, quite hot and with impulsive haste, but the Major, putting out a hand, detained her.

"No, Miss Alexina; I'd really rather you would stay if you will be so kind," he said,

then turned to the older woman. "I have just had some words with your brother on the club-house steps and I knocked him down. I came on straight here, preferring you should hear my regret from myself. I lost my temper."

He was facing Harriet, who had taken a step towards him at his entrance, then had stopped. Looking at her he went on rapidly.

"There is this I want to say. Yesterday I thought never to have the right to say it since I was too poor to ask you to listen. To-night I came here to say that I love you from my soul, and near you or away from you, alive or dead, will go on loving you and wanting you. Had you been poor I would have fought like any man to make you care; as it is I knocked your brother down for saying I was trying to do it because you are rich, to further my political ambition. I knocked him down for that, and for some other, older reasons. There is nothing more to say; no, in the divine bigness of your nature don't think you have to speak. I cannot come here any more, even if you would permit me, after what has happened, and I can't expect you to go to-night of course. But if ever I can serve you I am yours, soul and body, and will be while there is life in me. That's all, at last. What," as he turned, "crying, Miss Alexina? For me? Or for him? I assure you there was little hurt but his arrogance. Dare I ask you to shake hands?"

And he was gone in his abruptly quick fashion and the latch of the outer door was heard clicking behind him.

It aroused Harriet and she came to herself. She was trembling, but on her face was a look of one who has entered Heaven. Then it seemed to come to her that he was gone.

"I must—oh, stop him, Alexina. He must know——"

The girl ran into the hall, but the outer door was heavy, and in her haste she was awkward getting it open. As it gave finally the rush of wind drove her inward. The steady rainfall of the day, freezing as it touched the ground, had changed to finely driven sleet. The steps glared with ice. But already the Major was at the gate, and through the dusk she could see his umbrella lowered against the wind as he turned and started up the street. She called after him impulsively, beseechingly, but realized the futility of it through the fierce rush of wind and sleet. John was just driving out the carriage-way from the stable. Indeterminate, she closed the door and turned back to the parlor.

Harriet had sunk upon a chair, and in her eyes, looking far off, was a light, a smile, or was it tears?

She sprang up and turned, her face one heavenly blush, as Alexina entered. Had she thought it would be he?

"Gone? Oh, Alexina, I must—I have to tell him. Ring the bell. John must go for him. After what has happened I cannot stand it that the knowledge should all be mine."

But she was already pulling the bell-cord herself. Then she turned to Alexina blushing and radiant.

"I am thirty-eight years old, Alexina; I am not even young, and yet he cares for me."

The bell had rung; both had heard the far-off sound of it. But no one answered, maid or man-servant.

She rang again. "I had no time, the words would not come, I tried to tell him," she said pleadingly to Alexina, as if the girl were arraigning her. Then suddenly she dropped into the chair by the bell-cord, and with her face in her hands against its back went into violent weeping.

Alexina stood hesitant. There are times for silence. She would go and find Katy.

But she met her hurrying from the kitchen towards the parlor, the shawl over her head full of sleet and wet. She was breathless and her eyes were large. Alexina was vaguely conscious of the cook, breathing excitement, somewhere behind in the length of the hall, and behind her some tradesboy, his basket on his arm, his mouth gaping.

"It's Major Rathbone," said Katy, panting; "John ran into him coming out the carriage gate. The horses slipped and he had his umbrella down and didn't see. I was coming from the grocery."

"Oh," said Alexina; "Katy, oh——"

Harriet had heard and was already in the hall and struggling with the outer door. "I can't—it won't—oh, Alexina, help me!"

Katy had reached the door too. She put her hand on the knob. "They've already started to the infirmary with him, Miss Harriet, John and that young doctor across the street, before I came in. He told them to take him there himself. He was half up, holding to the fence, before John was off the box. 'Stop the doctor there getting in his buggy,' he said to John, 'and get me around to the infirmary.'"

"And the doctor—what did he say?" demanded Alexina.

"He said 'Good Lord, man!' and he swore just awful at John being so slow helping get him in the carriage."

Harriet all at once was herself, perfectly controlled.

"Go get me my long cloak, please, Katy," she said.

"Oh, Miss Harriet," from Katy; "you ain't thinking of it—goin' out—it's sleetin' awful—without the carriage!"

But Harriet already had reached the stairs going for it herself.

Alexina followed her. "What is it, Aunt Harriet?" she begged. "Where are you going?"

Harriet answered back from her own doorway. "To the infirmary."

Action is the one thing always understood by youth. Alexina entirely approved. "I'll go too," she said, and ran into her room to change her wrap for a darker one.

There was but one infirmary at the time in the city, and that a Catholic institution. They could walk a square and take a car to the door. Alexina, in her haste, never thought of money, but Harriet, as she came down, had her purse.

Neither spoke on the way; it was all they could do to keep umbrellas open in the fierce drive of wind and sleet. Alexina bent her head to catch breath; the sleet whipped and stung her face, the wind seized her loose cape, her light skirts, bellying them out behind her. But Harriet, ahead, tall, poised, went swiftly on, and, in the light from the street gas-post as they waited for a car, her face showed no consciousness of storm or of aught about her. Yet it was Harriet who stopped the car, who made the change, and paid the fares. The ride into town was in silence. It was Harriet who rang the bell before the infirmary building, who led the way over the icy pavement, up the wide brick walk through the grounds; it was Harriet who rang the bell at the big central door, and it was she who entered first past the little Sister who opened that door.

Not that the little Sister meant to permit it—it was against rules, she assured them; visiting hours were over. She could tell them nothing. The doctors were with the gentleman now.

But she let them in. Prison doors must have opened to Harriet that night. She would have put the little Sister aside if need be and walked in, Alexina felt that. Perhaps the little Sister felt it too. She glanced at Harriet furtively, timidly, and, murmuring something about going to see, glided away.

The two stood in the hall, Alexina gazing at the patron Saint of the place, in marble on his pedestal. After a time the little Sister returned and told them the doctor would see them presently and said something about the parlor, but Harriet shook her head.

Again they waited, the woman and the girl sitting in chairs against the painted wall, facing the Saint in his niche. The instincts of long ago arose within Alexina, and unconsciously her lips moved for comfort to herself in a prayer to the benign old Saint before her. There was nothing incongruous to her that she was using a little form of child's prayer taught her by her Presbyterian aunt.

And still they waited, so long that Alexina felt she could not stand the silence longer, or the waiting. She looked at Harriet, who was gazing before her, her face colorless, her eyes unseeing. Alexina began to wonder if the Sister had forgotten they were there.

But at last she came stealing noiselessly back, and, following her, a young man.

Alexina recognized him at once as the young doctor she had seen going in and out the cottage, and whose name she remembered was Ransome.

Harriet arose to meet him. He was young and boyish. He looked unnerved. "The others will be down in a moment—the other doctors—" he told her, "when I saw it was bad—you know I'm just beginning—I turned it over."

His nice blue eyes looked quite distressed.

"How bad?" asked Harriet steadily.

He looked at her quite miserably, the boy; then he gathered himself together.

"May I ask—I beg pardon—may I know who I am talking to?" though true to tell he knew who she was, living as he did across from her, but in his young embarrassment did not know how to say so.

The tall, beautiful woman stood a moment before him, then a slow color came up over her throat and face. "I am Miss Blair—Major Rathbone is——"

Alexina had come close to her side and her young eyes were on the doctor's appealingly.

He understood; doubtless he had heard the two names connected before; the affairs of the wealthy Miss Blair and the somewhat famous editor were likely to be talked over in a

city the size of Louisville; or perhaps, being young, he merely divined. His distress increased; he looked quite wretched. "It's bad—I'm mighty sorry to be the one to tell you."

Did she grow taller, whiter? "Are you—are the doctors still——"

"They are through for the present and coming down now."

"Then I will go to him. Oh, but I must—" this to the horrified little Sister's upraised hands of protest and headshake of negation.

"It's against all rules," ejaculated the little Sister.

Miss Blair addressed herself to the young doctor.

"Kindly take me to the room," she said.

The abashed young fellow looked from one to the other. But he started. The little Sister, however, hastily interposing herself between Miss Blair and progress, was heard to murmur that name of authority—the Mother.

"Go and bring her," said Harriet.

The Sister departed in haste, to return speedily with the Mother, her calm face beneath its bands, mild, benignant, but inexorable.

"But I am," returned Harriet to anything she could say. "I am going to him."

The dominant calmness of the Mother had met its equal. Finally, in her turn, she retreated behind authority and mentioned Father Ryan.

"Oh," said Harriet, "go and bring him."

He came, heavy of jowl, keen and humorous of eye. But his manner was disturbed, distraught. He came as one whose absorption is elsewhere. Suddenly Harriet remembered. This man was the intimate, the friend of Major Rathbone.

"I am going to him," said Harriet. "Nothing that you can say makes any difference."

The Father gazed at her thoughtfully. Then he nodded. "No," he said; "you are right; nothing will."

Just then the two other physicians came down the stairs.

"A word with you first, gentlemen, please," said the Father. The four men gathered at the foot of the stairway.

Watching, an outsider would have said that the priest and the young doctor were pleaders with the others for the cause of Miss Blair.

Later, the Mother herself led Harriet up the stairs and along a corridor, the young doctor following with Alexina.

"I think I—do you think I ought to go with her?" Alexina had faltered to him.

The two young things gazed at each other indeterminate. Alexina's eyes were swimming, like a child's, with unshed tears. Never has tragedy such epic qualities as in youth. Then he turned and led the way. "Yes," he told her; "I think if I were you I would."

Harriet was by the bed when they entered, gazing down on the lean brown face of the man. The eyes were closed. The Sister in charge, sitting on the other side, was speaking in a low voice. Had she seen fit to tell what she knew?

For Harriet turned as they entered and looked at them. Her face was set as in marble. It was cold, it was stern; only, the eyes fixed on the young doctor's face were imploring.

"Will he wake first?" she asked.

The young fellow seemed to shrink before the majesty of her suffering. Alexina put out a hand to touch her and drew it back, afraid. If only she were not so superbly self-controlled.

"Yes, he will most likely awake," he assured her, and must have done so even if he had not thought it.

She took off her hat, a large festive affair with plumes and jeweled buckles, and dropped her wrap. There was a low chair near the bed. She drew it close and sat down, her eyes on the face on the pillow. Jewels gleamed in the lace of her gown, and the shining silk of its folds trailed the floor about her.

Alexina stole across to a far and shadowed corner of the room and sat down by a table. She was crying and striving to keep it noiseless.

The doctor stood irresolute, then made a movement.

"Do you have to go?" said Harriet, turning.

"No; I expect to be here in the building all night. There might come a—er—change."

"Stay, please," she asked him; "here."

He sat down by the open fire and she turned again to the face on the pillow.

The night passed. Now and then the Sister moved noiselessly about, or the doctor came to the bedside, lifted the inert hand, laid it down, and went back to the fire.

Alexina moved from her chair to the window or to the fire and back again. Now and again she knew that she must have slept a little, her head against the table. So the night passed.

The square framed by the window sash was turning gray when there came a movement, and the eyelids of the face on the pillow lifted. Harriet was leaning over before the others, the nurse or doctor, got to the bed, and must have been there when the eyes opened. She must have seen consciousness of her presence in them, too, and possibly questioning. For she spoke rapidly, eagerly, like one who had said the thing over and over in readiness for the moment, though her voice shook. "You said you loved me from your soul, and, living or dead, would go on loving and wanting my love?" she asked him.

There seemed no wonder in the voice replying, only content. There was even the usual touch of humor in his reply. "And will go on wanting your love," he said.

"But I am here to tell you how I love you," she returned.

The room was still, like death. Then in the man's voice: "Is this pity, Harriet?"

Her voice hurried on. "And how, living or dead, I will go on loving and wanting you," she told him.

It was no pity that trembled in her voice; it was passion. He moved. Alexina sobbed.

After a time he spoke again. It was to call her name, to say it as to himself. This time he knew it was love this woman was talking of, not pity.

"I could not bear it that you should not know," she hurried on to tell him. "I made them let me come to you."

"You know then, Harriet; they have told you?"

She was human; the sound that broke from her was the cry of a rent soul.

The doctor, who had gone back to the mantel, crouched over the fire. The Sister seemed to shrink into the shadows beyond the narrow bed. Alexina clenched her hands, her head on her arms outstretched on the table.

But Harriet had regained herself. "I am here to ask you something. May I be married to you—now—at once, I mean?"

His response was not audible, only her reply. "Oh, surely you will. For the rest of my life—to have been—you will give me this, won't you?"

There was a quick movement from him, and a sound of warning from the nurse who moved forward out of the shadow.

Material things seemed to come back to Harriet. Alarm sprang into her voice. "Shall I go away?" she asked the nurse, even timidly.

The answer came from him. "No; oh, no. Since it may be for so little time I may ask it of you; stay with me, Harriet."

She turned to the doctor.

"Stay," he told her, poor boy, new to these things.

"Then give me my way," Harriet begged, turning back again. She had forgotten the others already. "You said that after what happened between you and Austen you wanted it known how you felt to me. Haven't I the same right and more, since it was my brother who said it, to want the world to know how I feel to you?"

They could feel the laugh in his reply. "The world, the world, as if you ever cared for what the world—come, be honest, Harriet; you say this in the generous desire of making it up to me."

"But I do—I do care. I could clap my hands, I could glory to cry it from the housetops, how I care, how I am here, on my knees, begging you will marry me."

"You are kneeling? Yes? Kneel then; even that, since it brings you closer. But let's not talk of this now. I'm not used to the knowledge of the first yet. Will you put your hand in mine, Harriet?"

The girl over in the corner, her head in her arms, felt that her heart would break. And this was love. This great sad thing was love.

He was talking again. "I never thought, surely, to be a stick of a man like this. I could have made a royal lover, Harriet. A man's blood at forty is like wine at its fullness. My head—won't lift—God, that it should come to find me like this! yet, kiss me, will you, Harriet?"

But a moment and she returned to her pleading. "They will send me away from you, you know. They won't let me stay. I have no right to be here—unless you give it to me?"

Was she using this, the inference, to move him?

For he caught it at once. "You came—I see, I see."

But she had fled from her position. "It's not that, as if I cared, as if you thought

I cared. It's because I want to have been——"

But the other had stuck. "Is the doctor there?" he asked suddenly.

The young fellow came to the bed.

"I would like to see Father Ryan," said the Major.

The priest came. The two were intimates. He listened to the instructions, the exigencies of the case to be met by him. A license was necessary. "And try and get Miss Blair's brother to accompany you, and to come here with you; you will make it all clear to him."

Harriet was looking up at the priest. She saw him as the friend of the man she loved. "And you will come back and marry us yourself, won't you?" she asked.

He was looking down at her. Even after the long night, in the cold light of a winter dawn, and in the garishness of an evening gown in daylight, she was triumphantly beautiful. With her hand on the smooth brown hand of the Major, she sat and looked up at the cassocked priest. The marble of her face had given way to a divine light and radiance.

He looked down on her.

"I will come," he told her.

It was some hours before he was back. The young doctor had gone and come. Dawn had broadened into a gray and sullen day. Breakfast was sent up and placed in an adjoining room for Harriet and Alexina. The girl tried to eat, if only to seem grateful to the Sister bringing it. But Harriet only wandered about the room, and, when Alexina brought her a cup of coffee, shook her head. She watched the door until the doctors were gone and she might return to him, then went in and sat by him again. His eyes were closed, but his hand, seeking as she sat down, found hers. Later, as the priest returned, the gaze from the pillow turned to the door eagerly. Austen was not with him. The face steeled.

The Mother came in, and at a sign from the priest they gathered around, Alexina, the young doctor, the nurse.

With his hand in Harriet's the Major followed to the end.

Nor was he going to die. There was deeper knowledge of life yet to learn for the woman by him.

Afterward, Doctor Ransome drove Alexina home in his buggy, where she and the voluble, excited Katy packed some things for Harriet.

"And Miss Harriet never to let us hear a word, and Maggie and me never closing our eyes all the night, Miss Alexina," Katy said. And Aunt Harriet a person usually so observant and punctilious about everything!

"And Mr. Blair, he asked where you were, Miss Harriet and you, when he came. And then he dressed and went to the party he was going to take you to, as if nothing had happened. And the Father came this morning and talked, but Mr. Blair hardly said a word, and when they left the priest went one way and Mr. Blair he went the other."

Doctor Ransome came in his buggy and took Alexina back. On reaching the infirmary they found that Major Rathbone's sister from Bardstown, who had been sent for, had arrived. Alexina had not known that he had a sister until she found her in the room next to the Major's, with Harriet.

She was childlike and small and was looking at Harriet, helpless and frightened. She was, it proved, twenty-three years old, and a widow with two children.

"And Stevie takes care of us," she explained. "Stevie" was the Major; "us" was herself and the babies.

She had brought both the babies. "I couldn't leave them and come, you know," she said.

One of them lay on the bed, asleep, a little chap four years old, his coat unfastened, his hair tumbled. The other, the younger, asleep too, lay on the mother's knee, Harriet regarding him. He was aquiline, lean and handsome, baby as he was, like a little deer hound.

"His name is Stevie," said Stephen's sister.

Harriet looked up from the child to the mother, almost jealously. "Then he is mine too; I have some part in him too, since his name is Stephen."

(To be continued)

THREE POEMS

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

THE HOUSE TO HIS FIRST MISTRESS

ACROSS my threshold they have gone,
Many the steps and sweet,
But yours alone that I love best
Is the rhythm I repeat,
From days when you and I were young
And autumn flamed across the street,
Remembered trailings of your skirt
And hauntings of your feet.

The generations come and go
And I have held them dear;
Between the lattice and the hearth
They dance and disappear,
But echoing through their songs at night
It is your voice I hear
That knew me when I was unknown,
Conceived me out of dust and stone,
And loved me in that bygone year.

I took you to my lonely arms,
You were the soul of me;
There was no speech between us twain,
There needed not to be;
Your watchful nights were mine, were mine,
And mine your minstrelsy.
Your seal upon my forehead is,
Forever still to be.

Forever with the wheeling heavens
When the year begins to wane,
—The falling leaf, the golden tree,
The melody of rain—
Lo, you shall dip between my doors
Or glorify my pane,
Singing that first old joy in me
—The vision of your brain—
That I may reach remembering hands
To greet you home again.

THE HEART'S COUNTRY

HILL people turn to their hills;
Sea folk are sick for their sea;
Thou art my land and my country
And my heart calls out for thee.

The bird beats his wings for the open,
The captive burns to be free;
But I—I cry in the darkness
For thou art my liberty.

THE TORTURED MILLIONS

THE cry of the tortured millions rises to me
Like the cry of a glacial river in its gorge
And the smoke of their suffering surges upward to me
Like the mighty clouds of the twilight valley lands.
I shut my lids in the dark and I see them toiling,
The burdened backs and the glazing eyes and the fettered hands.

They are dying that I may live, the tortured millions,
By the Ohio river, the Euphrates, the Rhône.
They wring from the rocks my gold, the tortured millions;
Sleepless all night they mix my daily bread;
With heavy feet they are trampling out my vintage;
They go to a hungry grave that I may be fed.

They do not know my face from a million faces,
Nor have I ever beheld those poor oppressed.
I only hear the sound of their groans in the valley,
The hiss and the grind and the heat of their torture-wheels,
Engine and oven and murderous flying loom,
Poison of dust and faces sheet-white in the gloom.

I do not demand their service, no, not I.
They are my slaves whom I wish to be free and happy
But I may not free them or thank them or mercy cry.
Hunger and thirst and cold and aching bodies,
This is the priceless price that buys my health.
Emptiness, hopelessness, pitiful wickedness, this,
This is the stuff I sew for the purse of my wealth.

What shall I do for my slaves who work without hire,
What shall I do, I who have asked then not?
Shall I fold my hands on my mountain-peak in silence?
This is the natural order, this the common lot.
I will call to them, I who am one but they are many,
To cease their toil; but no, they obey me not.

I warm my hands at the fires of ruining houses;
On a dying mother's breasts I sink my head;
Last night my feet were faint from idleness,
I bathed my feet in blood her children shed.
Oh thou eternal Law, I wish this not to be.
Nay, raise them from the dust and punish me.

THE TRUCE

BY

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "THE ALIEN OF THE WILD"

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR HEMING

TOO early, while yet the snow was thick and the food scarce, the big black bear had roused himself from his long winter sleep and forsaken his snug den under the roots of the pine tree. The thawing spring world he found an empty place—no rabbits to be captured, no roots to be dug from wet meadows; and his appetite was sorely vexing him. He would have crept back into his hole for another nap; but the air was too stimulatingly warm, too full of promise of life, to suffer him to resume the old, comfortable drowsiness. Moreover, having gone to bed thin the previous December, he had waked up hungry; and hunger is a restless bedfellow. In three days he had had but one meal—a big trout clawed out half dead from a rocky eddy below the falls; and now, as he sniffed the soft, wet air with fiercely eager nostrils, he forgot his customary tolerance of mood and was ready to do battle with anything that walked in the wilderness.

It was a little past noon, and the shadows of the tree-tops fell blue on the rapidly shrinking snow. The air was full of faint, trickling noises and thin tinklings where the snow veiled the slopes of little rocky hollows. Under the snow and under the rotting patches of ice, innumerable small streams were everywhere hurrying to swell the still ice-fettered flood of the river, the Big Fork, whose roomy valley lay about a half a mile eastward through the woods. Every now and then, when a soft gust drew up from the

"roused himself from his long winter sleep"

south, it bore with it a heavy roar, a noise as of muffled and tremendous tramping—the voice of the Big Fork Falls thundering out from under their decaying lid of ice. The falls were the only thing which the black bear really feared. Often as he had visited them, to catch wounded fish in the black eddies at their foot, he never could look at their terrific plunge without a certain awed dilation of his eyes, a certain shrinking at his heart. Perhaps by reason of some association of his cubhood, some imminent peril and narrow escape at the age when his senses were most impressionable, in all his five years of life the falls had never become a commonplace to him. And even now, while questing noiselessly and restlessly for food, he rarely failed to pay the tribute of an instinctive, unconscious turn of head whenever that portentous voice came up upon the wind.

Prowling hither and thither among the great, ragged trunks, peering and sniffing and listening, the bear suddenly caught the sound of small claws on wood. The sound came, apparently, from within the trunk of a huge maple, close at hand. Leaning his head to one side he listened intently, his ears cocked, eager as a child listening to a watch. There was, indeed, something half childish in the attitude of the huge figure, strangely belying the ferocity in his heart. Yes, the sound came, unmistakably, from within the trunk. He nosed the bark warily. There was no opening; and the bark was firm. He stole to the other side of the tree, his head craftily outstretched and reaching around far before him.

The situation was clear to him at once—and his hungry muzzle jammed itself into the entrance to a chipmunk's hole. The maple tree was dead, and partly decayed all up one side of the trunk. His craft forgotten on the instant, the bear sniffed and snorted and drew loud, fierce breaths, as if he thought to suck the little furry tenant forth by inhalation. The live, warm smell that came from the hole was deliciously tantalizing to his appetite. The hole, however, was barely big enough to admit the tip of his black snout, so he presently gave over his foolish sniffings and set himself to tear an entrance with his resistless claws. The bark and dead wood flew in showers under his efforts, and it was evident that the chipmunk's little home would speedily lie open to the foe. But the chipmunk, meanwhile, from the crotch of a limb overhead, was looking down in silent

indignation. Little Stripe-sides had been wise enough to provide his dwelling with a sort of skylight exit.

Suddenly, in the midst of his task the bear stopped and lifted his muzzle to the wind. What was that new taint upon the air? It was one almost unknown to him, but one which he instinctively dreaded, though without any reason based directly upon experience of his own. At almost any other time, indeed, he would have taken the first whiff of that ominous man-smell as a signal to efface himself and make off noiselessly down the wind. But just now his first feeling was wrath at the thought of being hindered from his prospective meal. He would let no one, not even a man, rob him of that chipmunk. Then, as his wrath swelled rapidly, he decided to hunt the man himself. Perhaps, as the bear relishes practically everything edible under the sun except human flesh, he had no motive but a savage impulse to punish the intruder for such an untimely intrusion. However that may be, a red light came into his eyes and he swung away to meet this unknown trespasser upon his trails.

On that same day, after a breakfast before dawn in order that he might make an early start, a gaunt trapper had set out from the settlement on the return journey to his camp beyond the Big Fork. He had been in to the settlement with a pack of furs, and was now hurrying back as fast as he could because of the sudden thaw. He was afraid the ice might go out of the river and leave him cut off from his camp—for his canoe was on the other side. As the pelts were beginning to get poor, he had left his rifle at home and carried no weapon but his knife. He had grown so accustomed to counting all the furry wild folk as his prey that he never thought of them as possible adversaries—unless it might chance to be some such exception as a bull moose in rutting season. A rifle, therefore, when he was not after skins, seemed to him a useless burden; and he was carrying, moreover, a pack of camp supplies on his broad back. He was tall, lean, leather-faced and long-jawed, with calm, light blue eyes under heavy brows; and he wore a stout, yellow-brown home-spun shirt, squirrel-skin cap, long leggins of deerhide, and oiled cowhide moccasins. He walked rapidly with a slouching stride that was almost a lope, his toes pointing straight ahead like an Indian's.

When, suddenly, the bear lurched out into his trail and confronted him, the woodsman was in no way disturbed. The bear paused, swaying in surly fashion about ten paces in front of him, completely blocking the trail. But the woodsman kept right on. The only attention he paid to the big black stranger was to shout at him authoritatively—"Git out the way, thar!"

"to catch wounded fish in the black eddies"

To his unbounded astonishment, however, the beast, instead of getting out of the way, ran at him with a snarling growl. The woodsman's calm blue eyes flamed with anger; but the life of the woods teaches one to think quickly, or, rather, to act in advance of one's thoughts. He knew that with no weapon but his knife he was no match for such a foe, so, leaping aside as lightly as a panther, he darted around a tree, regained the trail beyond his assailant, and ran on at his best speed toward the river. He made sure that the bear had acted upon a mere spasm of ill-temper and would not take the trouble to follow far.

When, once in a long time, a hunter or trapper gets the worst of it in his contest with the wild kindreds, in the majority of cases it is because he had fancied he knew all about bears. The bear is strong in individuality and delights to set at naught the traditions of his kind. So it happens that every now and then a woodsman pays with his life for failing to recognize that the bear won't always play by rule.

To the trapper's disgusted amazement this particular bear followed him so vindictively that, before he realized the full extent of his peril, he was almost overtaken. He saw that he must deliver up his precious pack, the burden of which was effectively handicapping him in the race for life. When the bear was almost upon him he flung the bundle away, with angry violence, expecting that it would at once divert the pursuer's attention.

In about ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, perhaps, it would have done so, for it contained, among other things, bacon and sugar, dainties altogether delectable to a bear's palate. But as luck would have it, the bundle so bitterly hurled struck the beast full on the snout, making him grunt with pain and fresh fury. From that moment he was a veritable demon of vengeance. Well enough he knew it was not the bundle, but the man who had thrown it, upon whom he must wipe out the affront. His hunger was all forgotten in red rage.

Fortunate it was now for the tall woodsman that he had lived abstemiously and labored sanely all that winter, and could depend upon both wind and limb. Fortunate, too, that on the open trail, cut years before by the lumbermen of the Big Fork drive, the snow was already almost gone, so that it did not seriously impede his running. He ran almost like a caribou, with enough in reserve to be able to glance back over his shoulder from time to time. But seeing how implacable was the black hulk that pursued, he could not help thinking what would happen, there in the great, wet, shadow-mottled solitudes, if he should chance to trip upon a root, or if his wind should fail him ere he could reach the camp. At this thought, not fear but a certain disgust and impotent resentment swelled his heart; and with a challenging look at the ancient trunks, the familiar forest aisles, the high branch-fretted blue, bright with spring sunshine, he defied the wilderness, which he had so long loved and ruled, to turn upon him with such an unspeakable betrayal.

The wilderness loves a master; and the challenge was not accepted. No root tripped his feet, nor did his wind fail him; and so he came out, with the bear raging some ten paces behind his heels, upon the banks of the Big Fork. Once across that quarter mile of sloppy, rotting ice, he knew there was good clear running to his cabin and his gun. His heart rose, his resentment left him, and he grinned as he gave one more glance over his shoulder.

As he raced down the bank, the trampling of the falls, a mile away, roared up to him on a gust of wind. In spite of himself he could not but notice how treacherous the ice was looking. In spite of himself, he noticed it, having no choice but to trust it. The whole surface looked sick, with patches of sodden white and sickly lead-color; and down along the shore it was covered by a lane of shallow, yellowish water. It appeared placid and innocent enough; but the woodsman's practised eye perceived that it might break up, "go out," at any moment. The bear was at his heels, however, and that particular moment was not the one for indecision. The woodsman dashed knee deep through the margin water, and out upon the free ice; and he heard the bear, reckless of all admonitory signs, splash after him about three seconds later.

On the wide, sun-flooded expanse of ice, with the dark woods beyond and the soft blue sky above, the threat of imminent death seemed to the woodsman curiously out of place. Yet there death was, panting savagely at his heels, ready for the first misstep. And there too, a mile below, was death in another form, roaring heavily from the swollen falls. And, hidden under a face of peace, he knew that death lurked all about his feet,

liable to rise in mad fury at any instant with the breaking of the ice. As he thought of all this besetting menace, the woodsman's nerves drew themselves to steel. He set his teeth grimly; a light of elation came into his eyes, and he felt himself able to win the contest against whatever odds.

As this sense of new vigor and defiance spurred him to a fresh burst of speed, the woodsman took notice that he was just about half way across the ice. "Good," he muttered, counting the game now more than half won. Then, even as he spoke, a strange, terrifying sound ran all about him. Was it in the air or beneath the ice? It came from everywhere at once—a straining grumble, ominous as the first growl of an earthquake. The woodsman understood that dreadful voice very well. He wavered for a second, then sprang forward desperately. And the bear pursuing understood also. His rage vanished in a breath. He stumbled, whimpered, cast one frightened glance at the too distant shore behind him, then followed the woodsman's flight—followed now, with no more heed to pursue.

For less than half a minute that straining grumble continued. Then it grew louder, mingled with sharp, ripping crashes; and long black lanes opened suddenly in every direction. Right before the woodsman's flying feet one opened. He took it with a bound. But even as he sprang the ice went all to pieces. What he sprang to was no longer a solid surface, but a tossing fragment which promptly went down beneath the impact of his descent. Not for nothing, was it, however, that the woodsman had learned to "run the logs" in many a tangled boom and racing "drive." His foot barely touched the treacherous floe ere he leaped again, and yet again; till he had gained, by a path which none but a river man could ever have dreamed of traversing, an ice-cake broad and firm enough to give him foothold. Beyond this refuge was a space of surging water, foam and ice-mush, too broad for the essay of any human leap.

The Big Fork from shore to shore was now a tossing, swishing, racing, whirling and grinding chaos of ice-cakes, churning in an angry flood and hurrying blindly to the falls. In the center of his own floe the woodsman sat down, the better to preserve his balance. He bit off a chew from his plug of "blackjack," and with calm eyes surveyed the doom toward which he was rushing. A mile is a very short distance when it lies above the inevitable. The woodsman saw clearly that there was nothing to be done but chew his "blackjack" and wait on fate. That point settled, he turned his head to see what the bear was doing.

To his surprise, the animal was now a good fifty yards further up stream, having evidently been delayed by some vagary of the struggling ice. He was now sitting up on his haunches on a floe, and staring silently at the volleying cloud which marked the falls. The woodsman was aware of a curious fellow-feeling for the great beast which, not five minutes ago, had been raging for his life. To the woodsman, with his long knowledge and understanding of the wild kindreds, that rage and that pursuit now appeared as lying more or less in the course of events, a part of the normal savagery of nature, and no matter of personal vindictiveness. Now that he and his enemy were involved in a common and appalling doom, the enmity was forgotten. "Got cl'ar grit, too!" he murmured to himself, as he took note of the quiet way the bear was eyeing the falls.

And now it seemed to him that the trampling roar grew louder every second, drowning into dumbness the crashing and grinding of the ice; and the volleying mist-clouds seemed to race up stream to meet him. Then, with a sickening jump and turn of his heart, a hope came and shook him out of his stoicism. He saw that his ice-cake was sailing straight for a little rocky islet just above the falls. Two minutes more would decide his fate—at least for the time. He did not trouble to think what he would do on the island, if he got there. He rose cautiously and crouched, every sinew tense, to renew the battle for life.

Another minute fled away and the island was close ahead, wrapped in the roar and the mist-volleys. A cross current, seizing the racing ice-cake, dragged it aside—and the man clenched his fists in a fury of disappointment as he saw that he would miss the refuge after all. He made ready to plunge in and at least die battling, when fate took yet another whim, and a whirling mass of logs and ice, colliding with the floe, forced it back to its original course. Another moment and it grounded violently, breaking into four pieces which rolled off on either side toward the abyss. And the woodsman, splashing into turbulent shallows, made good his hold upon a rock and dragged himself ashore.

"'Git out the way, thar'"

Fairly landed, he shook himself, spat coolly into the flood, and turned to see what was happening to his fellow in distress. To the roaring vortex just below him—so close that it seemed as if it might at any moment drag down the little island and engulf it—he paid no heed whatever, but turned his back contemptuously upon the tumult and the mists. His late enemy, alive, strong, splendid, and speeding to a hideous destruction, was of the keener interest to his wilderness spirit.

The bear was now about twenty paces above the island; but, caught by an inexorable current, he was nearly that distance beyond it. With a distinct regret, a pang of sympathy, the man saw that there was no chance of his adversary's escape. But the bear, like himself, seeing a refuge so near, was not of the temper to give up without a struggle. Suddenly, like a gigantic spring uncoiling, he launched himself forth with a violence that completely upended his ice-cake and carried him over a space of churned torrent to the edge of another floe. Gripping upon this with his mighty forearms till he pulled it half under, he succeeded in clawing out upon it. Scrambling across, he launched himself again desperately, sank almost out of sight, rose, and began swimming with all the energy of courage and despair combined.

But already he was opposite the head of the island. Could he make it? The man's own muscles strained and heaved in unconscious sympathy with that struggle. The bear was a gallant swimmer and for a moment it looked as if there might be the ghost of a chance for him. But no; the torrent had too deadly a grip upon his long-furred bulk. He would *just* miss that last safe ledge!

In his eagerness, and without any conscious thought of what he was doing, the man stepped down into the water knee-deep, bracing himself, and clinging with his left hand to a tough, projecting root. Closer came the bear, beating down the splintered refuse that obstructed him, his long black body laboring dauntlessly. Closer he came—but not quite close enough to get his strong paws on the rock. A foot more would have done it—but that paltry foot he was unable to make good.

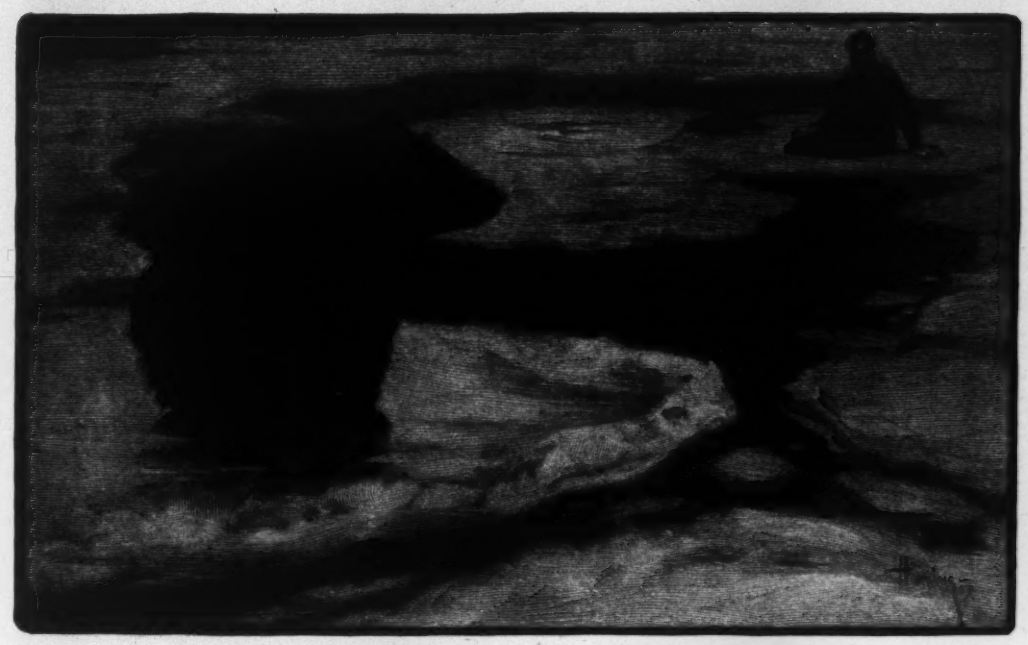
The man could not stand it. It was quite too fine a beast to be dragged over the falls before his eyes, if he could help it. Reaching out swiftly with his right hand, he caught the swimmer by the long fur of his neck and heaved with all his strength.

For a moment he wondered if he could hold on. The great current drew and sucked almost irresistibly. But his grip was of steel, his muscles sound and tense. For a moment or two the situation hung in doubt. Then the swimmer, stroking desperately, began to gain. A moment more and that narrow, deadly foot of space was covered. The animal got first one paw upon the rock, then the other. With prompt discretion the woodsman dropped his hold and stepped back to the top of the island, suddenly grown doubtful of his own wisdom.

Drawing himself just clear of the torrent, the bear crouched, panting, for several minutes, exhausted from the tremendous struggle; and the man, on the top of the rock, waited with his hand upon his knife hilt to see what would come of his reckless act. In reality, however, he did not look for trouble, knowing intuitively as he did the natures of the wild kindreds. He was merely holding himself on guard against the unexpected. But he soon saw that his caution was unnecessary. Recovering breath, the bear clambered around the very edge of the rocks to the further side of the island, as far as possible from his rescuer. There he seated himself on his haunches and devoted himself to gazing down, as if fascinated, at the caldron from which he had been snatched.

During the next half hour the woodsman began to think. For the present he knew that the bear was quite inoffensive, being both grateful and overawed. But there was no food on the island for either, except the other. So the fight was bound to be renewed at last. And after that, whoever might be the victor, what remained for him? From that island, on the lip of the falls and walled about with wild rapids, there could be no escape. The situation was not satisfactory from any point of view. But that it was clear against his principles to knuckle down, under any conditions, to beast or man or fate, the woodsman might have permitted himself to wish that, after all, his ice-cake had missed the island. As it was, however, he took another bite from his plug of "blackjack" and set himself to whittling a stick.

With a backwoodsman's skill in the art

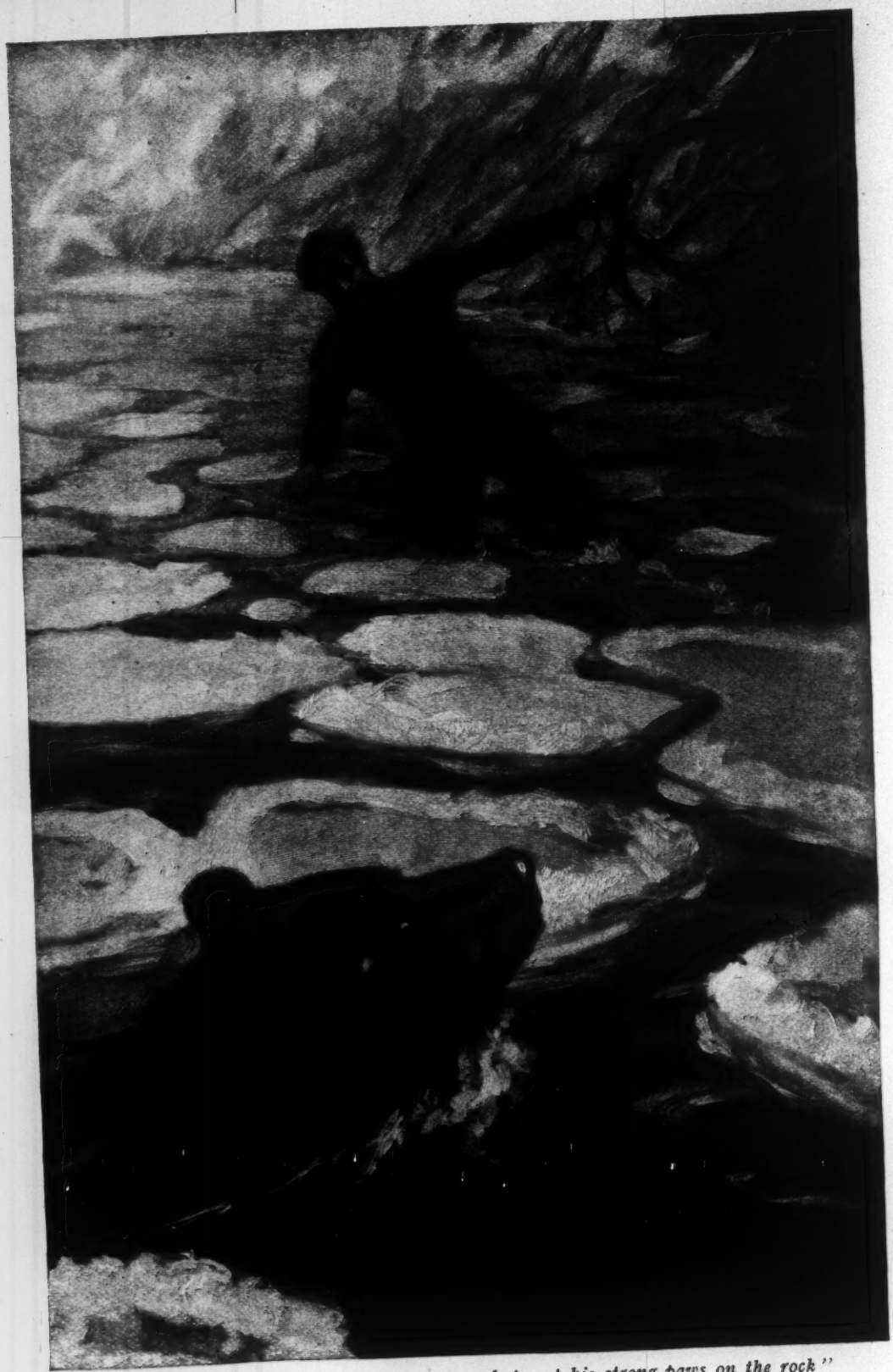


"In the common and appalling doom, the enmity was forgotten"

of whittling, he had made good progress toward the shaping of a toy hand-sled, when, looking up from his task, he saw something that mightily changed the face of affairs. He threw away the half-shaped toy, thrust the knife back into his belt, and rose to his feet. After a long, sagacious survey of the flood, he drew his knife again and proceeded to cut himself a stout staff, a sort of alpenstock. He saw that an ice-jam was forming just above the falls.

The falls of the Big Fork lie at a sharp elbow of the river, and cross the channel on a slant. Immediately above them the river shoals sharply, and though at ordinary seasons there is only one island visible, at times of low water huge rocks appear all along the brink. It chanced, at this particular time, that after the first run of the ice had passed, there came a second run that was mixed with logs. This ice, moreover, was less rotten than that which had formed near the falls, and it came down in larger cakes. When some of these big cakes, cemented with logs, grounded on the head of the island, the nucleus of a jam was promptly formed. At the same time some logs, deeply frozen into another floe, caught and hung on one of the unseen mid-stream ledges. An accumulation gathered in the crook of the elbow, over on the further shore; and then, as if by magic, the rush stopped, the flood ran almost clear from the lip of the falls, and the river was closed from bank to bank.

The woodsman sat quietly watching, as if it were a mere idle spectacle, instead of the very bridge of life, that was shaping before his eyes. Little by little the structure welded itself, the masses of drift surging against the barrier, piling up and diving under, till it was compacted and knit to the very bottom—and the roar of the falls dwindled with the diminishing of the stream. This was the moment for which the man was waiting. Now, if ever, the jam was solid, and might hold so until he gained the further shore. But beyond this moment every second of delay only served to gather the forces that were straining to break the obstruction. He knew that in a very few minutes the rising weight of the flood must either sweep all before it or flow roaring over the top of the jam in a new cataract that would sweep the island bare. He sprang to his feet, grasped his stick, and scanned the tumbled, precarious surface, choosing his path. Then he turned and looked at the bear, wondering if that animal's woodcraft were subtler than his own to distinguish when the jam was secure. He found that the bear was eyeing him anxiously and not looking at the ice at all; so he chuckled, told himself that if he didn't know more than a bear he'd no business in



"Closer he came—but not quite close enough to get his strong paws on the rock"

the woods, and stepped resolutely forth upon the treacherous pack. Before he had gone ten paces the bear jumped up with a whimper and followed hastily, plainly conceding that the man knew more than he.

In the strange sudden quiet, the shrunken falls clamoring thinly and the broken ice swishing against the upper side of the jam, the man picked his way across the slippery, chaotic surface, expecting every moment that it would crumble with a roar from under his feet. About ten or a dozen yards behind him came the bear, stepping hurriedly, and trembling as he looked down at the diminished cataract. The miracle of the vanishing falls daunted his spirit most effectively, and he seemed to think that the whole mysterious phenomenon was of the man's creating. When the two reached shore the flood was already boiling far up the bank. Without so much as a thank you the bear scurried past his rescuer and made off through the timber like a scared cat. The man looked after him with a slow smile, then turned and scanned the perilous path he had just traversed. As he did so the jam seemed to melt away in mid-channel. Then a terrific, rending roar tortured the air. The mass of logs and ice, and all the incalculable weight of imprisoned waters, hurled themselves together over the brink with a stupefying crash, and throbbing volumes of spray leaped skyward. The woodsman's lean face never changed a muscle, but presently, giving a hitch to his breeches under the belt, he muttered thoughtfully:

"Blame good thing we came away when we did!"

Then, turning on his larriganed heels, he strode on up the trail till the great woods closed about him and the raving thunders gradually died into quiet.

THE RED RIBBON

BY

R. F. FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

AFTER the sheriff had delivered his prisoner, the usual formalities were soon over. The warden knew Coleman was coming in, and had already sent word to the shoe shop that one of their old hands had returned, after a year's absence, and the contractors had said they would take him on. It did not take long for the news to spread through the shop that Coleman was back again.

When the arrival of a prisoner attracts more than usual attention, it is due to one of two things: he has done something out of the common, or he has been something out of the common when he was in prison before. Coleman belonged to the latter class. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence and ability, but his talents seem to have been early misdirected. He was one of those unfortunates for whom nature has done enough; education and training, nothing. He was tall and good-looking and had attracted the attention of a number of people who had told him, in a sermonizing sort of way, that he could have risen to distinction in almost any honest calling he might select; but, as he often remarked, none of them had offered him a job to start with. He had always expressed himself as willing to lead an honest life, but his want of education handicapped him, and he had never been able to find a footing in a business which he could follow with a feeling that it would eventually lead to something worth his while. It was only lately that he had hit upon a more promising pursuit than those that lead to prison.

The first hint of it was given him by a girl. He had met her at a public picnic in the early summer, when he had money and wore good clothes. They had a sort of quiet flirtation for an hour or so, and he had about made up his mind to speak to her when she

was joined by a man named Corbett, whose father was a police captain, and who knew too much of Coleman's history to make him a desirable means of introduction. Instead of putting himself in her way and trying to attract her attention, Coleman now went to the other extreme and did his best to avoid her. As Corbett had not seen him yet, he thought it might be best to leave the place altogether and hope to meet her again some time, under other circumstances. What he wanted to meet her at all for, he did not exactly know, but there was something about her that held him, some sort of subtle magnetism that made him stay.

She was not what you would call a beauty, but she was one of those who seem to have just missed it. The swing of the head was Irish, but the eyes were brown. The chin was broad and round, and the mouth was firm and full. The hair was not as black as it seemed to be. It looked black because it was tied round with a narrow little red ribbon, but it had in it that peculiar brownish, reddish streak, visible only in the sunlight, which marks the woman of the warm, confiding nature that can keep a secret.

Coleman could not get her out of his thoughts, no matter how much he kept out of her way. He was strolling aimlessly along one of the walks with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ground when he suddenly found himself face to face with the girl and her companion. There was no avoiding the introduction which the man seemed rather unwilling to give and the girl seemed rather to insist upon. Ten minutes later Katie McCormack had taken possession of Coleman and she kept him for the rest of the afternoon.

During the following weeks things went along as such things usually go. For the first time in his life Coleman was sincerely sorry that he could not speak freely about his past and had to keep quiet about his future. Corbett soon saw that Katie had lost any interest that she might have had in him and that she talked about nothing but Coleman, so he thought it was about time for him to say something before things went too far. He began by hinting, but Katie cut him very short and insisted that he should say right out what he had to say about Coleman or keep his mouth shut. This brought out the whole truth like a flash, but Katie McCormack had gone too far to let Coleman go without a struggle now. The next time he called to see her, she shut the door behind her and stood with her back to it. She had made up her mind to say something savage, but her words would not come.

"I want you to tell me the truth, Tom."

"What have I lied about?"

"Silence is sometimes worse than lies, but we won't wrangle about that now. Tell me the truth, Tom. You know me well enough by this time to trust me, don't you?"

"I suppose Corbett has told you all he knows. What do you want me to say? That he's a liar?"

She did not answer and he did not look at her. He reached for his hat as if to go.

"You have been very good to me right along, Katie, and you will have to keep it up long enough to forgive me for having deceived you. I couldn't help it, little girl," he went on, looking at her for the first time. "All the girls I have known have been a tough lot. I have read about your kind in books, but they don't grow on bushes. You will have to forgive me, Katie; the temptation was too strong for me; that's all I can say. Yes, it's all true. I'm a jailbird, and I don't belong among the likes of you. Open the door and let me go." He took his hat from the table; but she did not move.

"Come here to me, Tom." The girl took his hat from him and set it on the table again. Then she put both her hands on his shoulders and looked him full in the face.

"What are you doing for a living now? Don't be afraid to tell me the truth, Tom."

"I'm living on my share of the last job," he said defiantly. "That will make her take her hands down," he thought, but her hands did not come down. She only shook her head sadly.

"And then?"

"Then what?"

"When that's spent?"

"That's right, little girl. You've hit it. Fact is, I don't believe I could do it again; not since I've known you."

"Haven't you got any friends?"

"Thought I had *one* before I came in here to-night, but that was the limit, unless you count the likes of Corbett."

"Corbett says you are a confidence man. That's not a thief, is it?". Coleman smiled faintly. "Seems to me you are smart enough to make an honest living. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tom."

"In what line can I make a living?"

"It don't matter what line. What matters is, are you willing to try it?"

"On one condition." He took hold of her wrists as if to take her hands from his shoulders.

"Well?"

"That you won't go back on me, Katie." The words were hardly out of his mouth before he realized how much he was asking.

She did not answer at first. She seemed to be thinking.

"We'll see about that later on. Promise me you will try."

"Promise me you will stick." The hands were taken gently from the shoulders now. Women sometimes do things which other people think are foolish. She promised she would "stick," and he promised he would try.

It was only when he was on his way homeward, full of hope and confidence, that he remembered his partner in the "job" on the proceeds of which he was now living, and he also recalled that he had done no "time" for that particular job, but might be called upon to do so at any moment. If he was going to make an honest living, the quicker he got about it the better, and the further he got from his present surroundings the better also. But that meant leaving Katie behind him, which was not so easy now.

He thought the best thing to do was to tell her all about it; and her advice was to get away immediately, and if he got along well and felt sure of himself, she could follow him some day.

He followed her advice and went. He found it was not so difficult, after all, to start in business in a small way, when you have the will to work and the patience to plod along for the present in the hope of the future. He had changed his name and shaved off his mustache, and, so far as he knew, he was safe from all his old associates and secure from police suspicion. If the police would only leave him alone, he would be a prosperous business man in a year or two.

But the ways of the police are not our ways. A man who was acquainted with the details of Coleman's last exploit got into the meshes of a detective's net, and, in order to escape arrest for some trifling affair of his own, he put the officer on the track of the larger game and gave him the names of Coleman and his partner. The partner was not to be found, but Corbett supplied the information necessary to locate Coleman by telling his father, the police captain, to watch Katie McCormack's mail. What did the police care about Coleman's reformation? They said that business was only a front stall and that he was better in prison.

The lovers had quite a number of meetings before the trial. It is against the rules for a remanded prisoner to have any conversation with a visitor except in the hearing of a warden, but a good-looking girl, who knows how to use her eyes, can usually induce a warden not to use his ears. Coleman made the best of these opportunities. He knew he would be convicted and he also knew the prison to which he would be sent. He thought he knew a way out of it which did not lead through the gate, and he carefully plotted out his plan to her.

The time had now come to see if that plan would work. He was safely landed in the prison, but she had promised to stick, and they were agreed that if he once got clear away it should be with her, and then there would be no letters to betray his whereabouts.

It takes time, money, and friends to get out of prison. Coleman thought the situation over as he lay in his cell that night. He was willing to bide his time, and he had a friend on the outside worth a dozen ordinary friends, even if it was only a woman. The hitch was the money. All he had was sunk in the little business or had been spent in fruitless efforts to defend himself at the trial. If a prisoner does not go out through the gate in a freedom suit, he must have clothes to take the place of his stripes, fast horses to outfoot his pursuers, and tickets to take him beyond the seas. Two hundred dollars would be none too little if she was to go with him, and if she could not go with him he did not care to go.

Two hundred dollars was simply impossible to him, and as for Katie, she had shaken her head at the mere suggestion of it, but at the same time she would not say that it was impossible. It might take a year, perhaps two; she might never be able to manage it; he would have to trust her and time. While she was talking to him about it, hopefully and cheerfully, many things seemed possible. Lying on his back in a cell, with the sound of the safety bell still ringing in his ears, nothing seemed possible, except to be patient and to put in the whole ten years.

Once a month he got a letter from her. There was nothing in these epistles to attract

the warden's suspicion, and Coleman paid no attention to anything but the stamp on the envelope. This was always slowly soaked off in his cell, and, after the few closely penciled words under the gum had been deciphered, the little piece of paper was carefully swallowed.

Coleman's plan of escape was a very simple one. He knew that he would be taken back to his old place in the shoe shop, and he knew that in the yard just outside was a large iron grating covering the opening of the sewer which drained the yard when it was washed. The sewer connected with a little river running through the town about a hundred yards beyond the prison walls. Whether or not this sewer was large enough for a man to crawl through, Coleman did not know, but he did know that the grating was loose, because he had often seen it lifted while serving his previous sentence. The line of prisoners marched close to this grating in going to and from the dining-room, and Coleman had often looked at it and wondered how big the sewer under it was. If a man could crawl through it and find a suit of clothes at the other end and a hack waiting for him on the roadway above, the rest was easy.

The first thing Katie had undertaken to do was to get some definite information about that sewer, and the first crushing disappointment of Coleman's prison life was to gather from the message under the gum that Katie could not manage it. She dare not ask any one to get the information for her. What should she do?

Writing notes the size of a postage stamp once a month is slow work, and Coleman began to lose heart. The impracticability of the whole scheme became more and more apparent to him, when he thought it all over in the quiet seclusion of his cell. The whole thing was nothing but a lover's dream. It had looked rosy enough while he was talking it over with her, but the windows of a prison put things in a very different light.

He wrote her a long letter and told her just how he felt about it; told her he had already asked too much, that she had done too much, and that it would be better if she gave him up and forgot that they had ever met. To write a letter in prison is comparatively easy, even if it has to be on the back of a bill of lading or an order blank. To get it into the post is not as difficult as it seems, if you have a little of the prison currency—tobacco—and know to whom to give it. Coleman carried the letter in his pocket, hoping for a chance to slip it to one of the drivers that hauled goods from the shoe shop to the railroad. He had been told by other prisoners that this particular driver did such things occasionally, and, happening to meet him on the landing, he slipped the note and the tobacco into his hand.

"Buy a stamp and post that for me, pard. It's for my girl."

"Cert," was all the man said.

Two or three days later the colored porter came through the shop on his usual morning rounds, and the officer of the shop called Coleman to the desk. He knew what was coming; the letter had fallen into the wrong hands, and he was to be called down to the office at two o'clock that afternoon and have his privileges taken away from him for a month. He did not care. He walked up to the desk, all the old bluff of the confidence man in his face.

"Visitor to see you out front," was all the officer said. He knew who it was. She had never come to see him before, for fear of attracting attention to herself. Now she had come to say good-by.

She did not seem particularly pleased to see him, and he might have been simply an acquaintance. Just before he entered the guard-room he thought he heard her engaged in rather a lively chat with the deputy warden who was to be present at their interview. During the ten minutes which she was allowed to stay, she certainly seemed to have as much to say to the officer as to the lover. She seemed in very good spirits, and complimented Coleman on his good appearance, but thought he looked a little pale. Pulling the little red ribbon from her hair, she put it suddenly around his neck, and asked the deputy if he did not think that was an improvement. The officer said he thought it was too small a necktie for a man.

"If it's here to-morrow, it's big enough for a man," she said, quick as a flash, looking Coleman straight in the eye. Then she tied it into her hair again, shook hands rather indifferently, had another little chat with the officer, who seemed still to be thinking over what she had just said, and was gone.

Not a word about his note; not even a hint. Her whole manner seemed so changed, at least toward him. He had not seen her for months—could it be possible that she

had ceased to care for him? He could not understand it, but why should he worry about it, anyway? He had already given her up; she had his letter; what was the use of thinking any more about her?

Next morning, when the line marched from breakfast to the shoe shop, Coleman looked hollow-eyed and tired. He took his place mechanically and lock-stepped along with the rest, down the steps, across the court, into the yard, and past the grating.

At the grating he stopped as if he had been shot. The man behind him cursed, and the weight of the line pushed him on, but not before he had had time to be sure he was not mistaken. A narrow little red ribbon was hanging across the bars of the grating over the sewer.

"If it's here to-morrow, it's big enough for a man." There was no misunderstanding what had happened. She had crawled through that sewer during the night and had left that message for him, so that he should take heart again. "It was big enough for a man." She had done that for him. Then she loved him still.

At noon the message had been washed away, and with it had disappeared all traces of his mistrust.

It was Katie's turn to worry now. It seemed to her as if the door stood open for her lover, and all that was wanted was the money. They say everything comes to him who waits, and she found her chance at last; an offer to go into a little wax-flower making business that promised well. She would be only a learner at first, but after the first year she could make something, and, after figuring it all over, she thought that, with the greatest care and economy, she might have the coveted two hundred dollars in about two years. Perhaps it would be better not to wait until she had enough for both, but to set him free as soon as possible and take the chance of following him later on. A hundred dollars would be enough for him alone, and she could save that in a year. Why not take the chance and save him a whole year's lingering in prison?

As briefly as she could she sent him the message. The answer did not come by post. The driver brought it personally, thinking he might perhaps earn something more substantial than tobacco by offering to take a letter inside the walls. All Coleman's letter said was: "Without you I would rather stay here." Katie told the driver to come next day for a letter which she would have ready for him. If it reached its destination safely he was to get two dollars.

Not knowing when she might have another such opportunity, she took this one to settle the final details of the premeditated escape. It was just possible that the money would be forthcoming earlier than they expected. One never knows. The moment she had it in her possession she would make all the arrangements, buy the tickets, and hire the hack. About two o'clock in the afternoon was the best time for the attempt, Tom had told her, because all the deputies were in the warden's office then with reports, and there was no one about the yard. He could easily make an excuse to go downstairs for a moment, step up to the grating, and down into the sewer. All he wanted to know was the exact day on which to make the attempt. When she was ready, she would place that red ribbon on the grating again during the night, and the next day she would wait for him at the river, and every day after that until he came. The ribbon was to be the signal that he could leave the prison behind him.

She was walking home from her work one night in the early fall, thinking about nothing in particular, peeping into the shop windows at some of the little fineries which she liked so well but had resolutely resolved to do without for the next two years, when she noticed a man watching her rather attentively. She could not see his face very well in the semi-darkness, but he seemed to be following her as if he thought he knew her. She stopped in front of a shop window to let him pass on, but he waited for her, and then came up and spoke to her. It was only a remark about something in the window, just an excuse to begin a conversation. He was a fine-looking man, with a peculiarly melodious voice, which she felt certain she had heard before somewhere.

"Where have I met you?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't know. I thought I'd seen you somewhere, but I guess I'm mistaken."

"May I ask your name?"

She thought for a moment. Should she give her right name or not? Why not? She had nothing to conceal, and she was curious to know who he was.

"Katie McCormack."

It was evident that the name was a disappointment to him.

"I can't place *you*," she said, "perhaps because I can't see you very well, but your voice sounds like I've heard it before. Your name's not Johnson?"

"No!" It was his turn to think about giving his right name now. "No. My name's Melin. Yours is a face that a man does not forget in a hurry, but I don't know where I have seen it before."

"Funny name. Never heard it before. I guess I don't know you, so I'll say good-night."

"Why in such a hurry?" he said quickly. "I have nothing particular to do with myself this evening. Perhaps if we go and have a little supper together we might talk things over and find out where we have met before."

No, she would not listen to it; but she did not object very strongly when he still walked on with her. If she did not want anything to eat, perhaps he could buy her a little present of some sort. No, she did not want any presents.

"Perfectly contented. Don't want anything in the world, eh?"

"Yes," she said slowly; "there is one thing I want very much."

"And what is that, pray?"

"Two hundred dollars."

The man laughed out loud. "Sure you could not get along with a hundred and fifty?" he said in a joking sort of way.

"No. Two hundred or nothing."

"Well, you are an interesting specimen at least," he said, looking at her rather quizzically. "Now, I suppose I may not ask how it comes you want two hundred dollars and don't want anything else on earth."

It was darker on the street now, and they were going across a long bridge over the railroad. She tried again to get a good look at his face, but while she might have seen it before, she could not say where. The voice she was sure she knew, but she could not tell to whom it had belonged. She stopped and looked down at the trains. She was thinking if it was worth while to invent a story that would account for her wanting two hundred dollars. He looked like a man of means and influence, and perhaps, if the story was plausible enough, he might put her in the way of earning that amount. He was leaning on the rail beside her; no one else was on the bridge.

"If I tell you, do you think you could help me to earn the money?"

"Help you earn it? Well, what are you; typewriter and shorthand, dressmaker, or what?"

"No. I'm learning to make wax flowers."

"Well, this is interesting. I suppose you want to buy wax while the price is down." He was laughing again now, but the girl was not. She had started to tell him the truth and his reception of it chilled her. She looked him straight in the eye with one of those peculiar searching looks that will make any man stop laughing and think.

"Pardon me," he said quite suddenly; "I was only joking."

"You didn't answer my question. Do you think you could put me in the way of earning enough to save two hundred in a year?"

"In a year?" The man looked at her in astonishment; then he looked at the trains and then he looked at her again. He seemed to be turning over something in his mind.

"Look here! I'll take a chance on you. If you will tell me what you want it for, and it's a good reason," slapping his open palm on the railing, "bless me, I'll give you two hundred, even if I am a fool for doing it."

"You are no fool," she said very quietly, "and there is something about you that rings true, for all your chaff, although I don't quite believe your name's Melin."

She began by making up a story about wanting the money for a very dear friend who was in deep trouble. It was not a good story, and, after he had listened to it attentively for a minute, he began to question her with a peculiar skill that soon involved her in contradictions which she tried in vain to straighten out. Finally he interrupted her.

"I don't think story-telling is one of your accomplishments. I should not like to think that you were deliberately trying to deceive me, but you are evidently not telling me the whole truth. If you cannot trust me, say so candidly. I have taken a fancy to you somehow, and am rather pleased to find you are not deceitful by nature. You are evidently in trouble of some kind, and you say you want two hundred dollars. I have promised to give it to you if you will tell me why you want it. If the reason is such that you cannot disclose it, say so frankly. If you cannot trust me, why should I trust you?"

"I dare not tell," she said slowly. "I should be afraid to trust a friend; and a stranger——"

"Unless I am much mistaken you are not the kind of woman to be easily deceived by a man. I leave it to you to decide whether you can trust me or not."

Should she trust him? Providence seemed to have thrown him in her way and she might never have such another chance. Her common sense kept saying "No," her feelings kept saying "Yes," and, as usual with women, her inclinations carried the day. The true story once begun, it ran on easily enough. He no longer questioned or interrupted, but led her on with a sort of silent sympathy which made it easy for her to tell him everything, even to the methods of communication and the arrangements for the final signal.

When she came to the trip through the sewer, he took off his hat and wiped his face. "Holy smoke! Do you really think the man was worth that?" He asked if that was the same kind of ribbon in her hair now, and she told him it was; she always wore the same, and it was to be the signal for Tom Coleman to leave the prison. She thought he started just a little when she mentioned the name, but it must have been only imagination, just as she thought his face looked a little more familiar when he took his hat off. He did not say anything for a minute or two after she had finished, but stood there looking down at the trains, twisting and untwisting the little red ribbon in his fingers. Then he reached over and put his hand on hers, gently and tenderly, like the touch of an old friend.

"Don't you do it, my dear girl. It's a very ingenious scheme, but it won't work. You would do your part all right, I know, and he may have the nerve to try his, but I don't think he could get away so easily. In the first place, he might be seen from the wall and shot at, and in these days of telephones your hack would not go two blocks before it would be stopped, even if your man reached it in safety. If he was caught and taken back, he would lose all his good-conduct time, have his lights taken from him for six months, and probably get two or three good floggings into the bargain.

"You seem to know a good deal about prison matters."

"Yes, well, fact is, er—I have been there several times on visitors' days. But you take my advice, my dear girl, and don't risk it, or you will only make matters worse. Even if he got away, you both would be fugitives from justice for the rest of your lives, and you would not have a moment's peace. Any one who recognized you would either blackmail you or denounce you to the police, and you would live in a perpetual nightmare of suspicion and distrust. Ten years is a long time to wait, but there is a year or more off for good conduct, and he might get a pardon before that if he behaves well. In fact, I don't see why you shouldn't do something in that line now, if your story is true about his business. If your man really made a start, I think that should count for something. With a girl like you at his elbow to push him along, he might do great things."

"Do you think it would be of any use for me to see the Governor?"

"Without some political pull to help you, no. He would not believe your story about reform. They all say that. You are a fine girl to stick to a man like that, but you take my advice and drop that escape business, or you will get into trouble yourself and do your man no good. Well," pulling out his watch, "I must be off now."

"But you won't say anything, will you? and if we should try it, you won't give us away?" She seemed half sorry that she had been so confiding, and held him beseechingly by the coat sleeve.

"You said you could trust me; trust my judgment as well, and don't risk it. When people really try to do right they must be consistent. You are planning a felony, intending to be good afterward if you are not caught. Stick to what is right, like a good girl, and you will come out all right in the end. The day will come when you will see that I am right. Good-night." He took off his hat as he stuffed the little piece of ribbon absent-mindedly into his pocket, and walked away.

Two days after that, some men came and put a new grating in the prison yard. It was leaded solidly into the stone. Coleman saw it as he passed to dinner and knew that was the end of his long-cherished dream, and that the only hope now was to go over the wall. That same afternoon he noticed that there was no stamp on the envelope that a fellow prisoner received, and the gummed part of the flap had also been cut away. There was something uncanny about the coincidence. Next day he slipped another note into the driver's hands, telling Katie that by some means they had been discovered or betrayed, and that she must not write any more notes under stamps.

When Katie got that letter she could do nothing but sit down and cry. Of course it was all her fault, just as it had been in the first place before the trial. She realized instantly that the man on the bridge had betrayed her, and she was furious with herself to think she had been such a fool as to trust him just because he had a winning voice and was good-looking. And he had taken her ribbon, too! What a mercy that he had not used it as a trap and put it on the grating so as to catch Tom in the act! Who on earth could that man be? She thought of all the people she had had anything to do with for the past year. She thought of her first meeting with Tom, of Corbett, of Tom's arrest, and the trial.

The trial! Why did she not think of that before? Now she knew where she had heard that voice. The recollection seemed to overwhelm her and take her breath like a wave of the sea. Her chance acquaintance was the prosecuting attorney, the man who had secured her lover's conviction.

At first she could do nothing but walk up and down the floor, wringing her hands and crying, "Fool! Fool! Fool!" Then she thought of putting on her things and going to Melin's house to see him. She went around to the drug store to look up his address in the directory. There was no such name. The clerk told her the prosecuting attorney's name was Godard, not Melin. So he had given her a false name and played her false besides. She would not go near him. He was too contemptible for her to speak to him even. It was maddening to think of the perfidy of men and the silly folly of a confiding woman.

A few days afterward Coleman was ordered to the warden's private office, out front. He had been expecting something of the kind every day for a week, but he had determined to put a bold face on the matter and tell the whole truth if he was asked about it. The chief warden received him with a very cheery good morning.

"Got news for you, Coleman," he said. "Can you guess?"

Coleman turned his convict's cap round and round nervously in his fingers. The warden's manner was reassuring, but his own conscience made him tremble. He did not know what to say.

"You have been very kind, sir," he started out with.

"Oh, I had nothing to do with it. I believe it was the prosecuting attorney who fixed it up. He made some inquiries about that little business you had up the country, and found you were respected by the people you dealt with, and they sort of liked you and were sorry you got into trouble. Then I suppose he talked it over with the Governor, and there you are. You can get what money is coming to you for overtime as soon as the clerk comes in. The porter has gone for a freedom suit for you, and I have ordered a hack; that's my treat. Your girl will be here in it in a minute. Here she comes now."

The next minute Katie was crying quietly on her lover's shoulder, while the warden pretended to be looking out of the window. She could not say anything, but she handed Tom a little note which contained two hundred dollars tied together with a little red ribbon. It was written on the prosecuting attorney's office paper. All it said was: "I enclose the sign agreed upon for Tom to leave the prison. With best wishes from your sincere friend, Melin."

"'I want you to tell me the truth, Tom'"

THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY: PART TWO

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LINCOLN"

CHAPTER VI

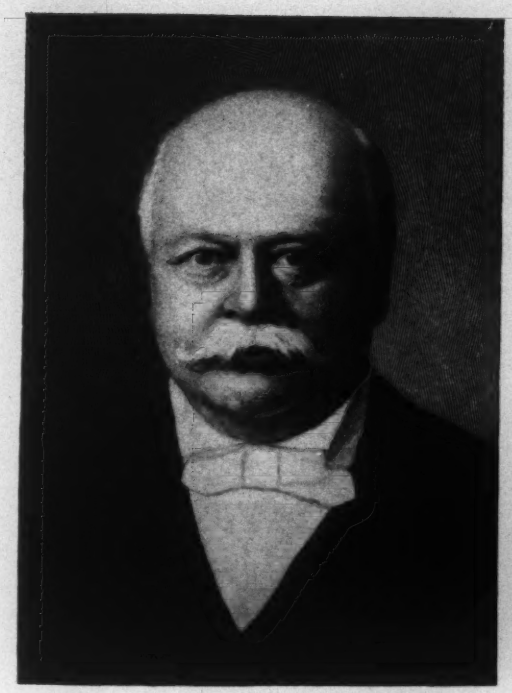
A MODERN WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S one irreconcilable enemy in the oil business has always been the oil producer. There is no doubt that Mr. Rockefeller has sincerely deplored this. And well he might, for he learned in his first great raid on the industry in 1872 that the producers aroused and united made a powerful and dangerous foe.

No doubt if it had been practical Mr. Rockefeller would have begun at the start to take over oil production as he did oil refineries and pipe-lines, and thus would have gotten his enemy out of the way; but during the first fifteen years of his work it was not practical. The oil fields were too vast and undefined. It not being practical to own the oil fields and yet essential that those who did own them, and of whose oil he aspired to be the only buyer, should be kept sufficiently satisfied not to interfere with his domination or to attempt to handle the oil for themselves, Mr. Rockefeller, whenever he had the chance, sought to persuade the producers to do what he would have done had he owned the oil fields—that was, to keep the supply of crude oil short.

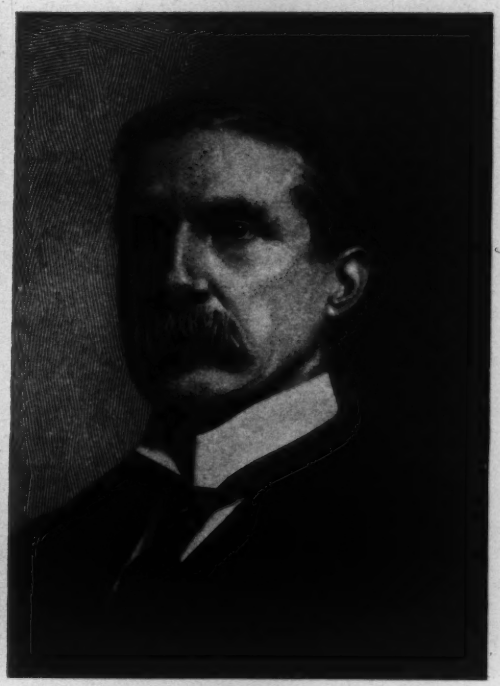
"The dear people," he said once when asked by an investigating committee if his monopoly of oil refining and oil transportation had not prevented the producer from getting his full share of the profits; "the dear people," he said, "if they had produced less oil than they wanted, would have got their full price; no combination in the world could have prevented that if they had produced less oil than the world required."

It is quite possible that if Mr. Rockefeller had been able to convert the majority of the producing body to this theory, and the supply of crude oil had been kept scarce and prices consequently high, the oil producers would have forgotten their resentment at his early raids and would have relapsed into indifference towards his control. Material prosperity is usually benumbing in its effects. There always has been a factor in the great game playing in the Oil Regions, however, which not even Mr. Rockefeller could match. Nature has been in the oil game, and she has taken pains to prevent the only situation which would have enabled Mr. Rockefeller to reconcile the oil producers. Again and again, when it seemed as if the limits of oil production were set, and when Mr. Rockefeller and his colleagues must have believed that they would soon have the industry sufficiently well in hand to pay the producers a satisfactory price for crude oil, their calculations have been upset by the discovery of a great deposit of oil which flooded the market and put down the prices. This happened so often between Mr. Rockefeller's first public appearance in the business and the time when he completed his control of transportation, refineries and markets, that the yearly production of crude oil had risen from five and a half million barrels to thirty million barrels, and instead of a half million barrels above ground in stocks there were in 1883 over thirty-five million barrels. Year after year crude oil brought less than a dollar a barrel. Embittered and discouraged, the producers fell to comparing what they were getting out of the oil business with



A. D. WOOD

Although Mr. Wood was a resident of Warren, Pennsylvania, and a man of means and influence, he never became actively interested in the oil business until 1890. In that year he became a member of the Lamont Oil Company, a producing concern of Elk County. In connection with adjoining property holders this company laid a pipe-line to a convenient shipping point. Mr. Wood's experiences in these ventures persuaded him that the oil producer must handle his oil himself to get its real value. He was one of the founders of the Producers' Oil Company, Limited, and acted as its secretary and treasurer until his death in 1895. Mr. Wood was a careful student of the history of the Standard Oil Company, and collected in his lifetime a large amount of documents on the subject.



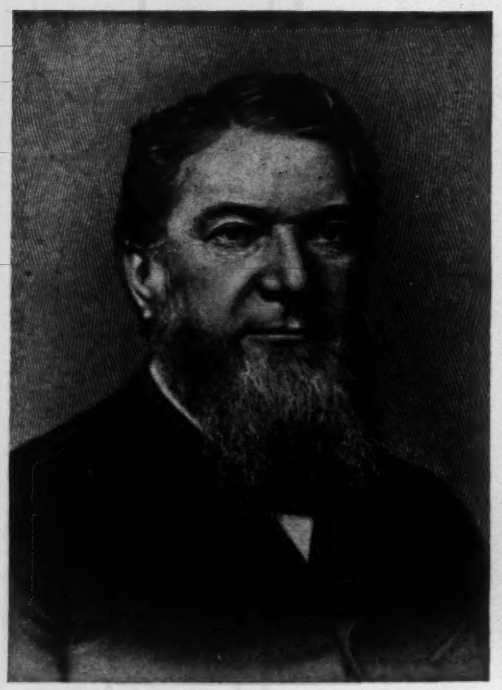
LEWIS EMERY, JR.

A graduate of Hillsdale College, Ohio, Mr. Emery first came to the Oil Regions in 1865, where he embarked in oil producing and oil refining. In 1872 he took an active part in the oil war and in 1878 he was elected to the legislature of Pennsylvania as a champion of the oil men, and for ten years he was continued in public life. At the same time Mr. Emery remained active in the oil business. He developed rich territory and attempted to refine his own oil at Philadelphia. But here again the railroads intervened and he was obliged to sell to the Standard. Unconquered, he built a refinery nearer his oil supply, and in 1891 undertook the seaboard pipe-line for crude and refined oil. The idea of piping refined oil to the sea is original with Mr. Emery. His home is in Bradford, Pennsylvania.

what Mr. Rockefeller was getting. It was not a consoling showing. The Standard Oil Trust, in spite of the extraordinary outlay for extension between 1879 and 1887, tank building, seaboard pipe-lines, buying out of competitors, keeping the railroads quiet, etc., had paid, from the first, dividends on its $70,000,000 of capital: 5.25% in 1882, 6% in 1883, 6% in 1884, 10½% in 1885, 10% in 1886. In this last year, 1886, its earnings were equal to twice the dividend of 10% it paid, or in round numbers something over fifteen million dollars, and at the end of the year it had a surplus of nearly $14,000,000 on hand.

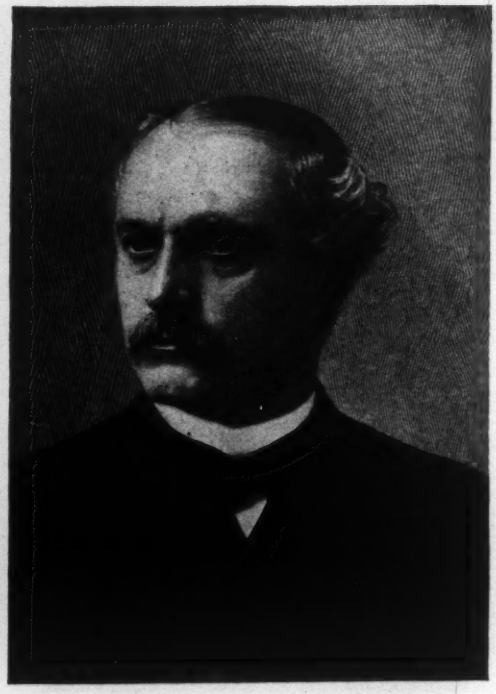
In 1886 the oil producer lost about 6% on his expenditures, and oil property depreciated one-third on its value the previous year. The Standard was making all the money in the business. Something was wrong. They could not charge the Standard with the price of oil. As long as over 30,000,000 barrels in stocks lay on the market it could not rise. But they could and did complain of what it cost them to handle this oil, of storage and carrying charges, of the deductions for shrinkage and loss by fire, of the arbitrary methods of this single buyer of their product. If the Standard had not forced out every competing transporter, if it had not created a practical monopoly in manufacture, there would certainly have been sufficient competition to have lowered their expenses, which at the present prices soon ate up the value of the oil.

The longer this glaring inequality in rewards was suffered the more bitter grew the resentment of the region. It was intensified



THOMAS W. PHILLIPS

Since 1861 Mr. Phillips has been one of the most successful and influential oil producers of Pennsylvania. He founded the firm of Phillips Brothers in 1863 and was an important factor in the development of territory on Oil Creek, at Pithole, and in Clarion and Butler Counties. It was under the conviction that he was not getting a fair proportion of the profits of his production that Mr. Phillips went into the Protective Association in 1887. He was one of the strongest advocates of the consolidation of the independent companies into the Pure Oil Company, and is one of its chief advisers to-day. Mr. Phillips is a man of wide interests outside of business, and has been active in political affairs for many years. The campaign textbook was originated by him in the Garfield campaign of 1880. He was in Congress from 1893 to 1897, and it was he who introduced the bill creating the Industrial Commission.



PETER THEOBALD

Among the refiners who have been most prominent in the independent movement outlined in this article is Mr. Theobald, of Titusville, Pennsylvania. His firm, the Independent Refining Company, of Oil City, Pennsylvania, was one of the leaders in the association of Oil City and Titusville refiners, formed as early as 1888, to take some action against the peculiar discriminations of the railroad. One of the most interesting cases which has come before the Interstate Commerce Commission was brought by these refiners—a case which will be taken up later in these articles. Mr. Theobald has always been prominent in the councils of the independents, and is at present one of the four refiners on the board of directors of the Pure Oil Company. The other three are Louis Walz, of Oil City; T. B. Westgate, of Titusville, and Delevan Emery, son of Lewis Emery, Jr., of Bradford.

by the high-handed methods of the Standard towards every small competing enterprise—refinery—pipe-line—oil jobber. No undertaking in those departments of the business which Mr. Rockefeller claimed as his own was too small to escape his enmity and systematic attack. By the end of 1886 it was evident to any observer that an outbreak of the producing element was at hand. It came suddenly at the opening of the year 1887, when a bill was introduced unannounced into the legislature of Pennsylvania evidently intended to strike a blow at the Standard. It was "An act to *punish* corporations." This was what they had always sought, some way to *punish* Mr. Rockefeller for what they believed to be a conspiracy against their interests. The way in which the Billingsley Bill, as it was called, proposed to punish the Standard, was to make it a criminal offense to charge in excess of certain rates it fixed for gathering, storing, and delivering oil. It was a poor measure, unconstitutional as first presented (acts to punish are forbidden by the constitution of the state), incapable even when revised of giving the oil men proper relief, yet for lack of something better it served as a rallying cry for the unhappy country and they rushed pell-mell to support it. Mass-meetings were held nightly from one end to the other of the Oil Regions—petitions flooded the legislature—a big delegation was kept constantly in Harrisburg lobbying for it. In the end the bill was

defeated, as it deserved to be, but the work done was by no means lost. For the first time since 1880 the Oil Regions were aroused to concerted action. The support of the Billingsley Bill had been a spontaneous movement, a passionate unorganized revolt against the tyranny of the Standard. It served to bring into action men who for six long years had been saying it was no use to resist, that Mr. Rockefeller's grip was too strong to be loosened. It revived their confidence in united action and steeled them to a determination to take hold of the industry and force into it again a fair competition in handling oil.

On the very night after the defeat of the Billingsley Bill (April, 1887), the oil men who had gathered in Harrisburg to support the measure, angry and sore as they were, arranged to call an early meeting in Oil City and organize. The meeting was held. It was large and it was followed by others.

In a very short time 2,000 oil men were enrolled in a Producers' Protective Association and 36 local assemblies were holding regular meetings throughout the region. There were several important points about the new association aside from the enthusiasm and determination which animated it:

(1) It was a secret order.

(2) Its membership was composed entirely of persons outside of and opposed to the Standard Oil Trust, one of its by-laws reading: "No person connected with the Standard Oil Company or any of its allies, as partners, stockholders, or employees, and friendly thereto, shall be elected to membership; and members becoming such shall be liable to expulsion."

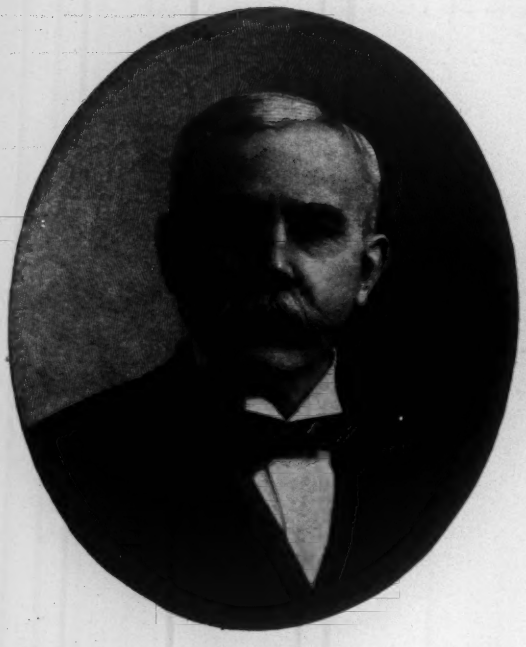
(3) It proposed "to defend the industry against the aggregations of monopolistic transporters, refiners, buyers, and sellers" by *handling its own oil.*

Hardly had the Producers' Protective Association been organized before Mr. Rockefeller had an opportunity to try his plan for conciliation. An independent movement had been started in the summer of 1887 by certain large producers in favor of a general "shut-down," its object, of course, being to decrease the oil stocks. The president of the Producers' Association, Thomas W. Phillips, who at that time was the largest individual producer in the oil country, his production averaging not less than 6,000 barrels a day, was called into consultation with the leaders of the "shut-down" movement. Mr. Phillips promptly told the gentlemen interested that he would not join in such an undertaking unless the Standard went into it. He pointed out that the Standard owned a large proportion of the 30,000,000 barrels of oil above ground. They had bought it at low prices. If the production was shut down prices would go up and the Standard would reap largely on the oil they owned. The producers would as usual be standing all the loss.

The upshot of the council was that the Producers' Protective Association took hold of the shut-down movement, its representative seeking an interview with the Standard officials as to their willingness to share in the cost of reducing the production. Here was a chance for Mr. Rockefeller to apply his theory of handling the oil producers—conciliate them when possible—encourage them in limiting their production. The oil men's representatives were met half-way and an interesting and curious plan was worked out; the producers were to agree to limit their production by 17,500 barrels a day. They were to do this by shutting down their producing wells a part or all of the time and by doing no fresh drilling for a year. If they would do this the Standard agreed to sell the association 5,000,000 barrels of oil at 62 cents, and let them carry it at the usual rates as long as they wanted to. Whatever advance in price came from the shut-in movement the producers were to have on their oil and it was to be shared by them according to the amount each shut-in his production. Mr. Phillips, before agreeing to this arrangement, demanded that provision be made for the working-men who would be thrown out of employment by the shut-down, and he proposed that the association set aside for their benefit 1,000,000 barrels of the oil bought from the Standard and that the Standard set aside another million; all the profits above 62 cents and the carrying charges on the 2,000,000 barrels were to go to the working-men. A memorandum covering the above points of the agreement was drawn up and it was accepted by the two interests represented.

Mr. Rockefeller's reason for signing the contract he gave to the New York State Trust Investigating Committee four months later.

Q. . . . What was the inducement for the Standard Oil Trust to enter into such an agreement as that?



E. H. JENNINGS

DAVID KIRK

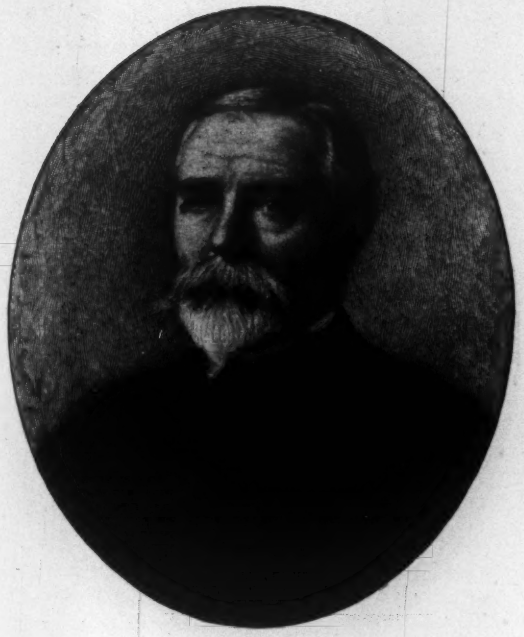
One of the first large oil yards of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, was started by David Kirk in 1862. To this he soon added a large refinery. This business was prosperous until the combination between the railroad and the allied Standard interests put a tribute upon it. Mr. Kirk was prominent in all the repeated efforts made by the independent oil men to secure relief from railroad discriminations in the early days, and his was one of the many Pittsburg firms finally driven out of business by the inequality of freights. In 1877 Mr. Kirk organized the McCalmont Oil Company, a producing concern which has always been successful and of which he is still the president. In 1887 he became active in the Producers' Protective Association and later in the independent concerns which grew out of it. He was the first president of the Pure Oil Company. Mr. Kirk was one of the chief witnesses examined in 1888 by the House Committee on Manufactures in its investigation of trusts.

A. The inducement was for the purpose of accomplishing a harmonious feeling as between the interests of the Standard Oil Trust and the producers of petroleum; there was great distress throughout the oil producing region; as an instance of that distress there was an outcry that our interest was getting a return, that theirs was not in the business, and we did not know, as a matter of fact, that the oil-producing interest was abnormally depressed, and we felt it to be to the interests of the American oil industry that a reasonable price should be had by the producer for the crude material, and we wanted to coöperate to that end.

Q. By advancing the price of the crude material you necessarily advance the price of the refined?

A. Yes, sir.

The shut-down went into effect the first of November, 1887. The effect on stocks and the market was immediate—stocks fell off at the rate of a million barrels a month, and prices rose by January, 1888, some twenty cents. But at the end of the year, though oil was higher and stocks considerably less, the benefits of the shut-down had not been conspicuous enough to produce that "harmonious feeling" Mr. Rockefeller so much desired; not sufficient to distract the minds of the producers from the idea they had in forming their association, and that was a coöperative enterprise for taking care of their own oil. Throughout 1888 and 1889 two schemes known as the Coöperative Oil Company, Limited, and the United Oil Company, Limited, were under consideration. By the end of the latter year it looked as if something could be done with the second and it was turned over by the Executive Board of the association to a special committee, of which H. L. Taylor, of the Union Oil Company, one of the largest and oldest producing concerns of the Oil Regions, was chairman. How Mr. Taylor had succeeded in getting into the Producers' Protective Association it is hard to say, for it was he and his partner, Mr. Satterfield, who, in 1883, had tried to throw the Tidewater Pipe Line into the hands of the Standard Oil



MICHAEL MURPHY

A number of the leading men of the Oil Regions came to this country from Ireland, among them the present president of the Pure Oil Company, Michael Murphy. Shipping at thirteen, young Murphy landed in Philadelphia in 1855. Here he learned the coopers' trade, but at the breaking out of the Civil War he went into the navy. At the close of the war, with a partner, John L. Davis, Mr. Murphy took up his trade in connection with the export oil business, the firm furnishing barrels for crude cargoes. From coopering the firm extended their business into oil exporting, but this was stopped by the breaking up of the Empire Transportation Company in 1877. Murphy and Davis then went into oil producing. Mr. Murphy has since proved himself one of the boldest and shrewdest operators in the oil country. At Cherry Grove, Balltown, Kane, Thorn Creek, McDonald, and in West Virginia, he has opened field after field of great value. Mr. Murphy from the start has supported the independent movement. In 1901 he succeeded the Hon. J. W. Lee as president of the Pure Oil Company.

JAMES W. LEE

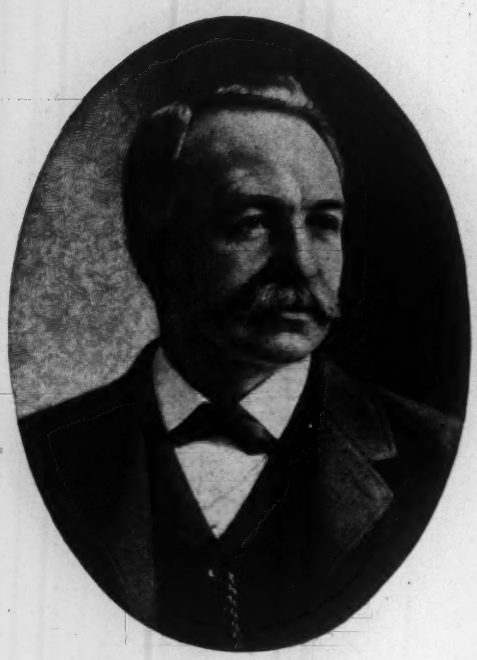
Admitted to the bar in 1869, at Franklin, Venango County, Pennsylvania, one of the original oil counties, Mr. Lee soon after formed a partnership with Mr. S. C. T. Dodd. In 1875 Mr. Dodd left the firm to become the leading counsel of the Standard Oil Company. In 1879 Mr. Lee was elected to the state senate of Pennsylvania, where he remained eight years, making a hard fight against the rebate system on the railroads and in favor of a free pipe-line bill. It was largely through his efforts that the latter was passed in 1883. Aroused by the hard conditions of the oil producing element, Mr. Lee in 1887 became active in the Producers' Protective Association. It was he who planned the agreement for the shut-down that year, and it was he who later was chiefly instrumental in bringing so large a number of oil men into the independent concerns. He was the first president of the Producers' Oil Company and of the Producers and Refiners' Company, and from 1897 to 1901 was president of the Pure Oil Company. Mr. Lee acts now as the chief counsel of the united companies. His home is in Pittsburg.

Company, and who, when that unworthy scheme failed, had sold their stock to the Standard, thus giving that company its first holdings in the Tidewater.* The independents had forgotten or overlooked this fact, for Taylor was a member of the Producers' Protective Association and prominent in its councils.

The special committee, of which Mr. Taylor was chairman, went actively to work. Lawyers were employed to consider the safest form of organization for a company doing an interstate pipe-line business and carrying on refineries. Certain German capitalists, owners of tank steamers and interested in foreign marketing agencies, were brought into the scheme. Things were going well, when suddenly the committee found the chairman cooling towards the enterprise. Then came the rumor that Mr. Taylor and his partners—Mr. Satterfield and Messrs. J. L. and C. McKinney—had sold the Union Oil Company to the Standard. A meeting of the Executive Board was at once called, Messrs. Taylor and J. L. McKinney both being present. They acknowledged the truth of the report and were promptly informed their resignations would be accepted.

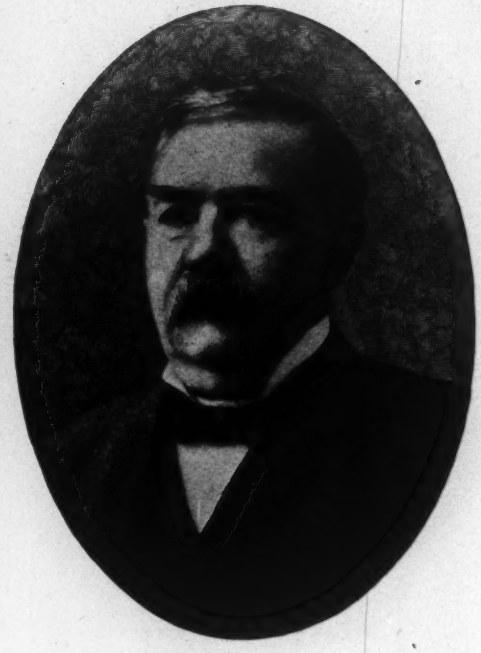
The rumor of the secret desertion of strong members of the Producers' Protective Association, while holding positions of trust, soon spread through the Oil Regions. It was

* See McClure's Magazine for January, 1904.



HUGH KING

One of the first refineries to make illuminating oil from petroleum in the vicinity of New York City was that of Thomas McGoey. Mr. McGoey had been making oil from coal, and when petroleum was discovered quickly adapted his works to the new product. In 1867 Hugh King joined Mr. McGoey and the two were active in all of the early refiners' combinations. Mr. King was one of the delegation of New York oil men who, in the summer of 1878, called on Mr. Thomas Scott and Mr. Cassatt and were told that unless they could ship as much oil as the Standard Oil Company they could not have the same rates. In 1889 McGoey and King built the Columbia Oil Works at Bayonne, N. J., and joined Lewis Emery, Jr., in the United States Pipe Line. Mr. King was especially active in the long struggle to carry that line to the seaboard. The concern still keeps its stock in the United States Pipe Line but has never gone into the Pure Oil Company.



CLARENCE WALKER

As a lawyer, located in Butler, Pennsylvania, the heart of the lower oil country, Mr. Walker became interested at the beginning of his professional career in the important legal questions of the contest between the Standard Oil Company and the oil producer. His sympathy was with the latter, and in 1887 he became a member of the Butler Assembly of the Producers' Protective Association. In June, 1891, he helped organize the Producers' Oil Company, Limited, at Bradford, representing there the Butler Assembly as trustee and subscribing for them $60,000 of the capital stock of the new company. Mr. Walker was elected a member of the first board of managers of this company, a position he has held ever since. He succeeded Mr. Wood in 1895 in the board of managers of the Producers and Refiners' Company, and was elected a trustee of the trust stock of the Pure Oil Company at its organization, a position he still holds.

a staggering blow. It took from them one of the largest single interests represented. It deprived them of men of ability on whom they had depended. It introduced a fear of treachery from others. It brought them face to face with a new and serious element in the oil problem—*the Standard as an oil producer.*

Up to 1887, the year of the organization of the Producers' Protective Association, Mr. Rockefeller had not taken his great combination into oil production to any extent, and wisely enough from his point of view. It was a business in which there were great risks, and as long as he could control the output by being its only buyer, why should he take them? Now, however, the situation was changing. A number of sure fields had been developed—Bradford, Ohio, West Virginia. Their value was depressed by over-production. Mr. Rockefeller had money to invest. The producers were threatening to disturb his control by a coöperative scheme. It was certain that he had not yet produced a "harmonious feeling." It was not sure he would. If he failed in that they might one day even shut off his supply of oil as they had done in 1872, and Mr. Rockefeller, with great foresight, determined to become a producer. In 1887 he went into Ohio fields. Soon after he began quietly to buy into West Virginia. When he learned in 1890 from Mr. Taylor and his partners that a coöperative company of producers was on foot he naturally enough concluded that the best way to dismember it

was to buy out the largest interest in it. The Union Oil Company saw the advantage of being a member of the Standard Oil Trust and sold. In this one year, 1890, over 40,000 shares of Standard Oil Trust certificates were issued to oil producing companies.*

There was general consternation in producing circles, and if there had not been a number of men in the organization who realized that the life of the independent effort was at stake and who turned all their strength to saving it, the association would undoubtedly have gone to pieces. Chief among these men were Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., and C. P. Collins, of Bradford, Pennsylvania; Hon. J. W. Lee and David Kirk, of Pittsburg; A. D. Wood, of Warren; Michael Murphy, of Philadelphia; Rufus Scott, of Wellsville; J. B. Aiken, of Washington; R. J. Straight, of Bradford; Roger Sherman and M. W. Quick, of Titusville. They urged an immediate meeting of the General Assembly, at which a plan for coöperative action should be adopted and at once put into force.

On January 28, 1891, the General Assembly convened at Warren, Pennsylvania. The whole miserable story of the coöperative plan which the Executive Board had worked out and its destruction by the desertion of the Union Oil Company came out. It was at once evident that instead of disheartening the Assembly, it was going to harden their determination and spur them to action, that they would not leave Warren until they had something to work on. The session lasted three days, and before finally adjourning it had adopted a drastic plan, framed by a committee of nine of which Mr. Quick was chairman. This plan aimed, so the resolution adopted by the Assembly stated, *to cut off the supplies of the producers' oil from the Standard Trust!* This was to be accomplished by forming a limited partnership whose subscribers should all be trusted members of the Producers' Protective Association (only persons having no affiliation with the Standard Oil Company were members of the Producers' Protective Association, it will be remembered), and which should aim to take care of the crude oil from the wells of the producers who went into the movement, furnish it local transportation, and find a market for it either by building independent refineries or by alliance with those already in existence.

From Warren the delegates went home to work for the new scheme. Hon. J. W. Lee and J. R. Goldsborough, the secretary of the association, at once made a tour of the Oil Regions to explain the project and solicit subscriptions. The response was immediate. In a few weeks over 1,000 producers had subscribed to the new company, which was at once organized as the Producers' Oil Company, Limited, its capital being $600,000.

But it is one thing to organize a company and another to do business. Where were they to begin? Where to set foot? The only thing of which they were sure was a supply of crude oil, and in order to take care of that they began operations by putting up four iron tanks at Corapolis, Pennsylvania, near the rich McDonald oil field. But they must have a market for it, and their first effort was to ship it abroad. At Bayonne, New Jersey, on the border of the territory occupied by the Standard's great plant, stood an independent oil refinery, the Columbia Oil Company. The Columbia has "terminal privileges," that is, a place on the water front from which it can ship oil—an almost impossible privilege to secure around New York harbor. The Producers' Oil Company now obtained from Hugh King, the president of the Columbia, the use of his terminal. They at once had fifty tank cars built and prepared to ship their crude oil, but the market was against them, stocks were increasing, prices dropping. The railroad charged a price so high for running their cars that there was no profit, and the fifty tank cars were never used in that trade. A futile effort to use their crude oil as fuel in Pittsburg occupied their attention for a time, but it amounted to nothing. It was becoming clearer daily that they must refine their oil. The way opened to this towards the end of their first year.

In and around Oil City and Titusville there had grown up since 1881 a number of independent oil refineries. They had come into being as a direct result of the compromise made in 1880 between the producers and the Pennsylvania Railroad, a clause of which stipulated that thereafter railroad rates should be open and equal to all

* For stock of Union Oil Co.....18,249 shares.
" " " Forest Oil Co.....17,378 "
" " " North Penn. Oil Co..... 2,647 "
" " " Midland Oil Co..... 2,000 "
40,274

shippers. The Pennsylvania seems to have intended at first to live up to this agreement, and it encouraged refiners in both the Oil Regions and Philadelphia to establish works. At first things had gone very well. There were economies in refining near the point where the oil was produced, and so long as the young independents had a low rate to seaboard for their export oil they prospered. But in 1884 things began to change. In that year the Standard Pipe Line made a pooling arrangement with the Pennsylvania Railroad, by which rates from the Oil Regions were raised to 52 cents a barrel, an advance of 17 cents a barrel over what they had been getting, and in return for this raise the Standard agreed to give the railroad 26 per cent. of all the oil shipped eastward, or pay them for what they did not get. This advance put the independents at a great disadvantage. In September, 1888, another advance came. Rates on oil in barrels were raised to 66 cents, while rates on oil in tanks were not raised. The explanation was evident. The railroad owned no tank cars, but rented them from the Standard Oil Company. It refused to furnish these tank cars to the independents, but forced them to ship in barrels, and now advanced the price on oil in barrels. This second advance was more than the refiners could live under, and they combined and took their case to the Interstate Commerce Commission, a hearing being given them in Titusville in May, 1889. No decision had as yet been rendered, and they in the meantime were having a more and more trying struggle for life, and their exasperation against the Standard was increasing with each week. When, therefore, the representatives of the Producers' Oil Company proposed a league with the independent refiners they were cordially welcomed.

We have oil in tanks at Corapolis, said the producers, plenty of it, but we have no market. If we build a pipe-line from our tanks to Oil City and Titusville and give you pipeage at fifteen cents a barrel, five cents less than the Standard charges, will you enter into an agreement with us to take our oil for five years? The refiners saw at once the possible future in such an arrangement, and in a short time they had gone individually into a company to be called the Producers and Refiners' Company, with a capital of $250,000, of which the Producers' Oil Company held $160,000, and whose object was the laying of a pipe-line from the fields in which the producers were interested to the refineries at Oil City and Titusville. The new plan was carried out with the greatest secrecy and promptness. Before the Standard men in the region realized what was going on a right of way was secured and the pipe was going down. On January 8, 1893, the first oil was run. Here, then, was the first link in a practical coöperative enterprise—independent producers and refiners of oil joined by a pipe-line of which they were the owners.

While this enterprise was being carried out in Western Pennsylvania, in the northern part of the state a still more ambitious, independent project was under way, nothing less than a double pipe-line, one for refined and the other for crude oil, from the Oil Regions to the sea. This plan had originated with the Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., one of the most implacable and intelligent opponents Mr. Rockefeller's pretensions have ever met. Mr. Emery sympathized with the idea that there was no way for the producer to get his share of the profits in the oil business except by handling the product entirely himself. In his judgment a pipe-line to the seaboard was the first important link in such an attempt, and in 1891, on his own responsibility, he set out to see what hopes there were of securing a right of way. The Columbia Oil Company, through whom the Producers and Refiners' were exporting, favored such a scheme. It was certain many producers would go into it; but on all sides there was much skepticism about the Standard allowing a line to go through. Mr. Emery's first idea was a line from Bradford to Williamsport, on the Reading road. He consulted the railroad officials. They would be glad of the freight, they told him, and a preliminary contract was drawn up. The contract was never completed. Mr. Emery returned to find out why. "If we give you this contract," the Reading officials told Mr. Emery, "we shall disturb our relations with the Standard Oil Trust. We can not do it."

Turning from the Reading, he projected a new route, a pipe-line from Bradford to the New York, Ontario and Western Railway near Hancock, New York, thence by rail to the Hudson River, and from there by water to New York harbor. The New York, Ontario and Western officials welcomed the proposal. It gave them a new and valuable freight. But the pipes must cross the Erie road near both its terminals. Mr. Emery

saw the president of the road. "Yes," the president told him, "we are disposed to assist all progress. Go ahead." Thus encouraged he sent his men into the field to get the right of way. They had made a good beginning before the project was known, but as soon as it was rumored there appeared promptly on the route surveyed a number of men known to be Standard employees. They, too, wanted a right of way, the same Mr. Emery wanted. They bought strips of land across his route, they bought up mortgages on farms where rights had already been acquired, and, mortgage in hand, compelled farmers to give them rights. It was an incessant harassing by men who never used the rights acquired—who did not want them save to hinder the independent project. This sort of hindrance by the Standard was certain, whatever route was taken, and Mr. Emery went ahead undismayed, and in September, 1892, organized his company—the United States Pipe Line Company—with a capital of $600,000. Among the incorporators were representatives of the independents' interests, both in New York and in the Oil Regions, and much of the stock was soon placed in the hands of the men who were interested in the independent concerns described above.

It looked very much as if the United States Pipe Line were to be laid. Now, the strength of the Standard Oil Trust had always been due to its control of transportation. An independent pipe-line, especially to the seaboard, was considered rightly as a much more serious menace to its power than an independent refinery. The United States Pipe Line could not be allowed, and prompt and drastic measures were taken to hinder its work. There is no space here for an account of the wearisome obstructive litigation which confronted the company, for the constant interference, even by force, which followed them for months. It culminated when an attempt was made to join the pipes laid to each side of the Erie tracks near Hancock, N. Y., the eastern terminal of the pipe-line. Mr. Emery, relying on the promise of the Erie's president to allow a crossing, sent his men to the railway to connect the pipes. Hardly had they arrived before there descended on them a force of seventy-five railroad men armed for war. These men took possession of the territory at the end of the pipes and entrenched themselves for attack. The pipe-line men camped nearby for three months, but they never attempted to join the pipes. Mr. Emery had concluded, on investigation, that the Erie officials, like the Reading, had found that it would be unwise to disturb their relations with the Standard, and while his men were keeping attention fixed on that point he was executing a flank movement, securing a right of way from a point seventy miles back to Wilkesbarre, on the Jersey Central. This new movement was executed with such celerity that by June, 1893, the United States Pipe Line had a crude line 180 miles long connecting the Bradford oil fields with a friendly railway, and a refined line 250 miles long connecting the independent refiners of Oil City, Titusville, Warren, and Bradford with the same railway.

With the completion of the refined line a question of vital importance was to be settled: Could refined oil be pumped that distance without deteriorating? The Standard had insisted loudly that it could not. When the day came to make the experiment an anxious set of men gathered at the Wilkesbarre terminal. They feared particularly that the oil would lose color, but, to their amazement, not only was the color kept, but it was found on experiment that the fire test was actually raised by the extra agitation the oil had undergone in the long churning through the pipes. A new advance had been made in the oil industry—the most substantial and revolutionary since the day the Tidewater demonstrated that crude oil could be pumped over the mountains. This new discovery, it is well to note, was not the work of the Standard Oil Trust, but it was accomplished in the face of their ridicule and opposition by men driven to find some way to escape from their hard dealings.

The success of the United States refined line aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the independent interests. It gave them access to the seaboard and there was immediate talk of a closer union between them. Why should the Producers and Refiners' Pipe Lines not be sold to the United States line and completed to Bradford? By the spring of 1894 the project seemed certain of realization.

The new movement was serious. Let this consolidation take place and the producers had exactly what they had set out in 1887 to build up—a complete machine for handling the oil they produced. As the undertaking grew in solidity and completeness, the war

upon it grew more systematic and determined. It took two main lines. Discrediting the enterprise in the eyes of stockholders so that they would sell the stock to Standard buyers, the object being, of course, to get control of the companies; cutting the refined market until the refiners in the alliance should fail, or, becoming discouraged, sell. The work of discrediting the enterprise was turned over to the Standard organs in the Oil Regions, chief among which is the Oil City *Derrick*. Since 1885 the editor of this interesting sheet has been a picturesque Irishman, Patrick C. Boyle by name. Mr. Boyle's position as editor and proprietor of the *Derrick* is due to the generosity of the Standard Oil Trust, and he has discharged his allegiance to his benefactor with a zeal which, if it has not always contributed to the enlightenment of the Oil Regions, has, materially, to its gaiety. Mr. Boyle now turned all his extraordinary power of vituperation on three of the independents whose activity was particularly offensive to him—Mr. Emery, Mr. Wood, and Mr. Lee—and he went so far that each of the three gentlemen finally sued him for libel. They all got judgments. In Mr. Emery's case, Mr. Boyle, after signing a bond of $5,000 to keep the peace—which bond he was obliged later to pay, with half as much more in costs—published the following retraction:

TO THE PUBLIC

For many years past there have appeared in the editorial and news columns of the Oil City *Derrick* various articles reflecting on the business, social and political character and integrity of Lewis Emery, Jr.

P. C. Boyle, the editor of the *Derrick*, was indicted and convicted for the publication of certain of such articles, and civil suit for damages was instituted by Mr. Emery against P. C. Boyle for damages for such publications.

The litigation has now been adjusted, and Mr. Boyle voluntarily retracts in toto all matters and things which he has said derogatory to the character, standing or responsibility of Lewis Emery, Jr., published by him or under his direction in the past.

Mr. Boyle is fully satisfied that such articles have been published under a misapprehension of the facts, and is satisfied that Mr. Emery has been wronged, and should be vindicated, and this retraction is freely made as such.

Many of the articles have been republished in various papers in this country and Europe, and it is the desire of Mr. Boyle that this retraction shall be as freely and fully printed and published as were the original articles reflecting on Mr. Emery.

(Signed) P. C. Boyle.

It is a gratification to the writer to be able to help carry out Mr. Boyle's laudable desire to have this document well circulated!

Although the greater part of the Oil Regions never took Mr. Boyle himself seriously, the conviction that his attacks were inspired, that this was the Standard's way of saying to the producers that their enterprise would not be allowed to live, gave a sinister look to what he said. More damaging still was the quiet confidence with which the solid men of the Standard smiled at the independent effort. What were their puny thousands compared to the millions of the Trust? What was a band of scattered "oil-shriekers" against the cold-blooded deliberation of Mr. Rockefeller's solid phalanx? The oil men were conscious enough of the inadequacy of their capital and their organization, but they hung on, many of them because their blood was up and they preferred to spend their last cent to yielding; others on the principle which Mr. Phillips confesses held him, "that God sometimes chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty." Or that "one might chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

The efforts which the Standard made to discredit the independent companies and their leaders were accompanied by a persistent, though quiet, attempt of Standard agents to buy in all the stock in the Producers' Oil Company and the United States Pipe Lines which timid, indifferent, or financially embarrassed stockholders could be induced to give up. The movement began to be rumored and caused no little uneasiness in independent circles. How much would the Standard get? What would they do with it? They were soon to find out.

Before the use to be made of the stock developed, however, the Standard turned against the independents the most powerful and cruel weapon it wields—its control of the markets. The refiners were to be driven from the combination. The extent to which cutting was carried on for two years, beginning with the fall of 1893, is clear from a comparison of prices. In January of 1893 crude oil was selling at 53½ cents a barrel and refined oil for export at 5.33 cents a gallon. Throughout the year the price of crude advanced until in December it was 78⅜ cents. Refined, on the contrary, fell and it was actually 18 points lower in December than it had been twelve months before. Throughout 1894 the Standard kept refined oil down;

the average price of the year was 5.19 cents a gallon, in face of the average crude market of 83¾ cents*—lower than in January, 1893, with crude at 53½ cents a barrel!

This much for the New York end of the export business. In Germany, where the export oil of the independents all went, it being handled there by one dealer, Herr Poth, whose depot was Mannheim, on the Rhine, prices were cut at every point which the independent oil reached. It was a matter of life and death to keep the foreign market they had developed, and for twenty months the independent refiners met the demand of their export agents and foreign dealers for lower prices with cut cargoes. For twenty months they lost money on every barrel they sold. Oil was sold by the Titusville refiners as low as 1.98 cents a gallon. The Lewis Emery works at Bradford sold one cargo at 1.07 cents net and many at or below 2 cents. Had it not been for the union with pipe-lines such prices would have been impossible, but all through the struggle in the market the United States Pipe Line and the Producers and Refiners' lines carried oil at cost or below. The pipe-lines were heavily in debt to the Reading Iron Works, but that company stood by them valiantly, extending their notes until the struggle was over and the pipe-lines able to meet them. It is rather interesting to note that this consideration came from the same body of men who, as officials of the Reading Railroad, found it impractical to carry out a contract with Mr. Emery, lest they "disturb their relations with the Standard Oil Trust!"

Such a situation could not go on forever, evidently. It had come apparently to be a question of how long the refiner had money to lose, and, as month after month the independents saw their bank accounts diminishing, and no relief in sight, the courage of a few began to ooze. Finally, late in 1894, a committee of the Western refiners came to New York to consult the Standard. Is there no hope of a better market? Is there any chance for us? None whatever, they were told, except to sell. We will buy the refineries and the stock of the independent concerns, but that is all we can do. The committee came home to report. The situation was hopeless, they said, and as for them they should sell. As they represented three of the largest concerns in the union and all carried stock in the allied enterprise, their withdrawal seemed at the moment a death-blow. It was a glum and beaten body of men which listened to the report, surrender written in every line of their faces.

Now Mr. Lee and Mr. Wood, two active men of the Producers' Oil Company, had been invited to the meeting of the refiners. They realized fully that if the refiners pulled out of the union now the independent effort would, in all probability, go to pieces, and before a vote to sell could be taken Mr. Lee was on his feet. In an impassioned speech he pleaded for one more effort. He pointed out the fact that the abnormal condition of the oil market could not remain, that crude oil was steadily rising, and that no monopoly could permanently hold down a manufactured product in the face of the rising raw product. The Standard had done this for nearly two years—but it was contrary to the laws of nature that they do it for two years more. He told them that already conditions were better in Germany, that Mr. Emery had recently gone with Herr Poth, their foreign buyer, to several members of the German Government, and presented to them the discrimination in prices of oil practised in the Empire, oil from 1½ to 3 cents higher on the Elbe than on the Rhine, at points where freights were the same. He told the refiners of the interest that had been taken by the Government in their case and how they said, "Go home, gentlemen, and this shall stop," and that it had stopped. If criminal underselling is not allowed in Germany, Mr. Lee argued, we can keep our market. He reminded the refiners that it was not merely a business they were establishing; it was a cause they were defending—the right of men to work in their own way without unlawful interference. The honor not only of themselves but of the Oil Regions was at stake. They were struggling for great principles. They were demonstrating that pluck, patience and energy and brains can conquer any combination that ability and unscrupulousness can devise. "Do not give in," pleaded Mr. Lee. "Hold on, and we will go to the producers, lay your plight before them and raise money to keep up the fight."

* The following table shows the variations from 1890 to 1897 in price of crude oil per barrel of 42 gallons, and the price of refined oil per gallon in barrels in New York:

	1890		1891		1892		1893	
	Jan.	Dec.	Jan.	Dec.	Jan.	Dec.	Jan.	Dec.
Crude	1.05⅛	67⅛	74⅛	59¼	62⅜	53¼	53½	78⅜
Refined	7½	7¼	7.42	6.44	6.45	5.45	5.33	5.15

	1894		1895		1896		1897	
	Jan.	Dec.	Jan.	Dec.	Jan.	Dec.	Jan.	Dec.
Crude	80	91⅜	98⅝	1.43⅜	1.45¾	97⅞	88⅛	65
Refined	5.15	5.61	5.87	7.77	7.85	6.35	6.13	5.40

Aroused by his plea, all but three of the independent concerns decided to make another effort if the producers would help them out. In the next few days the leading men of the independent alliance worked with fury to call the Oil Regions into a mass-meeting. They traveled from assembly to assembly exhorting to action; they circulated dodgers announcing the gathering, and finally, in January 1895, ran special trains to Butler, the rallying place. There was no lack of enthusiasm and blunt talk at the Butler mass-meeting. All the bitterness and determination of the Regions poured forth against the Standard, and when the resolution to raise money to form a new company, to be called the Pure Oil Company, its immediate object being to take care of the refiners in the tight place where they were, was put, it went through with a whoop and in a few moments $75,000 had been subscribed. A few days later this sum was raised to $200,000.

The objects of the company as set forth in its prospectus issued at this time were:

> To maintain and uphold the inherent right to do business, the right to transport and market the producer's own product, and his right to the just reward of his labor and capital invested.

Another clause of the prospectus is interesting:

> To prevent any interference of that monopoly which has obtained control of the oil business, the voting power of one-half of the stock of the Pure Oil Company is placed by the owners in the hands of five champions of this right of independence, who are bound by the terms of a permanent trust bond to vote only for such men and measures as shall forever make this company INDEPENDENT, so that no sales of interest will carry with them any power to jeopardize the policy or existence of the Company, or the investments of its remaining members.

The Pure Oil Company had been organized none too soon. It was but a few months after it was well under way before a hurried meeting of the independents was called in New York. With scared faces the members learned that the German dealer, who for four years had been handling 90 per cent. of their export oil, had sold to the Standard marketing concern, the Deutsche-Amerikanische Company. Consternation was great. The independents had depended on the loyalty of Herr Poth as they did on that of each other. He had been enlisted in their cause by Mr. Emery, who, with the tragic earnestness which had characterized his entire struggle for independence, had asked him for an oath of loyalty, and, hand on his heart, Herr Poth had pledged his faith. In every respect he had served them loyally. His desertion was inexplicable and disheartening. Later they learned the truth, that Herr Poth had been informed by what he supposed to be reliable authority that the American independent interests had sold to the Standard. Believing that this would cut off his supply, he had turned over his concern to the Deutsche-Amerikanische. A few weeks later Herr Poth died suddenly. The story goes in independent circles that when he learned the truth he literally died of grief, believing he had perjured himself.

Herr Poth's sale left the independents in serious shape. They had cargoes of oil ready for Europe and no tankage in Europe to take it—nobody there to sell it. A meeting was at once called in Pittsburg to raise money, and in a few days Mr. Emery and Mr. Murphy went abroad, and, as quickly as such work could be done, they secured privileges in Hamburg and Rotterdam to erect tanks and establish marketing stations. The Pure Oil Company was in Europe. Once more the independents had been driven to depend on themselves and once more they had proved sufficient to the emergency. But war was by no means over. With the establishment of the Pure Oil Company came the foreshadowing of a still closer union of the companies. At all hazard this was to be prevented. The Standard determined to play the stock of the Producers' Oil Company and the United States Pipe Line, which it had been picking up quietly. Already one attempt had been made to get into the former concern through one of the most conspicuous and successful producers of the oil country—Colonel John J. Carter, of Titusville, the president of the Carter Oil Company.

Colonel Carter owned 300 shares of Pure Oil Company stock and had been elected a member of it—according to the rules governing limited partnership in Pennsylvania, a stockholder must be elected to membership before he can vote his stock. In February, 1894, when a union of the pipe-lines had first been voted, he suddenly appeared in court and got an injunction against the sale! In the hearings on the injunction there came out a fact in regard to Colonel Carter which aroused a storm of wrath against him among

the independents. The Standard Oil Company owned 60 per cent. of the Carter Oil Company! A harder fact was to be digested. On April 11, 1894, the company met in Warren, Pennsylvania. Colonel Carter was present and voted not only his 300 shares but 13,013 more! Where had he got them? There was but one conclusion, and it proved to be true—the 13,013 belonged to the Standard Oil Company. They had been *loaned* to Mr. Carter; there was a form of transfer but no sale, not even a price having been decided on—evidently in the hope that he with a few other stockholders who were disaffected would control the meeting and prevent the union of the pipe-lines. The attempt failed, for the Carter-Standard faction succeeded in getting together only 21,848 shares, while the independents held 30,560. The bitterness over this attack aroused terrible excitement. More than one member of the Warren meeting shouted "traitor" at Colonel Carter, and when the news of what happened reached the Producers' Protective Association, there was a general demand that he be expelled from the Titusville assembly. It was done promptly, Mr. Carter not being given even a hearing.

The Standard took back its 13,013 shares and patiently went on picking up more. By January, 1896, they held 29,764 shares, enough with Colonel Carter's 300 to give them a clean majority. Colonel Carter appeared at 26 Broadway at this opportune moment and offered to buy the stock at 100. Mr. Archbold and his colleagues thought it worth 150. (They are said to have paid as high as 220 for some of it.) Mr. Carter, in his frank colloquial testimony when on the witness stand, described the conversation over the price:

> Mr. Archbold says: "I don't know, John, but what you are asking us to sell that stock too cheap. Don't you think it is worth more money?" I says, "Not to me, it is not." I says, "I am willing to start in on this thing and put it on a paying basis and pay par for it." "Well," he says, "I guess that we will have to think that thing over," and it dropped right there.

There were several interviews between Mr. Archbold, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Carter. They wanted to know how he proposed to run the Producers' Oil Company if he obtained a majority of the stock. "If I run that pipe-line," Mr. Carter reports himself as saying, "I am going to run it according to law and business principles. Any man that wants oil of me and has the money to pay for it shall have it."

"Will you let Mr. Emery have some oil if he wants it?" asked Mr. Rogers. "Yes, I will." "And all the outside refiners?" "Yes, I will. I shall make no discrimination against the outside refiner and in favor of the Standard Oil Company, or vice versa."

The Standard Oil seems to have been convinced that Colonel Carter was their friend—they probably never had any doubt of their ability to manage *him*, and it is evident from the Colonel's testimony that *he* never had any doubt about his own ability to manage both independents and Standard—and the sale was made at 100, Colonel Carter giving his check for $297,640 on the Seaboard Bank.

Stock in hand, Colonel Carter went back to the Oil Regions to take possession. It was not so easy as he anticipated. The secretary refused to transfer the stock. He sought the president, Mr. Lee. What took place Colonel Carter himself told later on the witness stand:

> Senator Lee and myself retired to my room in the hotel and we had quite a preliminary conversation on the situation and in regard to the Producers' Pipe Line. Then I stated to him my ownership of the majority of the stock of the Producers' Oil Company, Limited, and stated furthermore that I purchased it from the National Transit Company; that my desire was to stop all contention on the part of the Producers' and myself, to run the business on a business principle so that the stock belonging to the various members and myself might pay something, instead of dragging its slow length along as it had been for the past six years. I told him, furthermore, that I was perfectly willing that he should elect what portion of the directors that his stock would warrant him and I would elect those that I could. The Senator replied then: "You propose to take charge of the association?" "Yes," I said; "I did." The Senator then stated emphatically that I could not do it; he would not permit it; if he had to spend the whole capital of the company he would resist it. . . . He gave me to understand emphatically that there was not anything except the management of the company by himself and his associates that would be tolerated, and I told him then I was sorry that I would have to go into court and determine my rights in court. That was about all, but it is only fair, furthermore, to say that at the time the Senator was rather warm and I presume I was warm in the collar myself. I stated to him plainly that if there was any attempt to eject me from a legally constituted meeting in which I was there, I would resist it if I killed the man that attempted to put me out.

Mr. Carter's cool announcement that he meant to run the company "from a business standpoint and not from the standpoint

of a gadfly"—there seems to be a doubt about its being the producers who had played the part of the gadfly—exasperated the independents to the last degree, and in June, 1896, they met the Colonel in court. His ownership of a majority of the company's stock was admitted, but it was urged by the independents that the Producers' Oil Company was a limited partnership, and that under the Pennsylvania law no one owning stock can become a member without being elected by a majority in number and value of the interests. Colonel Carter had been elected member on only 300 shares. Both the lower and supreme courts sustained the independents, and Colonel Carter found himself an owner of a majority of the concern's stock without the right of control. Under those circumstances neither he nor the Standard wanted the stock and the company bought it below par.

The winning of the Carter case gave encouragement that a similar suit brought by the Standard Pipe Lines against the United States Pipe Line might fail. As already noted, the Standard began to buy into that company as soon as it was under way, and by the summer of 1895 they had collected 2,613 shares. In August of that year the annual meeting of the company was held and the agent of the Standard Oil who had been buying the stock, Mr. J. C. McDowell, presented himself prepared to vote. He was stopped at the door by Mr. Michael Murphy, the present president of the Pure Oil Company, and told emphatically that they considered that he was sent there by the Standard Oil Company to spy on their actions; that, legal or illegal, they would throw him out if he crossed the threshold. Mr. Murphy is well known to be a man of his word, and as he was backed by young and athletic independent stockholders, Mr. McDowell discreetly withdrew. Naturally a suit followed, but this time the independents lost. The United States Pipe Line, being a corporation, was obliged to recognize the Standard interest in the concern and eventually to allow them a director on its board.

The humiliation and disgust over this result shook the independents' interests to their foundation. There perhaps was never a period of more heartbreaking discouragement for many of the men than when they saw their dearest hopes frustrated and a Standard representative in their councils. This defeat came, too, when they were smarting under a continued and intolerable interference by the Standard with the extension of their pipe-lines to the seaboard. That both the crude and refined lines should ultimately reach the sea had, of course, been the intention from the first. But it was not until 1895 that the company felt firm enough in its finances to push this extension. The route laid out was from Wilkesbarre to Bayonne, N. J., by way of Hampton Junction, on the Jersey Central Railroad. By this course two railroads were to be crossed, the Pennsylvania and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western. Under both of them ran the pipe-lines of the Standard and the Tidewater, and the United States Pipe Line officials believed they had an equal right to go under, but they took it for granted they would be opposed and prepared for it. Looking over the titles of the land along the Pennsylvania, Mr. Emery, the president of the company, who was personally directing the extension, found one for an acre; the owner did not know of his possession and was glad to sell it. This gave the United States people a crossing, but even then they were obliged to carry on a long litigation in the courts before they were free to use their rights.

Coming to the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western they decided to test their position by laying a pipe. It was promptly torn out. A farm over which the railroad passed was then purchased and preparations made to lay the pipe in a roadway under the tracks. As this road was some seventeen feet below the rails, any claim that there was possible danger from the oil seemed feeble. Knowing that the point was watched, Mr. Emery tried strategy. Taking fifty men with him he went in the night to the culvert under which he meant to cross, laid his pipes four feet under ground, fastened them down with heavy timbers, piled rocks on them, anchored them with chains, established a camp on each side of the track, and prepared for war. They soon had it. First with a body of railroad men armed with picks and bars who invaded the camp. "I told the boys," said Mr. Emery in describing the incident to the Industrial Commission in 1899, "to take the men by the shoulders and the seat of the pants and take them out and lay them down carefully, which they did." The next day two wrecking cars with 250 men came down the road and charged the camp, but again they were routed. The matter was

taken by mutual agreement into court, and, while Mr. Emery was before the justice of the peace, two locomotives were run down and the camp attacked with hot water and coals!

By this time the whole countryside was aroused. The unfairness of the thing was so patent that even the railroad employees engaged in it did not hesitate to say in excuse of their employers that it was the Standard Oil Company which was at the bottom of the opposition! As for the inhabitants, they offered any aid they could give. The local G. A. R. sent forty eight muskets to the scene of war. Mr. Emery bought eighteen Springfield rifles, the camp was barricaded, and for seven months the pipes were guarded while the courts were deciding the legal title to the crossing.

This interim was employed by the pipe-line people in an attempt to get a free pipe-line bill through the New Jersey legislature. If this could be done they could go under the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western without its consent. The bill was introduced in February, 1896, J. W. Lee, Hugh King, and Lewis Emery, Jr., all appearing before the committee to argue for it. At first there seemed to be no opposition to it. Everybody agreed it was a just and proper measure. Then suddenly, within a few days of the end of the session, a violent opposition sprang up. Trenton became alive with lobbyists—men well enough known to politicians. The newspapers came out boldly with the charge that the railroads and Standard were going to defeat the bill. Its friends could not believe it, nor did they until they found the morning it was to be presented that the Senator having it in charge had disappeared, taking with him the bill and everything concerning it. Four days later the legislature adjourned and the precious Senator, when next heard from, was in the far West.

Deprived of this hope, and condemned to a litigation which was certain to be made as long, as vexatious, and as costly as lawyers could make it, the chief counsel of the United States Pipe Line, Roger Sherman, advised a bold move — to bring suit against the Standard Trust under the Sherman anti-trust law. The summons was issued in July, 1897. A very pretty list of wrongs it was of which the plaintiff complained: the instigation of lawsuits and the causing of injunctions without cause, and solely for the purpose of preventing the independent line from doing business; the publishing of libelous matter concerning the company and its officers in newspapers controlled by the trust; engaging bodies of men to tear up parts of pipe-line already laid; enticing away from the enterprise officers, agents, and employees; chartering or purchasing any vessels carrying independent oil, solely for the purpose of interfering with the independent market; intimidating merchants by threats of underselling until they refused to buy the oil contracted for; criminal underselling solely for destroying the plaintiff's markets.

It was a serious case Mr. Sherman made out, and the evidence he collected was elaborate and detailed. But, for a reason, it was never to come to trial. Less than two months after the summons was issued, Mr. Sherman died suddenly in New York City. The shock of his death was such that the independent companies had no heart for the suit, but allowed it to lapse.

There was nothing now but the slow course of Jersey justice for the United States Pipe Line, and for four long years it dragged itself through the courts. Twice it won, but at last, in 1899, the decisions of the lower courts were reversed and the pipe-line had to come up. Ordered out of New Jersey, the independents had to turn back to Pennsylvania. In that state there is a free pipe-line bill. Philadelphia is a shipping point. Luckily for the company, Mr. Murphy had some time before this, and in anticipation of a defeat in New Jersey, bought on his own responsibility the land for a terminal at Marcus Hook, on the Delaware. This terminal he now sold to the company at the nominal price he had paid for it, and the United States Pipe Line was started again from Wilkesbarre to the sea. Finally, on May 2, 1901, after nine years of struggle in the face of an interference intolerable and unjust, after a quarter of a million dollars spent in litigation, in useless surveys, in laying and pulling up pipes, in loss of business, the first refined oil ever piped from the Oil Regions to the seaboard reached Philadelphia.

Mr. Emery, in telling his story of the difficulties of the United States Pipe Line to the Industrial Commission in 1899, did not hesitate to attribute them to the Standard Oil Trust. Mr. J. D. Archbold made a "general denial": "We have not at any time had any different relations with reference to any obstruction or effort at obstruction of their line *than would attach to any competitor in a*

line of business engaging against another." "We asked our friends on the railroad and in the New Jersey legislature to look after our interests, of course," a Standard official told the writer in discussing this case, "That was our right." Mr. Boyle, the editor of the *Derrick*, took the stand before the Industrial Commission that the Standard Oil Trust's opposition to the United States Pipe Line was merely fair competition, as justifiable as offering a higher price for land which your competitor is after.

From the Standard point of view it is evident that all this is legitimate business. They do not wish the United States Pipe Line to reach New York. They say to their friends of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western and in the legislature of New Jersey: "These people are our competitors." Apparently neither the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western nor the New Jersey legislature can afford to forget who are the competitors of the Standard Oil Trust. When the case becomes public and clamor is raised against such methods, the Standard disclaims all responsibility. It was the railroad who fought the pipe-line!

It was not only from without that trouble came upon these men. There were the inevitable internal struggles. They saw their stockholders diminish from discontent and timidity. One of their staunchest members withdrew because of his disbelief in the wisdom of a majority action, and twice they were robbed by death of their most valued members. In December, 1895, A. D. Wood, of Warren, died. Mr. Wood had been one of the most inspiring members in the independent work and there was nobody left who could do what he had been doing then. In 1897, the chief counsel, Roger Sherman, died. He had conducted the enormous and vexatious litigation of the various concerns with consummate skill and there was nobody to take his place. Mr. Emery, overwhelmed by the death of Roger Sherman, and worn out by his six years of work and worry over the United States Pipe Line, fell ill and was obliged to resign. On every side it was fight and loss and despair, and yet these men hardened under it. Not only hardened; they expanded. Ten years after the unorganized uprising which brought them together in 1887 and forced from them the resolution to take care of their own product, what had they? A company of nearly six hundred individual oil producers organized on a business basis and connected by pipe-lines with some dozen individual oil refineries. For transporting this oil they had pipe-lines carrying both crude and refined from the Oil Regions to within fifty miles of the sea, and for markets they had those they had themselves worked up in the United States and Europe. They had something more. In spite of the continued hostility of the Standard they had the conviction that there was a future for their venture; but they saw clearly that to realize it they must get themselves into still more compact form—that their holdings must be put into the hands of trustees in a single company if they were to be free from the danger of the eventual dominance of the Standard. Now in November, 1895, as we have seen, the independents had incorporated in New Jersey a marketing concern called the Pure Oil Company. After months of discussion it was decided to enlarge the capital of this company to $10,000,000, $2,000,000 in preferred and $8,000,000 in common stock, and put into this concern all their interests. There was opposition to the consolidation from some of the strongest interests concerned, but finally the idea prevailed and in 1900 a majority of the stock of the Producers' Oil Company, the Producers and Refiners' Company, and the United States Pipe Line were turned over to the Pure Oil Company.

The purpose of the combination was frankly stated to be the maintenance of the independence of the company. This was to be effected in the following way: the holders of 16,000 shares of stock—more than a majority—vested the voting power of these shares in fifteen persons for twenty years, and it was agreed that one-half of all shares thereafter subscribed should be transferred to those same trustees. Shares can be sold and transferred, but this transfer does not give the purchaser any right other than provided in the trust agreement. Any trustee may be summarily removed by three-fifths of the trustees together with three-fifths of the shareholders in trust. It certainly looks as if the Pure Oil Company had devised an organization which would effectually preserve its independence so long as its shareholders desired that independence.

Mr. Archbold, in describing this voting trust of the Pure Oil Company to the Industrial Commission, called it "iniquitous." It is difficult to understand just how it is

iniquitous, unless it is because of its success so far in keeping the Standard out of its councils. It is not a secret arrangement. It aims at no monopoly, at no restraint of trade. It claims only the right to handle its own product. Of course, if we admit that the oil business belongs to the Standard, as Mr. Rockefeller claims, then the Pure Oil Company is certainly in the wrong!

As it stands to-day, the independents have a good showing for their fight. They have fully 900 stockholders, most of them producers. They handle a daily production of 8,000 barrels of crude oil; operate 1,500 miles of crude pipe-line and 400 miles of refined; are allied with some fourteen refineries, in some of which all the by-products of oil, as well as naphtha and illuminating oils, are produced; own one tank steamer, the "Pennoil," with a capacity of 42,000 fifty-gallon barrels, and charter several others; own oil barges on the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Baltic; have fully equipped stations in Europe at Hamburg, Mannheim, Riesa, Stettin, and Dusseldorf, in Germany; Rotterdam and Amsterdam, Holland; London and Manchester, England; and, in the United States, New York and Philadelphia. With conservative and loyal management there seems to be no reason that the Pure Oil Company should not become a permanent independent factor in the oil business. Such a thing is worth the best efforts of the men who have made it. Their courageous and persistent struggle no doubt seems to most of them as of purely personal and local meaning. All they asked was to get a fair share of the profits in their business. They knew they did not get it and they believed it was because there was not fair play on the part of the railroads and the Standard Oil Company. Aroused, they each fought for the particular thing which would give them relief. They only combined because driven to. They have become a strong organization almost solely because of the persistent opposition of the Standard Oil Trust. The Standard's efforts to break up the Producers' Protective Association by buying out the biggest producers precipitated a coöperative company for handling oil. Its efforts to drive out the independent refineries by the manipulation of the railroads drove the producers and refiners to combine. The heavy charges for handling oil by the Standard pipe-line and by the railways drove these independents to build a seaboard pipe-line for both refined and crude, and to demonstrate that refined as well as crude could be pumped to the sea in pipes. The buying out of their foreign agents forced them to develop their own market in Europe. The secret buying in of their stock and the combined effort to force Standard directors on them compelled them into their present close trust organization. It looks very much as if in trying to make way with several small scattered bodies Mr. Rockefeller had made one strong, united one.

There are many significant lights thrown on the Standard Oil Trust by this struggle of the Pure Oil Company, lights of national importance. There is the conception of legitimate business which Mr. Rockefeller's concern holds to-day—for this struggle, it should be noted, is contemporaneous. It does not seem to be much of an improvement in ethical quality on that of buccaneering times. It legitimatizes interference by pick and bludgeon, hot water and live coals. There is that widespreading power over transportation—a power which no interstate commerce regulation can ever hope to touch—which at a mere intimation, suavely and quietly given, will compel the presidents of railroads to retract their promises—"lest they disturb their relations with the Standard Oil Trust." There is that even more ominous power over legislatures. "We said to our friends in the New Jersey legislature, that these gentlemen (who wanted a free pipe-line bill) were our competitors," and a bill favorably reported disappears with a Senator into the West! There is that most alarming of all commercial forces—the power over markets which any concern controlling over 70 per cent. of a commodity has—a power which the independents felt at every point of Europe or America where they touched, and which could utterly force them out of existence if applied with the same system and vigor with which it has been applied at various periods in the history of the oil business. Altogether, this story shows a combination of powers of such variety, subtlety, and strength that the most conservative may well ask whether it is wise to allow them to any body of men. Certainly such sweeping powers have long ago been taken away from statesmen and churchmen. It seems reasonable to ask whether it is safer to allow them to men inspired only by greed and love of the game than to those who, to a degree at least, are inspired by public interest or the advancement of religious ideas.

THE PAST

BY

JAMES HOPPER

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL," "THE FAILURE," ETC.

THE coconut palms rose straight to Heaven, bending pliably to the western breeze; their heads tapped gently against each other and a murmur of secrets sighed overhead. From the shifting shreds of sky the sun fell upon the sands in heavy gold spots. To the east, through the lithe, silver trunks, the vivid green of the rice-fields flashed; to the west a tawny thread of beach banked up the rippling tide.

In the darkness of the recess a frail hut of nipa leaves and bamboo slowly shaped itself as I advanced, and suddenly a shrill voice, rasping as the violin note of the tyro, pierced the peace of the place. In the doorway, at the head of the cane ladder, old Marietta was gesticulating.

"Oh, señor," she called asthmatically; "pray come in; visit your humble servant. The house is yours, the tuba is fresh, and coconuts are in the trees."

"Not to-day, Marietta; not to-day," I called back with a smile. "I'm going on to Suay; I can't stop."

She threw her arms up in consternation. "To Suay, señor; to Suay? José-Maria! do you not see the baguio coming? Soon it will be upon you, the trees will bend, the coconuts will fall, and you will die!"

The typhoon of the Philippines is not to be disdained. A picture formed in my mind of falling trees, rent bridges, melted roads. I stopped, hesitating, looked up at the blue sky above, listened to the regular breath of the wind. "Nonsense!" I said, and just then a sudden gust screeched overhead; the coconuts bent in half circles, snapped back, bent again with weird elasticity. Before my mind could fairly seize them, before the impression of them could be more than hazy and faint as those of a dream, these manifestations ceased. The wind fell dead, the trees came back to equilibrium. A heavy torpor descended upon the land.

"I'll come in, Marietta," I decided, "and you'll tell me more of the Negritos in the hills."

She did not answer, but waited for me at the head of the bamboo ladder—a weird, dried-up mummy of a woman, with teeth corroded by the betel-nut and eyes that flashed hard beneath the heavy, yellow folds of the lids—an old witch, fit for broomstick rides and the nightmares of children. Inside, I sat down upon the bench by the window while she squatted upon the bamboo-strip floor, a big cheroot tied up with hemp fiber in her mouth, a hollow coconut filled with tuba at her side. But she did not speak. A strange taciturnity was upon her; she sat there speechless, motionless, like some monstrous idol, her lids half-dropped over eyes that showed opaque and dead.

"Well, Marietta," I said at length; "what about that coconut milk you promised me?"

"Oh, señor, pardon me; pardon your servant. 'Tis the baguio. When I feel the baguio coming I forget; I think of other days."

She half rose, then sank again upon her heels, her mind refusing to stay with the present.

"For there were other days, señor," she said gently; "ah, yes, far other days!"

She rocked herself slowly to and fro, her face in her hands. Outside, the heavy torpor was suddenly torn by a shriek in the upper layers of air. A few great drops pattered resoundingly upon the nipa roof, then heat and silence reigned again, with the torment of the woman's soul.

Curiously I looked upon the old crone. She sat there rocking gently from side to side, her lips bubbling in meaningless mutters. Then her yellow paw crept down her arid bosom, fumbled beneath her camisa, and reappeared with something in it that flashed gold. She pressed it to her withered lips—and I saw that it was a locket—pressed it to her withered lips with a singular intensity of passion; pressed it there again and again—and that sudden flash of something long gone, of a spark, dying, perhaps, but which in that ruined body should have been long out, moved me with uneasiness, as if I were watching, and a party to, a sacrilege.

But she dropped her hands upon her lap in a gesture of infinite hopelessness and she began to speak, to speak in a queer singsong, a monotonous chant, like some religious recital of her Malay ancestors suddenly coming back to her through the ages.

"Ah, he was beautiful, señor; he was beautiful, he was beautiful, he was beautiful! He was tall and straight like the coco-tree; his hair curled like the waves upon the sand, and his eyes were deep and soft like the pools of the Cabancalan. He came to me from over the seas, señor; from far-away Spain. I was standing on the beach, right over there. There were many boat-loads of soldiers landing, and he was on the foremost prao. It came straight to me, foaming with eagerness, its wings spread out like those of a butterfly, flying over the waves, and he stood at the bow. His cap was in his hand; the wind blew his hair of gold into a halo like that of the Christ of the Santa Iglesia; the sun beat down upon his white suit and he glistened like a god. Straight for the spot where I stood, señor; straight as your compass needle points to the north, the prao steered from afar, and not a palm's breath either way did it turn as it foamed toward me. And when, heeling over like a wounded bird, it ground in the shallows, and ten men jumped out into the water to carry him ashore, he motioned them off, sprang himself into the waves waist-deep, and impatiently, as a horse paws, he forced his way toward me. Then a fear entered my heart and I fled, fled back into the woods, to my hut, and threw myself upon the floor panting, panting and dreaming.

"I was not ugly, then, señor; ah, no, I was not ugly; age and sorrow had not yet knotted me like the roots of the banyan. I was Queen then, señor; the Queen of Beauty among my own people. At the procession it was I that stood on a pedestal, clad in gold and silk, the picture of the Mother of God. At the bailes it was I that the young men sought, and it was for me, señor, that Juan Perez had a knife plunged between his shoulders, one dark night, long ago. It was long ago, señor; it was long ago.

"I was beautiful, señor, and I knew my beauty. I was proud, proud of my dark eyes, of my golden shoulders, of the hair that fell about me like a garment to the ground when I unrolled it in the sun, after the bath at the spring. I was loved, señor; I was desired; my fame was all over Negros and had no boundaries but the sea; but I, I loved no one; I railed and scoffed at all; I loved no one, till he came.

"Then, señor, railing and scoffing died upon my lips; all things hard and mean died within me, and I felt my heart open, bloom, till it seemed my breast would not hold it. Ah, those were happy days, señor; days of beauty. Then the sky was blue, the sun was golden, the breeze was soft—it was long ago, señor; it was long ago. He was my sun, and the warmth and the beauty of him entered my heart till it burst into bloom like the purple moon-flower. We were of different race, but he taught me. He taught me, ah, many things, but what are they, señor, what is anything, compared to love? And he taught me to love. In the evenings, after sundown, we roamed the groves together, in the pale moonshine, and the sea shimmered and the trees whispered, and in my ear was the music of his voice, on my hand the caress of his hand—ah, señor, señor, why do these things stay with us; why, when they pass, do they not leave us, not stay and stay and stay and torment and torture, hooked to our hearts with double barbs—señor, you who know so many things, can you tell me that?

"Listen, señor! Over there, where the river goes into the sea and the bamboos grow almost into the sky, he built a little nipa house. And it was ours, ours, all our

own; and it was there that we lived. *Lived*, you understand; it is true that some of his time was passed elsewhere; he had the cuartel and his soldiers, but it was here that he lived, for it was here that he loved. Señor, in that little house by the side of the sea, it was there that happiness dwelled, happiness such as there never had been, such as there never will be. Señor, I was beautiful then—now I am old and dried; I chew betel; I drink tuba; I spit. But this is not all the work of years. I might have grown old as the corn grows old—golden-ripe, but now, you see, I do not care. He taught me, then he left me, and my heart fell back like a rock, aye, and lower than he had found it.

"For, of course, he left me, señor. I have learned since it is the way—you whites, you always leave. He went back to his Spain. He was to return in a year. The year passed and he did not come back. Then another and another. It was many years before he returned. The little hut in the bamboo by the river sagged, drooped, rotted; till there was left nothing but the four big corner-posts of narra standing upright, with between them a little mound upon which the grass grew high, a little mound like a grave, the grave of our love. I grew old with the waiting, the longing; my heart was all alone, all alone; and when he landed again, in the green dawn, one day, he did not know the woman squatting on the beach, so near that one of his soldiers pushed her away with his foot to let him pass. He came not alone, señor. With him was a white woman, his wife, with eagle nose and proud bearing and skin like the flesh of the coconut. He did not allow his soldiers to carry her, but went in himself, all booted, to the hips in the surf. His arm went around her waist; but, señor, she only looked that her dress would not touch the water. And I knew within me that when he had forsaken me for her, love had lost.

"I did not die, señor, although I thought I would as I sat there long after he had gone, sat there through the biting of the midday sun till the poisoned breath of the night blew into my face. I went back to my hut and lived. I lived as others; I married, I bore children. These children have borne children; their children have borne children. I lived, but I did not love.

"And he, he also lived, and his wife had children. He lived, but he did not love, señor.

"And thus year passed after year. I saw him little. Once, at sundown, as I was crossing the plaza the portals of his stone mansion clanged open and his carriage rolled out. I saw them pass, he and his wife, she straight and proud, he leaning forward a little, as if tired, and as long as the carriage was in sight I saw them, side by side, but both looking straight ahead—far, far ahead, as if seeking something—and not once at each other. And he, he saw me not at all.

"One night, señor, the baguio swept the land, as it will to-day soon. There were shrieks all night, and the sea-roar and the tree-roar filled the darkness.

"And, in the morning, señor, as the sun rose upon the ruins of the night, there was noise and crying and a moving to and fro among the people of the pueblo. Squads of soldiers tramped about, taos beat the bush, and bloodhounds sniffed the ground. People whispered that the Commandante had left his house in the evening and had not yet returned.

"They found him, señor, in the bamboo by the river, midst the rotting remains of an old hut. One of the big corner posts had fallen upon him, and he lay there dead, stretched across the grass-grown mound that looked like a grave.

"But I had found him first, señor. And in his hand there was a locket, and in the locket there was a whisp of hair. And the hair was not of his wife."

Marietta stopped. Her mouth twisted in a convulsive grimace and two glistening things ran down the lines of her cheek.

And outside, with a long-drawn wail, the baguio at length swooped down upon us. The hut shuddered like a live thing, the trees clashed, the sea pounded and hissed. But in the dark, silent, immovable, squatting in infinite lassitude of posture, Marietta wept, wept over the past, the past with its irrevocable ruins, the past, gone beyond recalling, beyond amendment, but still with her, ever with her, with its double-barbed torture.

WISHING

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

OH fair enough are sky and plain,
But I know fairer far:
Those are as beautiful again
That in the water are;

The pools and rivers wash so clean
The trees and clouds and air,
The like on earth was never seen,
And oh that I were there.

These are the thoughts I often think
As I stand gazing down
In act upon the cressy brink
To strip and dive and drown;

But in the golden-sanded brooks
And azure meres I spy
A silly lad that longs and looks
And wishes he were I.

—From "A Shropshire Lad"

AT THE SIGN OF THE RUBBER PLANT

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE"

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIFFORD W. ASHLEY

"I WONDER *what* he meant!" Mrs. Thatcher had risen from the breakfast table from which her husband had departed some time since, after throwing out a mysterious hint about some event in store for her. She had better look out for—what? He had gone before she could question him further.

She went to the front window now, gazing down the street after Bobby, her only child, on his way to the kindergarten. She was a very tall young woman, yet lost none of her femininity by her height; it seemed rather to emphasize it in a willowy droop that always suggested an appealing dependence, in connection with the upward glance of her dark eyes. Her hair was dark, like her eyes, and very thick; her lips were red and curved; her cheeks were usually pale, but there was a faint glow on them now. Nevin had made a terse but complimentary remark about her appearance in that blue cambric morning dress, which she had received with as much innocent surprise as if she had not planned for it. He had also said that he pitied that poor fellow next door whose wife was homely enough to take away his appetite.

Mr. Thatcher's attitude toward his wife was the subject both of good-natured comment and raillery among her neighbors. His least action toward her was charged, though unobtrusively, with that subtle and intimate attention which one only expects from a lover. He even had a way of helping her up and down the steps that was "different" to the married eye. Patently unintellectual as Mildred Thatcher was, she yet indisputably retained her charm for the man who *was* intellectual. She had, in fact, that sweet will to be beloved which instinctively foreruns occasion, and makes a place for it in all the little daily matters of life.

"I wonder what he meant! I feel exactly as if somebody would come out from town to-day — it's such a lovely morning." She spoke half aloud as she looked down the street through the green feathery foliage of the elms, just out in their spring dress. The sun shone caressingly through them upon

the crocuses peeping out in the front grass-plot, and the air, delicately cool, was charged with perfume. There were all the usual adjuncts of spring in the suburbs. A department store wagon was already delivering parcels at a house further down, and several women, fresh and neatly gloved, were alertly stepping trainward to get an early start for the day's shopping, impelled thither by that soft breeze which woos womankind to the pursuit of clothes. All down the block the palms and rubber plants were being sunned on piazza steps, the former, for the most part, conspicuously brown and withered, but the latter still chunkily green after a winter of furnace heat and dust and gas.

To feel the spring air and not want to spend money was impossible even to Mildred Thatcher, but even if she could have purchased the rug so badly needed for the little drawing-room she would not leave home to-day. She was sure some one would be out from town. She turned now to the maid and gave her orders for luncheon.

"You can make the cold meat into croquettes, Kitty, and we'll have pop-overs. And I'd like you to wash out the violet centerpiece."

"Very well, ma'am."

The hint of a pending pleasure had set its seal on the day. It might be Madge Stanfield who would come, or the Laviers, or her cousin Lou. She set things to rights, and dusted and arranged daintily, and put fresh violets in the glass vases, and by-and-by, late in the morning, when all was done, went out on the piazza to listen for the train, while deciding whether or no to send her dwindling palms to the florist. She scrutinized the rubber plant anxiously for some sign of growth. The rubber plant was, in a way, a proof of the demoralizing extremes of Mildred's nature. For a season she had railed intemperately at rubber plants and their possessors, and then, after moving from a flat to the suburbs, had incontinently gone forth one morning on the spur of the moment and bought one. It somehow didn't seem as if they were really householders without that green and visible emblem of a much-enduring domesticity. Mrs. Thatcher cherished an idea that her rubber plant would grow with tropical luxuriance, but as yet it had only remained stolidly green.

"Good morning!"

It was a neighbor, who, deflecting from the pavement, came up, with a paper bag in one hand, to lean familiarly against the post at the foot of the low steps.

"Your plants need water," she continued, casting an officially critical eye upon them.

"They were watered this morning," said Mrs. Thatcher.

"It should be done at the same time every day," said the neighbor, obliviously. "Dear me, it's getting warm, isn't it? *You* look fresh and cool enough. I had to go to the village at the last moment for rolls for lunch. I'm dreadfully tired. Spring weather does make your feet hurt so, doesn't it? Well—good-by!"

Mrs. Thatcher still stood looking down the street—a train had come in while they were talking. Yes, there was some one coming—a lady in brown—it must be Madge. No, it was only Mrs. Brereton.

"Back from the city already?" she called, as the figure approached.

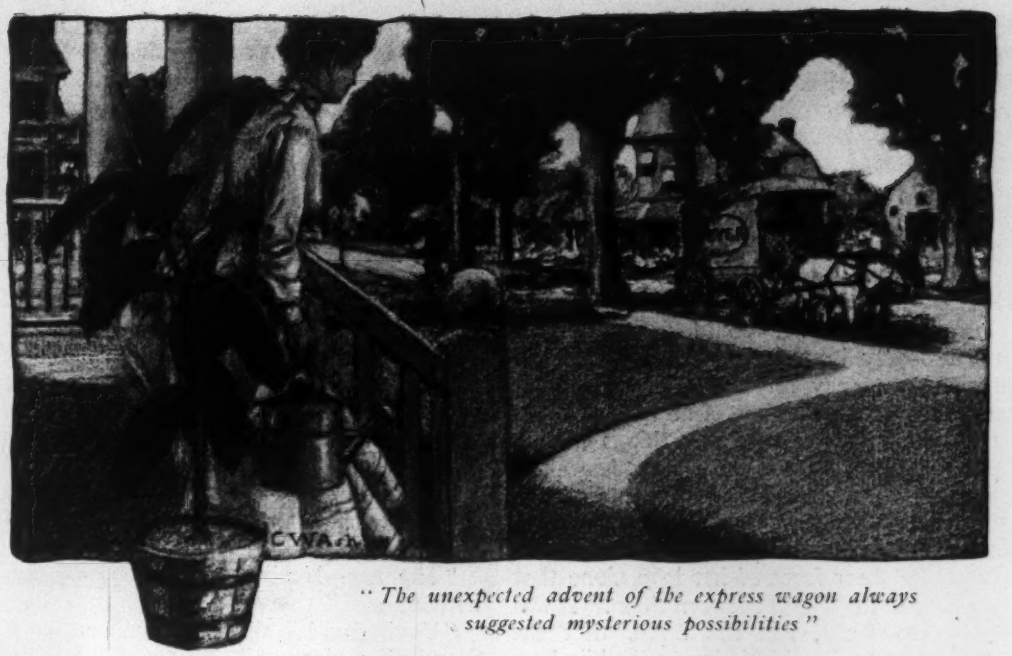
"Yes. I only went in to match a sample. Dear me! how warm it is! This weather makes your feet hurt dreadfully. I wanted to stay in town and do something about furnishing the new house, but it takes so long to look at rugs, and I've a dressmaker waiting for me at home this moment." She stopped an instant, leaning against the post, as the other had done. "How dry your plants look! they need water! Mercy! is that Meyer's wagon stopping before my house? Well, good-by!"

"Good-by," said Mrs. Thatcher, coolly. Not only was Meyer's wagon standing before Mrs. Brereton's, but several other wagons from department stores were stopping further up the street, sending forth boys laden up to the chin with fat, brown parcels and long, narrow, brown parcels. Mrs. Thatcher turned around to see yet another friend, who, without her hat, had come out of the house adjoining, and now dropped down beside her on the steps.

"Isn't it heavenly! I saw you out here and couldn't resist coming over for a minute. I've been sewing so hard on the children's spring clothes, I've hardly had a glimpse of you for a week.—Your plants need water, don't they?"

"No, they don't," said Mrs. Thatcher, with unspeakable exasperation. She controlled herself with an effort as she rose. "I'm sorry, but I've got to go in the house. I'm rather expecting company."

"The express wagon seems to be coming here," said the friend detainingly.



"The unexpected advent of the express wagon always suggested mysterious possibilities"

"Why, so it is!" cried Mrs. Thatcher, her irritation subsiding before this new interest. The unexpected advent of the express wagon always suggested pleasing and mysterious possibilities to her, until recollection brought to mind the usual case of mineral water, or the box from the tailor's with her husband's discarded clothing. This time, however, it was a box of another kind, oblong and wooden. The man who deposited it in the little square hall evidently found it heavy. This, then, was what Nevin had meant.

What could it be? Mrs. Thatcher stubbed her finger with the screwdriver, and hit her own nail lustily with the hammer, in her efforts to open the box. When she finally succeeded, and caught sight of the contents, she pushed it from her with a sharp exclamation of disgust.

Inside were two rows of large morocco-bound volumes. The gilt lettering on the back showed that they were "Selections from the Literature of All Nations, with Lives of the Authors."

"Of all things!" said Mrs. Thatcher in a tone of deep disappointment. "What on *earth* does he want to keep on getting these subscription things for? And he *knows* we need the money for the rug. He'll never read these—he'll never even look at them. I cannot understand it! He never *sees* a book without wanting to buy it—he says he just likes to *have* books. Well, *he'll* have to find a place to put these, for I can't."

"Shall I take the books out of the box, ma'am?" asked Kitty, coming into the hall.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mrs. Thatcher wearily. "Yes, I suppose you'll have to; we can't leave the box here." She looked over at the tiny drawing-room, with its little spindle-legged mahogany tea table, the low, well-filled bookcase, the rattan sofa with its bright pillows, and the small upright piano, and then at the solid pile of information at her feet. There were thirty volumes—for she had counted them—thirty volumes pressed down and running over with the Literature of All Nations.

"I suppose you'll have to pile them up in the corner over there. I'm sure *I* don't know what to do with them."

"And shall I put the lunch on now, ma'am?"

"Is it time? Oh, yes; Bobby is coming in. Yes, put it on."

Croquettes and pop-overs and the violet centerpiece for this arrival by express, indeed! She felt unaccountably defrauded—a sensation that lingered with her throughout the whole afternoon, and tinged her with melancholy, even when she responded to the playful overtures or the needs of Bobby, who kept continually running in from the back yard to have his ball mended, or a string tied

to something. He struggled away from her when she wanted to kiss him, and he smelled indescribably of earth. He was of the sex which grew up to have strange ways and alien tastes—he even had them now. Mrs. Thatcher had not wanted a boy, although she loved this one devotedly. She longed inexpressibly sometimes for a dear little gentle, clinging girl, who could be frivolously dressed in soft, white, ruffly things, and have her sweet hair curled.

Mildred Thatcher could never help a mysteriously hurt feeling when her Nevin spent his money for books, or indeed for anything apart from her, of his own volition; there were always so many things needed perennially by "the house," not to speak of her own wardrobe. Her feminine mind was incapacitated by nature from seeing anything from a man's point of view—it was from the sheer force of her love alone that she leaped the chasm between them. It was from the heart, not the mind, that she divined what she did of him, as the blind see through feeling finger-tips. And even when she could not perceive how he wanted his own way—nay, when she had protested against it with intensity—after she had once proved herself in the right, she was apt to be overtaken by a sweet, fiercely unreasoning desire that he should have everything he wanted, just because he wanted it, and because he would love her better if he did, and she would grovel, and cringe, and eat her words unblushingly, in her efforts to drive him back into his own path. If she used all her energy now to making him send that wealth of literature back where it came from, she would probably labor still harder the next day to make him get it again.

There was an aloofness in her greeting, when he came home a little earlier than usual, which he was unusually quick to detect. His eyes were agreeably expectant, with none of the deprecation in them which she had looked for. Mr. Thatcher himself was one of Mildred's inconsistencies. She had sworn that she would never marry any but a very tall man, yet her Nevin, stalwart and broad-shouldered as he was, did not top the highest roll of her dark hair.

"What's the matter?" His hand lingered on her shoulder. "Don't you feel well?"

"Oh, yes—pretty well."

"Did you get the package I sent by express?"

"Yes; what to do with all those volumes I do not know. It is so inconsiderate of you when——"

"Oh, I didn't mean the books—and I stopped at the carpenter's; he is going to make shelves for them. But I meant the other package."

"There wasn't any other package."

"Yes, there was"—his arm was still half around her. "I sent you—why here's the expressman now. Hi! This is the place; yes, bring it here."

He came back again to his wife. "There was a little debt paid me yesterday. After I got the books, I thought I'd buy a present for you." He pressed her shoulder gently.

"Oh!"

"Something you've been wanting a long time, something you'll like. It's the large rug for the parlor."

"The rug—Nevin, you *didn't* get a rug without *me?*"

"You'll find it's all right when you see it. Stand off a moment"—he was disposing of the knotted cords with sharp clicks of his penknife. "I'll spread it out for you. There—what do you think of that?"

"What did you pay for it?" asked Mrs. Thatcher in an odd voice.

"Not much, considering what it's worth," said her husband, still exuberant. "It's genuine something or other, I forget what. I got it at a bargain at a place down-town where they are selling off. It took my eye the moment I saw it. What's the matter, Mildred? Don't you like it?"

"Why, it's very nice," said Mrs. Thatcher, trying to keep rein on her feelings. "Only, *of course*, those reds and yellows don't go with anything that we have; it would look perfectly dreadful with the old rose wall-paper."

"Why, I don't see that it would."

Mr. Thatcher was still lovingly regarding the article in question, stretched out in the hall. "They put all kinds of colors together nowadays. Here, let me set it out where it belongs, and see if you don't think it looks all right."

He switched a chair or two out of the way, moved back the tea-table, and stretched the rug down on the open space on the floor. He stood off admiringly. "Now, don't you think that's fine? Why don't you speak?"

"Oh, Nevin, it's *too* dreadful! Can't you see? It's a disgrace, a perfect disgrace. I

wouldn't have any one I cared for come into the house with that thing on the floor; I don't know *what* they'd think of me." Her voice had gone beyond control, and rose more and more hysterical.

"Oh, how *could* you be mean enough to go and buy a rug without me—something I'd set my *heart* on. A rug, of all *things*, that you have to live with always! And I had been looking forward so to choosing it with you! Why didn't you tell me about it? It's so terrible, it's so *common*—"

"'Common!' Now you don't know what you're talking about." Mr. Thatcher's confidence in the pleasing powers of his purchase died hard. "It's genuine—I forget just what, but it *is* genuine. I thought you'd know."

"I *do* know—it's one of the cheapest kinds there are. Nevin, I can't have it in here, you *must* understand that. Why, I couldn't eat my meals if I had to look in and see it. Can't you take it back and change it?"

"Change it!"

Mildred had known, even as she spoke, that the suggestion was unforgivable. She could go to town merrily, day after day, exchanging goods, but her husband would have felt like a sneak thief if he had taken anything back to "change it."

"No, I can *not!*" His anger was at last aroused, and thoroughly. "If you don't like the thing you can chuck it out into the street, for all I care. I tried to give you a pleasure, and this is what I get for it. I'll never buy you another thing as long as I live!"

It was on the tip of Mrs. Thatcher's tongue to say, "I hope you won't," but this time something restrained her. There were but few times that she had seen her husband as angry as this, and never at her, though there might have been more provocative occasions. He had bought many things before which she had not liked, without any real friction between husband and wife—it was one of "his" ways which they had often laughed over. But each day's path is different from that of yesterday—what has been a convenient stone to rest on before becomes unexpectedly a stumbling block in the way. Mr. Thatcher's wrath, indeed, gathered its greatest force from the underlying knowledge that he might have done differently.

The subject was dropped at dinner, but Mrs. Thatcher could not forbear beginning on it again afterward. Nevin *must* see how dreadful it was to have that rug, if it was properly put to him. But he stopped her after the first tearful expostulations.

"Never say 'rug' to me again," he commanded briefly. "You've said too much already." He read a magazine all the evening, and after a while she went upstairs and lay down on the edge of Bobby's little bed, beside her sleeping child, and wept.

"the two talked further with great animation over the rug"

It was unbelievable, unbearable, that he could buy that horrible thing without her! And there was no other place in the tiny house to put it. When she looked at it in the morning it was worse even than she had dreamed—it put her teeth on edge. The home didn't seem like *hers!* She averted her face from it patently at breakfast, and her mouth drooped pathetically, but Nevin only read his paper and kissed her unseeingly when he left. When he was gone, she and Kitty rolled the rug up into a corner. If

any one came they could think she was cleaning house.

And on the morrow, and the morrow after, the rug, like a malevolent force, still separated them. She would have given it away if she could have afforded to have done so. As time went on there was a certain change in her own way of regarding it. Still she had that choked sensation when she thought of his going and buying it without her, but she did not think of it as often. She began to discern that she had lost something inconceivably more precious than the sublimated rug of her fancy. It was not only that Nevin had no longer any desire to buy her anything, but there was a subtle reservation of spirit. In that fit of unreasoning passion she had lost some attraction for him, some of that aureole of romance which is at once the most intangible and the dearest possession of the married, for which a woman may indeed keep her most shining thought, her sweetest care. What was any rug compared with her husband's sentiment for her? Yet it was not a mere rug to her, but one of the symbols of a home. Did she love him ten times more, the sight of that cheap and glaring inconsistency would bring the vexed tears to her eyes. She knew her limitations by instinct—it was no use to try and laugh at being parted by a color scheme—never could she be heroically strong enough to move and have her being as if the rug were not there.

For nine days Mildred Thatcher lived as her neighbors, a life as thick and solid, as uninformed with the spirit as the rubber plant which stood neglected in the drawing-room by the pile of books—as yet unshelved—and the dusty upright piano. The palms had gone to the florist's, and she had no heart to take the rubber plant in and out each day. She did not care whether the thing died or not. She did not care for anything. Every night when Nevin came home, she greeted him as calmly and affectionately as he greeted her, and waited, tingling, for developments which never came. The rug, which dominated her every waking moment, had, indeed, been almost forgotten by him—pressed out of sight, as is a man's wont with disagreeable domestic happenings, only the unpleasant impression remaining. He read or went to sleep on the sofa, and they both spent some evenings out. After a week had passed, and while Mildred was waiting for the change in her husband's manner, it suddenly came over her with a strange shock that he was not only losing his delicate perception of her, but that he was growing content without it. It is so easy to lapse to the lower level! They were getting into the rut that only grows the deeper with travel.

Then there came a day when Mrs. Thatcher could stand it no longer. She had a consultation with Mrs. Brereton, and the next morning the latter came over and the two talked further with great animation over the rug in the little drawing-room. After that Mrs. Thatcher dressed herself with unusual care. She put on her new dark blue suit and a hat that her husband always admired, although it was not quite in the fashion. She looked at herself again and again in the glass before she started for the train, giving a touch here and a touch there with nervous fingers. She could not wait for her husband to come home, even if she had been less painfully aware of her new powerlessness in the conventional surroundings. She must venture into new scenes if she would gain what she wanted. And she could not stand this a minute longer—she must end it all *now*.

Yet, her heart was beating painfully as she neared the city, and she was only somewhat reassured by the glimpse in the ferryboat mirror of a tall, slender-throated woman with soft, pale cheeks and a curved mouth, her dark eyes gazing indifferently before her under a hat whose cherry wreath drooped against her dark hair, and who turned out to be herself. If she really looked like that——

Her hand lingered on the knob of the ground-glass door that led to the office of her husband's factory. Then she opened it.

"Nevin!"

Her husband, broad and square-shouldered, was standing over another man's desk, beyond, talking. There were lines of care on his forehead, and a pencil behind his ear—he was the man of business, not her husband.

He looked up amazed as he saw his wife, but came forward at once.

"Why, *Mildred!*"

"Oh, Nevin, I hope you don't mind! I've been feeling so dreadfully, I couldn't stand it a moment longer. I've something—something to tell you."

She began to shake a little, her lip trembled, her eyes looked appealingly at him like a child's. Her husband had always known as a matter of course that she was

beautiful, but her beauty came now like a surprise in the dingy surroundings of the factory office, with the whirr of the planing machines beyond. His eyes met the appeal in hers with a smile that set her pulse beating anew, as he said:

"What is it? Hadn't you better sit down?"

"No, no! Not yet. Maybe you won't want me to— Oh, Nevin, I've been trying to tell you every night lately how sorry I was —I'd acted so—about the rug—and I couldn't! You wouldn't give me a chance."

The well-known stiffness came over him—a shadow of the past shade.

"That's of no consequence—don't let's talk about it."

"Yes, *please*—I must! Oh, Nevin, I hope you won't mind. I knew I couldn't be decent while the rug was there. I'm so frightfully narrow-minded—things make me horrid even when I don't want to be. I've —I've sold it."

"*Sold* it?"

"Yes. Mrs. Brereton bought it for her brother-in-law's room. She didn't pay quite as much as you did—you left the price mark on—but she said you were cheated."

"*I* don't care what you do with it. I thought it was a pretty good sort, myself."

"Her eyes looked appealingly at him, like a child's"

"It was a *lovely* rug," said Mrs. Thatcher earnestly, "only it wasn't in the right place. It was just what Mrs. Brereton wanted—for her brother-in-law. But it seemed so mean of me to sell it—when it was your present—and I've been so unhappy lately—Nevin—you *can't think!*"

Her eyes brimmed as she gazed at him; the red cherries in her hat shook against the dark hair that framed her soft, pale cheeks.

"Sit down," said Mr. Thatcher briefly, pushing a wooden armed office chair toward her. He went away momentarily, and then came back. "Have you had your lunch?"

"No," replied Mrs. Thatcher faintly.

"Well, neither have I. I think you'd be better for something to eat. You wait five minutes and I'll be ready to go out with you. We'll have a little lunch together."

She raised her drooping head to give him the wistfully pleased, half-encouraged look of one dependent on a benign higher power. Her heart was swelling with the joy of triumph.

When he returned to her with his overcoat, he had been brushed clear of the factory dust and looked trim and smiling, hat in hand.

"It's nearly two o'clock. I think I won't come back here this afternoon; I've got through about all there is to do. It's a dull day. I'm going to take you around to the Electrographic Club to lunch; they've got a new room for ladies. You'd like to see the pictures there. Come on—this way."

"Oh, how lovely!" said Mrs. Thatcher, with a deep, contented sigh. How *good* you are, Nevin! Do I look all right?"

"Oh, you'll do," said her husband, with an affectionate squeeze of the arm next him. "See here! You mustn't look at me in the street that way; people will think we're engaged."

"Well, why not?" murmured Mrs. Thatcher. "I don't care what anybody thinks—Darling!"

"Yes, my husband selected it," said Mildred. The next door neighbor was standing in Mrs. Thatcher's little drawing-room with her, and they were both looking down at a dark velvety rug with an Oriental blend of colors in it. "It was a present to me, but he wouldn't *think* of getting it alone—though he has such excellent taste. We made quite a little event of buying it yesterday."

"It is beautiful," said the neighbor, with a regretful sigh. "How dry that rubber plant looks; it needs water. Why don't you have it outdoors?"

"Oh, I have it out all the time," asseverated Mrs. Thatcher hastily. "At least, *nearly* all the time. Lately I've forgotten to see about it. I've been so—so *busy*. Why, I do believe there's a new green leaf coming out at the top!"

"Rubber plants can stand a great deal," said the neighbor philosophically, following Mrs. Thatcher, who was lugging the heavy pot out into the wooing breeze of the late afternoon. She was so touchingly happy that she felt as if she could have lifted mountains.

She stood and looked down the elm-shaded street, through which the footsteps of her beloved would soon be hastening to her. The department store wagons were still rattling up and down, delivering relays and relays of parcels at the different houses, and here and there weary, draggled-looking women were returning from town, each carrying by one end the large paper bag which contains an untrimmed hat. You could tell by the way they walked that their feet hurt. Down the block the freshening palms and rubber plants were grouped at intervals. On Mrs. Thatcher's piazza, the emblem of a much-enduring domesticity once more stood in the sunshine, stolid and green.

DAN CUNNINGHAM

A HUNTSMAN OF THE LAW

BY

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF "THE STATE OF KENTUCKY VS. CALEB POWERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PORTRAIT

KENTUCKY and West Virginia have, in recent years, given to the old-world terms "feud" and "clan" an unsavory familiarity in American records. Apparently the law has been unable to cope with this manifestation of murderousness. The clan has entered politics, and when it has wrought the vengeance of its feuds, politics has protected it. But here and there a man has risen up against the clan to fight it; single-handed generally, to the shame of his community.

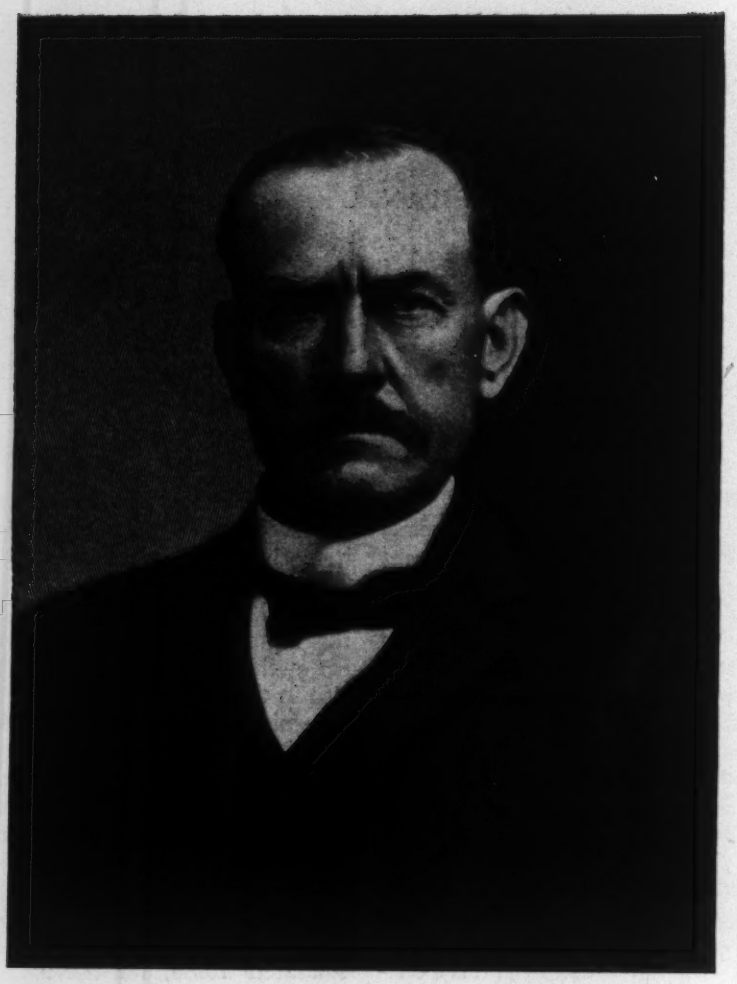
Such a man is Dan Cunningham, United States Deputy Marshal in one of the most lawless regions of America, the Second District of West Virginia. Cunningham is a one-ideaed man; a fighter of one weapon. A mission of revenge dominates his life, and his weapon is the law.

In 1877 Cunningham, then a quiet, studious, awkward youth, wrapped up in his books, was teaching school in Jackson County, West Virginia. In a law-despising community, he was bred to a reverence of the law. His grandfather had organized the government of the county and had been its first sheriff; his father was for twenty years Justice of the Peace, a peace often preserved from anarchy by his own courage and force of character, and his older brother, Nathan, was at this time Deputy Marshal. Anglo-Saxons of the stern, steadfast type were these Cunninghams, fighting men to be dreaded in defense of their own rights and the rights of others.

A few years before, Jackson County had suffered an irruption of outcast Virginians, who had "refugeed"—to employ the suggestive local word—from a mountain glen in the old state, when their misdeeds made it too hot for them there. The Skeans, the Counts, the Kisers, the Fields, and their families had trailed after them a record of crime ranging from murder and arson down to petty thievery. No sooner had they settled in the West Virginia county than they recognized in the Cunningham family, as the wolf bristles to the dog, their natural enemies. At first they tried to conciliate the Cunninghams with a proffered "political" alliance, designed to further their schemes of land robbery by intimidation, and, if necessary, the murder of the agents from the outer world. This offer was rejected. The clan formed a secret organization called the Consolidated Band, for mutual protection in whatever enterprises might be undertaken, principally moonshining (the manufacture of illicit whisky) and murder; and this band determined upon the "removal" of the Cunninghams. Shortly thereafter Nathan defended his house against thirty of the band armed with rifles. Then they adopted strategic measures.

The Deed That Drew the Vengeance

In the fall term of school (1877) Dan Cunningham, walking home with his books under his arm, heard the sobbing of a child by the wayside. He found his little niece clasping the body of her father. Nathan had been beaten to death with rocks, having first been shot, and the child, coming along the road, had found him dying, surrounded by the members of the gang. In his last flicker of consciousness he had begged her to bring water from the creek; but two of the murderers caught and held her, and her father



DAN CUNNINGHAM

United States Deputy Marshal of West Virginia, who has broken up one of the worst mountaineer clans in the country.

died before her eyes. The two were Wade Counts and Joe Kiser; so much in her daze of shock and misery she told her young uncle. Counts and Kiser were arrested. The Consolidated Band rallied to an overwhelming alibi, resulting in their triumphant release at the preliminary hearing. The young schoolmaster followed up the alibi and presented evidence to prove its falsity. The prosecuting attorney would not move upon it. Cunningham received secret warning that if he valued his own life and that of his family, he would drop the matter. His answer was to collect more evidence and present it again. Still the authorities refused to move.

"If my case isn't strong enough," said the schoolmaster, "I'll make it stronger. I can afford to spend ten years on this."

The official to whom he spoke knew the Cunningham breed. "Don't do it, Dan," he begged. "If we really try to convict those fellows the Band will make a slaughter-house of the county."

"Then there's no help from the law?" said the young school-teacher.

"Well," said the official; "there's other ways—you know a gun when you see it."

A Moral Crisis

That day Dan Cunningham's fate hung in the balance. His brother's blood cried for vengeance; how insistently none can know but him who understands the fierce blood-loyalty of the mountaineer. On the other side was the brave and honorable record of his family, the impulse to what we call civic

righteousness. An outlaw hunter of outlaws, or a patient fugitive until the law's time should come?

Dan Cunningham packed his books and left the glen where he was born and bred, and the Consolidated Band thought it had scared away a coward—and made little account of it.

The Evolution of a School-Teacher

For ten years he taught school in Roane, Putnam, and Kanawha Counties. School-teaching was all he knew, and he had to make a living while learning certain things that the normal schools don't teach: such as rifle and revolver shooting, woodcraft, mountain-trailing, and the tricks of the moonshiners. For Dan Cunningham wanted a job under the United States government. Local law—the law that his breed had established and defended at the risk of their lives—had failed him. He would try Uncle Sam's law. He shrewdly suspected that the Band would be moonshining. The Band, gaining prestige from the successful murder of Nathan Cunningham, had by terrorizing and political weight strengthened their hold on the county until, in 1887, they dominated it completely. They were thoroughly organized on the clan principle, with a "legal adviser" and a "spiritual adviser." Murders of the most brutal kind were laid to the Band's account. Robbery, arson, and other crimes were credited to its various members. Nobody dared bear testimony against them; the death rate among their enemies was too high. Their distilling industries and their land-grabbing were making them prosperous; it was fair weather for the clan.

The Return of Dan Cunningham

One day there appeared in the village which they made their headquarters, a long, lank, solemn looking man with a slight slouch which entirely failed to conceal his obvious physical power and agility. He wore a sober black suit, a linen shirt, and a black tie. He immediately received the greeting due to an itinerant preacher in a district where opportunities for religious exercises are scarce. One of the lesser lights of the clan came out to greet him—for they are emotionally religious, these strange murderers—and recognized Dan Cunningham.

"Lookin' fer a school, Dan?" he asked. "Old trouble all fergot, eh?"

Cunningham looked him in the eye.

"I haven't forgotten it," he said. "Nathan is still dead. Tell your gang that."

The gang was told. They were not told that he had returned as United States Deputy Marshal.

A few nights later, with two assistants, one of whom was named Duff, Cunningham lay on the brink of one of the wild ravines which cut that country into strips, and looked down upon a revel by the men and women of the clan around one of their stills. In his diary there is a brief description of the orgy; none of it is quotable, but it is summed up in a characteristic and illuminating comment:

"Hell's headquarters is sure in Jackson County."

With the evidence collected Cunningham swore out warrants and arrested the leaders of the gang. Then he and his men wrecked the still. The band notified him that he would not live a week, and presently he was shot at from ambush. He raided two more stills and sent word to the Band that he would have every man of them behind the bars—"unless hell gets you first," he told them. As a beginning he secured the conviction of two of the Kisers and one Counts. Public opinion began to arouse itself. Was the Band invulnerable, after all? It would seem not, when one man could defy the power which had terrorized a county. Recognizing that their prestige was in peril, the clan made an elaborate attempt to entrap Cunningham, with the result that another still was ruined and one more of their number jailed.

Something like superstitious terror seems to have beset them now. Incredible as it may seem, the Band hastily broke up, abandoned its illicit traffic and its stolen land, and emigrated to Roane County. Cunningham's first victory was won. He made his report and asked to be detailed to Roane County. There might, he naïvely told the government, be some moonshine business going on there; in fact, he rather thought there was.

In Harpers District, Roane County, lived the Rev. T. P. Ryan, generally known—although a Methodist—as Father Ryan.

He was a man of clean and upright life, a hater of crime and disorder, and a fearless preacher. Therefore the unerring instinct of the clan saw in him an enemy. He was shot to death through the window of his own house, and *before the murder was committed* the Skeans and Counts settlement, twelve

miles distant, knew all about it. Long before the news could have reached their settlement the gang were armed and en route to the spot, to accuse and "arrest" the Duff boys and a man named Coon, all of whom had been associated with Cunningham in raiding the Jackson County illicit stills. After a mock trial, in secret session, they shot George Duff to death, hanged Coon, and cut Robert Duff's throat in the presence of his wife.

As soon as he learned of this, Cunningham started for Roane County. Here was his chance to secure a conviction for murder against the slayers of his brother. He collected the evidence, even to the proceedings and the pass-word of the meeting which sentenced the victims, and was about to present them, when, to his amazement, he learned that a warrant had been sworn out charging him with the murder of Father Ryan. To be taken then meant the same death that had been meted out to his friends. For the first and only time in his life, Cunningham evaded the law. He made good his escape while the clan was gathering. The prosecuting attorney, who had married the niece of one of the Consolidated Band, sent word that if the United States Deputy Marshal would agree to keep away from Roane County, the case would be nolled. The answer was prompt: Cunningham would be there when the case came on, and he would bring protection against lynching but not against any due process of law. The case was called. Witnesses had been subpœnaed to swear that they saw Cunningham fire the shot. Some fled; some were stricken silent; none testified. The jury returned a verdict of acquittal without leaving their seats.

Now came Cunningham's inning. With his evidence of the murders of Duff and Coon he went to the prosecuting attorney. That official refused to proceed against the murderers. The inquest, he said, had decided that the victims came to their death "at the hands of parties unknown."

"Very well," said Cunningham. "This is another Jackson County. I'll wait for them to commit federal crimes."

Cunningham "Waits"

The "federal" crimes were committed—post-office robberies, moonshining, and counterfeiting. One by one Cunningham got his men. Once he met on a lonely roadway one of the elder Kisers who had borne a part in the slaying of Nathan. By way of precaution Cunningham covered him with his revolver. Kiser fell to his knees and began to pray.

"Get up," said the marshal. "If I wanted to kill you and your like, couldn't I have done it a hundred times? Go on—and don't turn 'round."

Word went about the countryside that Dan Cunningham was "witched" against bullet and poison. Both had been tried by the Band, and both had failed. The bullet, fired with a close and steady aim from ambush by the crack-shot of a clan which sleeps with its rifles, cut through the breast of his coat, barely burning the skin; the arsenic, skilfully prepared in an apple by the "yarb-witch" of the Band, he tried on a hen, and watched the hen die. Then he went out and arrested two young hopefuls of the Skean family for petty larceny.

By repeated arrests and minor convictions he broke up the Consolidated Band in Roane County as he had in Jackson County. They split, a few remaining in their glen, but too weakened and cowed to be any longer a menace to the district. One faction went down into Tennessee and infected a locality there with their malignant criminality. Later, when Cunningham had a vacation, he followed them there, took up cases which the careless or frightened local officials had let alone, and landed the criminals in jail. Another branch took refuge with the Hatfields, to whom they were related. Cunningham investigated that widely-feared clan, and in the course of his investigations turned over one Hatfield to be hanged, and captured another, man to man, with his bare hands. Wherever he heard of a criminal act implicating any of his brother's murderers or their friends, there he went to secure a conviction. And once in so often back he goes to Roane County to present again his case against the murderers of the Duff boys. Always with the same negative result. The entry in his diary of one of these failures is followed by this note:

"Some day there will be a new prosecuting attorney in Roane County, then I will get Nathan's murderers."

The Chance That Was Not Accepted

There came a time when the event lay in Cunningham's hands. In Parkersburg, W. Va., he found, lying senseless on the railroad track, the official who stood between him and his twenty-year deferred vengeance. There was a train within hearing. He had

only to walk away. As he had, twenty years before, held his hand from the vengeance of murder, so now he forewent his reckoning rather than have a life on his conscience. He dragged the stupefied man from the track and left him lying. If the official reads this it will be his first knowledge of who saved him. Within a year he had again blocked the prosecution of the remaining members of the gang. Slowly, indeed, have the mills of the gods ground for Dan Cunningham, nor have they ground exceeding small. Yet it seems that the tardy and inadequate vengeance of the law has been supplanted by the swifter and more terrible reckoning of a Higher Power.

"The hand of God has been laid on these men in dreadful forms." Thus the faith of Dan Cunningham shines out in his diary.

The Fate of the Clan

Of the men who took part in the murder of Nathan Cunningham four-fifths are dead, most of them having met death in some shocking or shameful phase. Wade Counts was almost torn to pieces by lightning, a few rods from the place of the murder. Robert Cleek "dwindled away," as Cunningham puts it, of a strange disease that afflicts those practising intermarriage to the unholy degree characteristic of this clan. Joe Skean is dead of the same ailment, after having lived the life of a wild beast in the forest for years. Against the name of Erwin Riley, in Cunningham's diary I find an entry, brief and grim: "Rotted to death." The same entry concludes the record of George Riley, Bill Fields, Jake Kiser, and Joe Skean. Jake Kiser's son is a maniac, living in a cave, and "fighting the wind," as the mountaineers say of those stricken with St. Vitus's dance. Ike Counts is palsied and also a "wind-fighter." Ben Coon is a hermit, horror-ridden by the spirit of his nephew who was lynched with the Duffs. Wash Fields, an outcast of his own tribe, died in dire poverty, alone. The descendants of these men are scattered in penitentiaries, asylums, and hospitals; many of them grotesquely deformed; several of them albinos; more of them idiots, most of them criminally insane, and all, without exception, harassed, harried, and haunted by the slow vengeance of Dan Cunningham.

The Consolidated Band passed and left no nucleus on which to form a new confederation. All that remained for Cunningham there was to keep a watchful eye for any sporadic outbreaks which might expose members of the clan to his vengeance. Now he was called for in a broader field of lawlessness. Union labor, striking for higher wages and better conditions, undertook to close the great soft-coal mines of West Virginia. Non-union labor was brought in; intimidation began, to be closely followed by murder and dynamite outrages. The federal courts issued injunctions so sweeping as to rouse the striking miners to the utmost fury. The injunctions would be a dead letter, they declared, because any man who attempted to serve them would be killed at the first trial.

Dan Cunningham took the papers. At Loop Creek he went down to a night meeting of five hundred armed strikers who were planning an attack that night, served the injunction papers on them, and, from the platform on which their own speakers stood, appealed to them not to sacrifice their own lives.

"You fellows think I've got something against you," he said. "I haven't. My business is to serve these papers. I don't do it because I like to. I do it because I've sworn to. Now it's done and I want to tell you something. Boys, that mine you want to attack is guarded so that a regiment couldn't get near it. If you start up there you'll be killed before ever you get sight of the buildings. I've just come from there and I know. For the sake of your families give it up."

The attack was not made, but Cunningham was never in greater peril in his life than when he stood before that meeting. Throughout the troubles in the New River district, which cost far more in human lives than the much-talked-of hard-coal strikes, Cunningham was the chief instrument of the court. Time and again he served injunctions on men who were waiting for him armed. He led the little force of deputies in the battle of Hannaford City, when two hundred armed men fired upon the representatives of the law, and again at Piney Creek, where ten men were killed and many more wounded in the fight. In this service Cunningham is the ideal officer, for he does his duty like a machine.

The Man of the Law

"It isn't my business to think whether a law is right or wrong," he once said to me, speaking of a much-discussed injunction. "It's the law; *that* makes it right for me."

There is no man in the troubled strike region who has been so bitterly denounced or so often threatened. But of this he takes not the slightest heed. In his own exemption from violent death he has the faith of a fanatic.

"God will not let me be killed while one of Nathan's murderers is above ground," he says.

That is the one tenet of his creed; otherwise he is not a religious man.

"There will be no survivors of the band in a few years," said a friend to him recently. "What will you do then, Dan?"

"I'll go back to my garden, perhaps," said he. "Raising fancy fruits is my hobby, you know."

But those who know Cunningham best do not believe that he will ever go back to his garden. He has been bred to too long a service of the law. His hatred of the clan has broadened and calmed to an implacable enmity against all those who contemn the law which he serves. Whether it is to break up a counterfeiters' plant, to quell a riot, or to stop a lynching, his strength is at call. At forty-eight he is the embodiment of the man of action: long, lean, and powerful; keen-eyed, quiet, gentle, and reserved; a personality to inspire confidence; a man such as those were who established civilization at the muzzle of the gun when the merchant Coleman saved San Francisco from anarchy in the wild fifties.

EDITORIAL

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE ON MR. STEFFENS'S BOOK, "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES"

The articles by Lincoln Steffens on the actual government of certain typical American cities—St. Louis, Minneapolis, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Chicago, New York—which appeared last year in this magazine, have been published in book form. The purpose of those articles was understood more generally and more readily than the editors had hoped, and the book also is finding approval and a use. But it is a gratification to be able to print the following review by Mr. William Allen White. Mr. White is known to our readers as a writer on political subjects, but he is more than that; he is an active citizen and he knows our government and our politics with all the fullness of actual experience in town, county, state, and nation. That he sees this thing as we see it, gives to our facts the light of understanding and to our interpretation of them the seal of authority.

Men have studied the constitution, and its history and its limitations; scholars have set down theories about the tariff and about the currency and what-not of economic lore, which lore is wise and good. But, until very recently, no one thought it worth while to go out into the wards and precincts of the towns and townships of this land and bring in specimens of actual government under actual conditions. Classes in civil government in the schools and colleges are studying a theoretical government; they are classifying the dodo. The government which is set down in books does not exist in fact and in truth, and America is to-day operating under a new government entirely outside the constitution, save that empty constitutional forms are used. There has been a revolution, or an evolution, or whatever one chooses to call it. But there has been many a change. Where in the constitution are the functions of the boss described? Where in the constitution are the relations between the local corporation attorney and the people described? Where in the constitution does the chairman of the State Central Committee of the dominant party get his authority to sell legislative indulgences to corporations that contribute to his campaign fund? Where in the constitution may one find how the thing we call capital gets into the government at all? Yet it is here; its charter rights do not give it the ballot; nor do they give it legislative rights, nor special judicial privileges; yet by controlling party

nominations, and by recruiting judges from its own law offices, the thing we call capital has become a part of this government. So has vice. That class of persons who desire to break the law, whether by running saloons, or gambling places, or evil resorts, or committing highway robberies, or conducting swindling schemes, forms a distinct political body, which is really recognized by all persons practically engaged in governing the people, and the rights of vice are guarded as sacredly as those of law-abiding persons.

These are plain facts of the American government. The man who finds these facts and puts them down in black and white, as Mr. Steffens has done, has made an important step in the scientific study of government in America. "The Shame of the Cities" is a pioneer book in its way. And the best thing about it is that, being a pioneer book, it merely presents facts, without trying to form theories about them. Many other such books must be written and read, much wider study of the subject of actual American government must be made before the theorist has any business coming into the work. The problem must be adequately and exactly stated before it may be solved. Mr. Steffens's book deals with only one phase of the problem—phase of the great cities—but what he has done he has done well. The facts are set down baldly, but they are set down fully, for the places which his book covers. There is no shrinking and, what is better, there is no padding, no attempting to prove a theory, and thereby twisting and concealing the facts.

Mr. Steffens has taken fairly good types of the larger American cities. He has not taken extremes of good or extremes of bad. The sporadic case has not interested him. The fact that after he had written the story of a town's disgrace, public sentiment rose in revolt—as it rose in Minneapolis—merely proves that if other cities knew what corruption is hidden beneath their unruffled fronts, other cities might also rise in virtuous indignation. But certain cities did not rise; St. Louis did not; Philadelphia did not, and New York deliberately sat down in her former filth. Facts did not interest her. She was satisfied with the conditions as they were set forth. In the long run, probably most American cities will do as New York has done; turn away from radical reform to gradual—almost imperceptible reform. Reform—the return to the normal written governments of charters and constitutions is the sporadic; the facts of actual conditions of government as set down in Mr. Steffens's book are the regular conditions.

The book has done for American cities what De Tocqueville did for the country over a hundred years ago. But though this book of Mr. Steffens's should be in every social and economic library, for it is a work of real scientific importance—still the reader must feel in the literary currents of the day, that "The Shame of the Cities" will not be so lonesome in its field as was De Tocqueville's "Democracy" in its day. For others will follow in the trail that Mr. Steffens has blazed. The people are anxious to know the facts about their political and economic environments. There is a demand for men who will tell the facts, and this is the most hopeful feature of the situation. For the Americans are at bottom a moral people, even though they are a busy people, and when they know what is good and true and worthy in government they will have it, though they may not hasten to it. The difficulty heretofore has been that the people—the great mass of the people—have not known the real facts about real government. They have seen many unpleasant things in the papers, but as each side of the political contest was abusing the other side in telling these unpleasant things, the people have paid little attention to the clamor. But now, when a man comes as Mr. Steffens has come, with no party to advocate, with no reforms to promise or suggest, but with the plain facts—the people will eventually give heed, and sooner or later they will act upon the judgments which the facts force upon them.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

DO WE CARE?

The exposures of political, industrial and economic corruption in McCLURE's have received the moral support of the readers of the magazine in a striking manner. Many personal letters to the editor express this widespread sympathy with and appreciation of such efforts to present before the American people the condition of their

government. These must convince one that there is a large element in our country which does care for better things and is at least willing to lend its endorsement, and perhaps coöperation, to any sincere effort that makes for good.

Out of these letters at hand, commenting on the purposes of this magazine, here is one typical of all that is most significant in many. It passed from friend to friend, and so to us, and we produce an extract from it, unchanged:

"Did not the April Steffens make you sit up at night and think and think? And what are you and I doing about this matter? We have voices and hands—and we sit silent and moveless while the whole fabric slides down the roof. Do we not? And we are not of those that do not care. We do care: we care a great deal, for the republic means something to us—means everything. And while we have been sitting still without a protest there is no more republic, but just absolutism with greed for monarch. Is it not so? And until McClure took it up, what did we think about it? And now that he has taken it up, what are we to do about it? Sit still as before? Tell me that, my son; for if we do, what kind of sons of the republic are we? And what kind of men?"

There have been many more such letters from readers whose perceptions and consciences have been quickened by the uncovering of American lawlessness in this magazine, and they are so significant of sincere desire for a return to sanity that we print a few excerpts from those which are fairly representative of all. These letters have come from citizens in all walks of life, united in a common hope and love for their country and institutions. They state their own case.

FROM AN EDITOR

"You do not believe in the triumph of evil, and you know in your heart that there must be a way out of it and the way will be found. I go back to the anti-slavery agitation for my hope. Read the letters of Phillips and Garrison; you will see that the sky looked to them as black as to us it seems now. When Garrison was a prisoner in Boston, when Phillips was a social outcast, when Charles Sumner was struck down in the Senate by Preston Brooks, what hope could any man see for abolition? And yet all these men lived to see the end of that form of slavery among us. We shall be free, also, of this other thing, though it is harder. It is not quite clear to you yet just how to do it, but it will be clear some day. It was never quite clear to the abolitionists how negro slavery was to be abolished. They only knew that it was a hideous evil and they belted it day and night for twenty-six years. This is another evil of the same sort. The people are not naturally vicious: they don't naturally relish crime. But we have all helped to establish for the time being a false ideal of success, and we are paying for it now.

"I don't agree for a moment with any one that thinks these things can be cured by going backward; that we should be better off with less democracy. We'll get a cure when the natural moral sense of the people is convalescent. They may not care much about it now, because they don't think of it; but when they do think of it they will kick the whole villainy into the sea. And McClure's is the magazine to make them think of it. More power to its pages."

Editor, Chicago, Ill.

FROM PUBLIC OFFICIALS

"I have thought of writing you before to tell you how much I appreciate the splendid work you are doing. I have read your article on 'Enemies of the Republic' in the April McClure's throughout twice, and portions other times, and I don't believe there is a statement in it, from end to end, the truth of which any candid man will not endorse and, after reading it, not feel compelled to say, 'that's so.'"—Mayor Ohio City.

"Your April article ('Enemies of the Republic') is fine. With its array of dates, names, and details it is unanswerable. In literary merit it is of the highest order, arresting and riveting attention and compelling credence. Morally, it is strong and brave; a monument and a lighthouse."—Former Alderman, Chicago.

"You are doing a most important and valuable work for our nation in bringing to the attention of our people the dangers lurking in our body politic. The public conscience needs to be aroused, and your clean-cut, virile way of doing it is worthy of the highest commendation."

Government Official, Washington, D. C.

FROM EDUCATORS

"I congratulate you upon the excellence of McClure's, and hope its fearlessness in discussion of national and municipal questions will render it most successful in the effort to set in their true light the arch 'Enemies of the Republic.'"

University President, Indiana.

"In my opinion McClure's is unquestionably the most valuable of the great illustrated periodicals, all of which I see. The papers of Miss Tarbell and Mr. Steffens alone, to mention nothing else, render a great public service, and their effect upon the national conscience cannot fail to be salutary in the highest degree."

Professor, University of Chicago.

"I find all the articles contained in the different issues to be the ideal literature of a free republic, of a free people. The writers are fearless men, possessing a high sense of duty, and write from conviction and not for effect. They lash hard, cut deep—every blow drawing blood. It is by constant exposures of public evils that such evils are minimized. Yours is the first country that has adopted universal franchises on a grand scale, and if you fail, no attempt at popular government will be attempted for the next hundred years. The question is, are you really free in the

true sense of the word? I am a foreigner and my opinion doesn't count. But in studying into your political and social conditions I can still discern manacles and fetters here and there. Do you rule yourselves? Or do the 'Machines' rule you? How about race, creed or color? Your constitution tells you not to differentiate. For that constitution your forefathers—great men of glorious memory—fought and bled; it is read every Fourth of July, but is it being carried out? Another point, remarkable and inexplicable, is that employees have the right to dictate to employers, whose bread they eat. What is suffered in this country is considered in another as anarchy. Every man at twenty-one years of age can vote, and it is presumed that he knows what he is voting for, but does he?"

European University Professor.

"I consider that your magazine is doing some of the best work anywhere known in this age of decay. If corruption ruins the republic, it will not be your fault."

Superintendent of Schools, Minnesota.

"I want you to know how thoroughly I enter into your efforts to bring before the people a realizing sense of some of the darker problems that confront us. Your words encourage me to try and develop in my pupils a devotion to those ideals that shall make them the preservers of our republic in the twentieth century."

High School Principal, Rochester, N. Y.

FROM PROFESSIONAL MEN

"It is to me a refreshing novelty to see a magazine which is not scared stiff at the possibility of offending some one, which dares have a real individuality, which does not care how high it goes in following the trail of graft or trickery. I believe you are doing a grand work and you will have the sympathy and support of the truly patriotic."—R. W. C., Chicago, Ill.

"As average citizens who love our country and believe in her boundless possibilities for good among the nations of the earth, we think that you deserve the best thanks of every honest citizen for your fearless and fair and frank efforts to point out to us our civic shortcomings, and to stir us up to a sense of our duty and responsibility under the conditions at present existing in many of our big cities, and in the government of many of our states as well. Keep up the good work you have so well begun, for the sympathies of all good citizens are with you, and may your efforts meet with the moral and financial success they so well deserve."—W. J. G., Denver, Col.

"It is in the highest degree encouraging to find in a periodical with an avowedly secular purpose such frank and really reverent recognition of the saner side of life. My citizenship, too, is a stronger, more virile possession, my hope for America's opportunity, for the consummation of its highest ideals, more firmly established because of the revelation given of the leaven which makes for righteousness working so vigorously amid the mass of selfishness and greed which, by its persistent and insolent presence, seems too often the dominant and only characteristic of modern politics and business. That day of better things, for which some of us are looking, seems more near when we may read such frank and fearless words. Let me thank you, and from my heart wish you God-speed."—C. C. F., New York.

FROM BUSINESS MEN

"Every man capable of thinking for himself should read your magazine and try to draw some conclusion from the Tarbell, Steffens and Baker articles."—F. M., Rutherford, N. J.

"Just a word of homage for the courageous, patriotic, superb energy which has been put into editorial selection and management of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE this past year."

W. S. McC., Media, Penn.

"The efforts of Ray Stannard Baker, Lincoln Steffens, and Miss Ida M. Tarbell, to stem the tide of corruption which is undermining our political and industrial institutions and to lift the American ideal to a loftier plane, are truly patriotic. May the American people give you and them your deserts, and your names shall be immortal."

I. L. C., Madison, Wis.

"I have just finished reading your editorial announcement on Miss Tarbell's History of the Standard Oil Company, and wish to express my appreciation and grateful thanks for the courage and justice that breathe forth therefrom. Not only Miss Tarbell's articles, but those of Lincoln Steffens also, have appealed directly to my heart, for I know them to ring true. I have marveled at the courage of your position, and feared that the people would not stand behind you; but this, if what I hear on all sides does not mislead, is not so, and you have apparently succeeded where many have tried but to fail."—F. B., Philadelphia, Pa.

"McCLURE'S is the best magazine published. The Steffens, Baker and Tarbell articles are very pertinent to our present social system. We are all permeated with dishonesty and graft, and we do not want 'Good Government,' as Mr. Steffens truly says. The other articles plainly show why. Wherever you find a great concentration of capital, uncover it and you will find the graft bacillus. It is about time to uncover the cause of the existence of this growth and also the remedy. It can be done, but most people are groping in the darkness of ignorance concerning it. You know how, and you know where to look for the way."—W. P. M., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

FROM MINISTERS

"I rub my eyes in amazement and say, can it be possible that one of the leading magazines is beginning to recognize the fact that it owes something to the reading public in the way of bolstering up our decaying industrial ethics by hitting out straight from the shoulder? McCLURE'S has taken the bull by the horns in publishing paper after paper dealing uncompromisingly with certain lewd fellows of the baser sort in business and politics whose reputations, however redolent of sanctity in church life, will not suffer by comparison with that of Attila, Scourge of God. You are preaching a gospel of such downright fearlessness in these matters that I am personally grateful beyond words, and such ventilation of corporate and political abuses cannot fail to fan afresh the feeble flame of a quickened public conscience."

Minister, New Haven, Conn.

"The History of the Standard Oil Company, revealing its nefarious practices, and the unmasking of the corruption in municipal governments are worth much to me. You have entered a very important field and are deserving of the highest commendation. I often call the attention of my congregation to these facts in McClure's, which all people ought to know."

Minister, Unionville, Mich.

"I have read with great interest the first series of articles on the Standard Oil Trust, by Miss Tarbell. Many times while reading them I felt prompted to write you for an expression of your opinion as to the real character of the foundation of Mr. Rockefeller's millions, provided the statements of Miss Tarbell are true. Of their truth it was difficult to question, because, as you intimate in your recent editorial, they were backed with sworn statements and court documents. I write to thank you for the plain words you have used in describing the acts of Mr. Rockefeller: 'As outrageous a piece of brigandage as was ever organized by Cartouche himself,' 'keeping alive for his own advantage a wicked and unjust policy,' 'ethically it was quite as unrighteous,' 'the abuses of justice on which it fastened,' etc. Certainly it is only just and right to say, from all that has thus far been written in these articles, that the corner-stone of these millions is *unrighteousness*. I am pleased that you have held up this course of plain lawlessness as a sort of a warning to the young men of the country, so many of whom are swayed from their very youth by the commercial spirit of our time. Another question came to me while reading these articles, with their revelations of the doings of men in high station. 'How can we expect our people in the humble walks of life, how can we expect the thousands of foreigners coming annually to our shores, to become law-abiding when such men are piling up their wealth by constantly violating the statutes which are the safeguards of our liberty?' I hope the articles in question will prove a National benefit, and that they may hasten the time when unrighteousness and lawlessness will be frowned upon and punished, whether it be found in the business career of a Rockefeller, Cassatt, or in the unlettered Italian that tamps the railroad tie."

Minister, Evans City, Pa.

"I have been exceedingly interested in the articles by Miss Tarbell on the Standard Oil Company, and also the articles on St. Louis and Minneapolis. These articles will do great good, and I only hope that wherever corruption is making its vicious inroads upon the body politic you will let in the light upon it."—Ralph Connor.

"I personally want to thank you for the articles that have appeared in McClure's during the past year on financial and political problems. One of the first necessities for advancement is information. The articles certainly ought to arouse patriotism—patriotism of the true sort, as you described it in one of your recent editorials. I am glad the articles are to be continued. I should judge you might meet with some opposition; I want you to know that one more of your patrons sympathizes with your efforts and looks upon it as one of the agencies that will bring about a better future."—Pastor Phillips Memorial Church.

FROM OTHER READERS

"The articles by Miss Tarbell and Mr. Steffens's papers bring to light vast schemes of iniquity that the world ought to know."

E. B. R., Southport, N. C.

"I wish every citizen of this United States could read Miss Tarbell's papers on the Standard Oil Company. You are doing a good work; keep it up."—H. E. G., Bradford, Pa.

"I want to thank you for the articles you have published, exposing the frauds of St. Louis, Minneapolis, etc., and also the Standard Oil Company, which perhaps is the worst of all, since it makes pretensions to justification upon business principles. I think you have done a patriotic service in publishing those articles. I hope we, as a nation, will profit by them."—S. C. H., Selma, O.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the splendid work you are doing for civic righteousness. So far as I know, McClure's Magazine is leading the war for the purification of the nation along these lines. It is comparable in some ways to the clarion notes of the old prophets of Israel, and, in the language of Isaiah, let me say to you: 'Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and declare unto my people their transgression, and to the nation their sins.' Accept my thanks and congratulations for your good work."

W. C. M., Tacoma, Wash.

"I desire personally to express my profound appreciation of the articles by Miss Tarbell and Mr. Steffens, which have appeared in McClure's Magazine. Having a somewhat intimate knowledge of the conditions of the country from Boston to San Francisco, and having even visited our island territories, I believe that the greatest menace to the permanency and stability of our republican institutions lies in the general corruption affecting municipal, state, and national government, as well as our courts, from the lowest to the highest, which comes immediately from corrupt and corrupting business methods. The horrible revelations made concerning the character of leading men causes one to shudder and, despite all these revelations of dishonesty and crime, not one arrest of any prominent man has as yet resulted. Poor Sam Parks is in prison, just as he ought to be, for taking a bribe, but those who were responsible for giving the bribe are at liberty and received into decent society. Publicity is the first step in the correction of organized crime. McClure's Magazine is to be commended by every patriotic citizen for taking this first step and giving publicity to the revolting crimes of some prominent men. These articles, in a way, are the Uncle Tom's Cabin of to-day, revealing the criminalities and outrages of the trust system. And ultimately the overthrow of this criminal condition will result, as it did in slavery. Every honest patriot in America rejoices in the heroism of McClure's Magazine in revealing these crimes and in giving the names of criminals."

Officer Missionary Association, N. Y.